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For the United States Magazine & Democratic Review

THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

1374

THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING THE POLITICAL AND LITERARY PORTIONS OF THE NUMBERS PUBLISHED IN SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, AND DECEMBER, 1838.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. III. SEPTEMBER, 1838. No. IX.

HOW STANDS THE CASE?

'Watchman, how wears the night?'—is the question many a time asked during the intervals of the storm, by those who sleep securely in their reliance on the vigilance of the humble but faithful guardian of the public tranquillity;—and happy is it when the answer is returned, that 'the storm is over and the day is breaking.' Such is the answer we can return, from our watch-tower of observation, to the friends who would ask how fares the cause of the Democracy, through the season of night and storm through which it has had to pass. The storm is over and the day is breaking,—a day of triumph and rejoicing;—and though it is yet to be marked by an arduous contest, yet we have at least the *light* prayed for by the Grecian hero; and with so righteous a cause, under a banner that we are so well assured to be invincible, we can have no misgivings as to the issue with which it is to be closed and crowned.

There is every thing, in the present aspect of the great contest that is in progress throughout the country, to cheer and encourage the friends of the Democratic cause,—every thing to cause their bosoms to swell high with patriotic hope and an honorable pride. All the signs of the times which are exhibiting themselves over the surface in every direction, confirm the view we have before taken of this important Political Crisis, in the pages of the Democratic Review, that it is one of those periodical 'castings of the skin' which are equally unavoidable, to a strong democratic majority long in the ascendant, and indispensable to preserve it in perpetual health, youth, and vigor. This process, though always painful and critical, is now in progress with the most favorable circumstances and auspices that we could desire; and our confidence in its result, which has never wavered an instant, is receiving every day a new and clearer confirmation. Such will continue to be the history of the democratic party in this country, from time to time, so long as our *government*, both Federal and State, is administered on the principles which have heretofore directed it, of legislating upon

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the private and partial interests of individuals and classes; especially if its connexion with the great moneyed interests of the country—now so happily loosened, to a considerable extent—should be resumed. In that case the experience of the future will most assuredly confirm, again and again, that of the past, viz. that the power of the majority will constantly tend more or less to abuse, to favor the interests of a certain influential class of political leaders, who, deriving their prominence originally from the generous zeal of their Republican opinions and sentiments, in early life, become insensibly warped from the great and broad abstract principles of that faith, by the too long possession both of political power and personal influence,—so as in truth to be no longer fit and worthy leaders to a party whose animating spirit must always be a generous enthusiasm in behalf of those great principles. Democracy is bold and energetic, unresting in its perpetual striving after a better good, a higher perfection of social institutions. None can be unconscious that our whole scheme of political institutions, under both the Federal and State Constitutions, is very far from being purely democratic. Though democracy is their prevalent principle, and their original root and basis, yet in all it is more or less combined with so many checks upon its freedom of developement, and so large an infusion of elements of an opposite character, that they are far indeed from perfection; and far indeed from producing all those glorious and beneficent results, of general social well-being, towards which the imagination of the political enthusiast so earnestly aspires, and of which he is so profoundly convinced that, in their simple natural purity, the great principles of his faith do contain the germs. Democracy, then, among us must always be a restless, progressive, reforming, principle. The utmost extent to which it can ever be deemed possible by any one to carry forward the great mission of democratic amelioration in the condition of society, in any present generation, must still fall very far short of that ideal standard which must exist in the mind, and in the prophetic hope, of every democratic thinker, truly imbued with the spirit of his noble and sublimely simple faith. But it must be perpetually tending forward towards such amelioration,—perpetually engaged in some new reform, some new simplification, or the extirpation of some element in our institutions of which time has practically developed the evil character and influence. Such being the inherent character of democracy, it is impossible for such a class of men as referred to above, the old influential leaders and managers of the party organization, who gradually form themselves like a crust over its surface, always to retain that relation to the broad mass of their party, which they originally owed to the enthusiasm and devotion now chilled by the torpor and natural timidity of age, and too often corrupted by the acquisition of wealth,—favored and facilitated by the direction

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which their own political influence may have given to the course of public events. We entertain the most profound respect for the venerable dignity and wisdom of gray hairs; and are conscious of the importance of the influence of the countless sound sterling old Republicans who at the present moment confer honor on our party, by the conspicuous positions they still delight to retain in the great contest incessantly waging, for the principles of which they derived their first lessons from the fountain-head of the Jeffersonian era. But we are here considering the subject on a broader scale of generalization; and desire to bring this truth to the apprehension of our readers, that—instead of there being any just cause for alarm for the integrity of the Democratic party, and for the safety of the great cause involved in the destinies of that party in this country, in the spectacle which has been seen, of its temporary disorganization, and the desertion of a portion of its prominent influential and wealthy leaders—such is, on the contrary, precisely one of the most unequivocal symptoms, that its main body is in a sound and healthy state; and that it is passing, in a natural and favorable manner, through one of those periodical crises necessary to preserve it in such a state. It is engaged in its natural and proper mission, that of Reform; and therefore must necessarily expect to encounter the hostility, not only of the main body of its old opponents, but of those among its own former leaders interested in the perpetuation of the evils against which its efforts are now directing themselves. Democracy is the vital principle of our system; and it is now engaged in an earnest struggle with a deeply seated disease, which had insensibly been suffered to overspread the body politic, till the painful developement of its morbid action has aroused all the healthful energy of the principle of life to arrest its further progress, and at least to expel it from its too close proximity to the vitals of the constitution. Such a struggle for the ascendency must necessarily be long, and, to many, seemingly doubtful—inflaming the whole system with fever, and convulsing it with suffering—but we have never permitted ourselves for a moment to doubt the ultimate triumph of nature over the disease; and we repeat that all the symptoms now disclosing themselves are clearly confirming that confidence.

In the late convulsion, it is not to be denied, nor have we ever denied, that the Democratic party was shaken to its centre. Had a Presidential election fallen upon that period, it would probably have been overthrown. No party could ever successfully, in a general election, face such a tempest as then swept, raging and howling, over the land. This admission in no respect impugns the cardinal democratic doctrine of confidence in the popular judgment, for which it is never intended to claim either an absolute infallibility, or an exemption from temporary influences of excitement and panic.

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As a body it may be said to have been disorganized,—*demoralized* to speak in military phrase. Rarely have the leaders of a great party, in the constant struggles of parties in free states, been thrown suddenly into a more critical and arduous position. But they proved not unequal to the occasion, not untrue to their cause. THE MESSAGE OF THE EXTRA SESSION saved the cause, and saved the country. They planted themselves on a rock of impregnable principle, and unfurling a flag that "streamed like a meteor to the troubled air," sounded a most gallant rallying note, over the whole length and breadth of the land, to invite their party to gather around that rock of refuge, and recombine their broken organization under the shadow of that flag. A year has not yet elapsed, and the course of events is already rapidly justifying the bold wisdom of the high position then assumed. The process of reorganization has been steadily going forward, in spite of the herculean exertions of open foes from without, and false friends within, to impede and distract it; and though not yet entirely consummated, has reached a stage that is quite satisfactory to us, as placing its ultimate complete success beyond fear of danger. The democracy has recovered from its paralysis of panic, and is beginning to put forth again the energies of its renewed youth. In no former contest has it ever evinced a finer and nobler spirit. This is signally shewn in the primary assemblies of the people, which have of late appeared every where animated by the most generous zeal and the highest confidence,—that zeal and confidence which, springing alone from a deep sense of the righteousness of the democratic side of the great issue now joined, are both the strongest incentives to exertion, and the surest harbingers of success.

This same *fine spirit* breathes, in a still more striking manner, from the Democratic Press. This truth, which is indeed at the present period very remarkable, can only, perhaps, be fully appreciated by those who possess the opportunity of observation afforded by a widely extended exchange over the whole Union, with papers of all political complexions. Though in number not equalling probably the fourth part of their opponents,—and almost universally inferior in most of those elements of success which depend on the liberality with which they are supported by the public,—yet the Democratic papers, throughout the country, exhibit at the present period a contrast to the Whig press equally favorable and remarkable. They are full of energy, boldness, confidence, earnestness, argument and eloquence. The leading questions at issue present such ample materials for the most convincing addresses to the judgments of their readers, and the most stirring appeals to their patriotic and democratic sentiments, that it would be strange indeed if such were not the case. In fact, we possess an advantage in the simple, solid strength of our CAUSE, for which all the num-

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bers of the Whig press—all the liberality with which they are sustained by the mercantile and moneyed interests, to which they are especially devoted—all their highly flushed hopes of victory, and of reward for the hardships of their long sojourn in the desert of minority—all the fluent pens of their ready writers—all the specious sophisms they have derived from the mystification in which the advocates of that stupendous modern imposture and humbug, *credit-money*, have been able to involve the subjects of currency and commerce—all the advantages of attack which they have had, in assailing so extensive and complicated a system of executive administration, after so long a period of power and of redundant public revenue—and all the vocabulary of popular catch-words which has so long constituted the main bulk of their editorial stock in trade,—can afford but a poor equivalent. The contrast between the two parties in this respect is very apparent. The friends of the Administration have a distinct and specific policy to pursue and defend. It is boldly put forward, and held on high, as being itself its best recommendation, if only suffered to be fairly carried out in practice. It is simple and transparent. All can readily understand it, and it is impossible long to attempt to misrepresent and mystify it. Its friends write their principles on their foreheads; embody them in the most clear and full expositions of them; and even have recourse to unusual forms to put forth the most authentic declarations of them. They are all, moreover, of an unequivocal democratic character. They go to disconnect the Federal Government from an alliance with great moneyed interests which may readily be a fruitful source of corrupt political influence;—to place commerce and currency on a secure basis of reliance on the natural laws of trade, and of independence of the perpetual agitation of our political contests;—to guard against a danger which, having occurred, may occur again, of the Government being thrown, by a power extraneous from itself, upon a state of temporary bankruptcy in the midst of the profusion of a large surplus revenue;—to introduce a safe and stable uniformity in the fiscal operations of the Government, which can never be affected by the fluctuations to which all paper-money systems must always be, confessedly, liable;—to obviate the possibility of the future accumulation of a redundant revenue, with all the evils and abuses inseparable from such a fiscal plethora as that with which we were lately afflicted;—to surrender a branch of Executive influence so potent and dangerous that, but a few years back, no eloquence could exhaust the language of denunciation with which it was assailed by those who are now most strenuous in opposition to its proposed reform;—to curtail and simplify the Federal action, in a very material and salutary degree, in its influence upon the institutions and legislation of the States;—to place itself in an attitude of strict neutrality between the two

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the Whig editor, he is now compelled, by way of slight variety to his beggarly array of empty paragraphs, or the sounding verbiage of his air-inflated columns, to strain every nerve to lash up a patriotic indignation against the Administration, because, forsooth, a writer in a prominent Democratic journal, in his desire to reform some abuses which, according to universal consent, have grown up in the Navy, happens to be less courtly and delicate in style than a similar article which appeared simultaneously in the very journal especially devoted to the interests and honor of that gallant profession!

The panic of the year of suspension, so invaluable so long as it lasted, has unfortunately exhausted itself, and is one of those *ephemera* which revive not with to-morrow's sun, after running their brief cycle of existence of to-day. The waves of the political excitement which accompanied it, which at one time threatened to overwhelm the Administration beyond recovery, are fast sinking back to their accustomed peaceful bed. Unfortunately, too, in their refluence they have done very serious damage to the Whig cause itself, leaving it high and dry upon the naked shore, not only shorn of all its bravery, but in truth in very sorry and unseaworthy plight. What has become of the charge that it was the Administration that caused the suspension,—after the testimony of the New York banks, and the universal acquiescence in the truth of the enormous self-expansion of the paper currency and of speculation, with the morbid overaction of the whole commercial system at first so resolutely denied by the Whig press, under the cue of the prompting of Mr. Biddle? And since it has become manifest that the reaction was unavoidable, what has become of the abuse of the Specie Circular; which it is now evident to all afforded a check, so far as its limited operation went, upon that expansion and overaction, and was indispensable to preserve the public domain from the rapid evaporation which it was undergoing on so vast a scale—that public domain about which eminent Whig statesmen are now so anxious, that they are unwilling to allow the slight and morally equitable privilege of a pre-emption, to the poor man who is willing to reclaim his quarter-section from the wilderness, on condition of being suffered to dig from it an honest livelihood by the sweat of his own brow? What has become of that high position of the Bank of the United States, that it suspended, late and reluctant, only for its country's good, holding itself ready at any moment to coöperate in restoring the currency, and to take the lead in resumption? What has become of the argument so strongly urged and supported by the authority of former experience, that a National Bank could afford the only means of compelling a resumption—when the resumption has been carried into effect in a single year, by the banks of a single city, against all the gigantic power wield-

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ed against them by that institution, and the enormous influence which it controlled; so as even to force the "Great *Regulated*" itself back to the path of honesty and duty, against the most determined resistance, which, in the famous "cotton-bag" letter, did not even restrain itself within the limits of decency? What has become of the argument that such an institution was necessary to manage the exchanges of the country,—when our foreign exchanges so speedily righted themselves as soon as relieved from the incubus of artificial "management;" and the internal exchanges are so steadily and certainly undergoing the same process, and so clearly demonstrating that the irregularities apparent on the surface are owing solely to the different degrees of credit and solvency of the different paper currencies of respective portions of the Union? What has become of the argument that banks, and especially a National Bank, were indispensable as fiscal agents of the Government,—when, through all the severely trying circumstances of the year of suspension, it was able to dispense with both; and that, too, without the provision of a new legally organized scheme of independent management, such as it has twice applied to Congress to grant? What has become of the charge that the attitude assumed by the Administration, on the suspension, was ruinous and destructive to all the interests of the country, in its stern determination not to acquiesce in an indefinite continuance of it, by bending the knee to the Baal of paper-money, and consenting to receive a depreciated irredeemable currency—what has become to the "ten cent revolution" of the merchants and gentlemen of Boston against Mr. Kendall—when it is now too manifest to admit of serious denial, that a different course, on the part of the Administration, would have prolonged the suspension for several years; and that to the moral force of the public sentiment which it alone kept alive and stimulated, to the rallying influence of the specie flag which it alone kept flying, has been mainly, if not solely, due the happy direction which events have now taken? What has become of the charge of hostility to legitimate credit, or to sound and honest banking, after the signal manner in which the Administration and its friends have lent their countenance and support to the process of resumption? And now that time has sifted the subject a little, what has become of all the ridiculous charges that the Independent Treasury Scheme would absorb all the specie of the country, destroy the banks, cripple commerce and industry, extend alarmingly the influence of the Executive, and endanger the public funds?

What has become of all these, and a host of similar 'arguments' and charges, which, while they lasted, afforded such rich topics of declamation to Whig fluent speakers and ready writers? Have they curled upwards into impalpable and invisible ether, like the morning mists of our mountains, before the slow but irresistible

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power of the God of Light? Have they been laid, like unquiet ghosts, at the bottom of the Red Sea, by the stern exorcism of the voice of reason and truth, never more to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon? Have they been floated away and dispersed, by the ebb of the tide of panic excitement, out of sight of land, on the boundless ocean of the absurd, never more to be re-assembled, in all the imposing array in which they were once so gallantly decked out? Or have they betaken themselves, as congenial to their moonshiny natures, to that Limbo said to be the receptacle of all things lost on the earth? Where are they? It is very certain that they are no longer to be seen or heard of on "this dark terrestrial ball;" and that the homes that once knew them, in the columns and paragraphs of the Whig press, now know them no more. It is said that, whatever processes of transformation all creatures and substances undergo from time to time—from a "godlike" statesman down to a silkworm's egg—nothing actually perishes. But confessing ourselves utterly unable to answer so puzzling a query, as the present whereabout of all those shadowy ghosts of arguments, that used to come trooping up from the vasty deep of the imagination at the magic call of Whig eloquence, we can only refer the reader, desirous of laying his finger on them, for information to our friends of the Whig press. Where are they, then? "Where are they all, so sweet, so many?"

Gentle shepherd, tell me where!

The contrast, then, exhibited by the press on the one side and on the other, in the vigor and effect with which they carry on the great party contest of argument, notwithstanding all the adventitious advantages possessed by the Whig press, cannot excite surprise. Thus must it always be in the struggle between truth and error. The one possesses within itself inexhaustible resources of an immortal energy, which are only to be fully drawn out by the opposition of falsehood; and under whatever disadvantages of circumstance it sets out, it never goes backward, but still moves onward, ever gathering strength as it goes. The other must depend for any hope of success, in a contest with the adversary "armed so strong in honesty," upon the effect of its first dashing onset. If that can be but parried, or staunchly withstood for a time, it speedily exhausts itself, and leaves to the other the possession of the field, with that noblest and surest of triumphs,

The victory of endurance borne.

Thus is it, in a most signal manner, in the present case. Up to the present period the Opposition has had the Democratic party at great disadvantage. But the ground has been gradually and insensibly slipping away from under their feet. The tests of time and truth have been successively exploding their arguments, and refuting

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their charges, one after the other, until really little or nothing remains to them. The cause of the Administration rests on a basis of right and truth, on the great questions at issue, broad and firm as the everlasting hills. The glittering spray of oratory, the vexed foam of declamation, the dashing waves of personal abuse, can avail nothing against this rock. And here our cardinal democratic principle, of confidence in the eventual sober judgment of the People, stands us in good stead. We know that when we have the whole field of the argument open before us, no panics, no excitements, no delusions, can long mislead the popular judgment; and no intelligent and reflecting democrat can entertain a doubt that, before the close of this great struggle, the People, in their broad mass, will obey the deep and strong instinct of their natural democratic tendency, and rally to the support of the Administration, in its present position and policy, in numbers not less overwhelming than those which bore the late Administration in triumph through its death-struggle with the same power now foremost in the field in opposition to the present.

Another of the signs of the times which we regard with great satisfaction is this—the manifest progress that democratic principles are making among the young men of the Whig party itself. The youth of this country must, of necessity, incline with a strong natural bias towards the generous and glorious truths of the democratic faith,—notwithstanding the numerous powerful influences always in operation upon them, especially in our cities, our literary institutions, and the learned professions, to warp them to the opposite direction. In fact it is from this class that the democratic party is constantly recruiting the losses it has from time to time to sustain, of those of its numbers who, as they proceed in life waxing fat and proud, are gradually weaned from the attachments of their more ardent and liberal youth. Thus for the corrupt and diseased portions of the one party, which always gather over the surface till they fall off and attach themselves naturally to the other, the former is receiving a constant compensation, in the sounder portions of the latter which, from their natural bias of congeniality, pass over to fill up the desertions thus periodically dropping off. The main bulk of the Whig party itself—that is to say, of its voters, not of its politicians or leaders—is at heart democratic, though kept, from a variety of causes and in a variety of modes, in a constant state of delusion and mystification. The peculiar combination of circumstances which has lately borne so severely upon the democratic party, throwing its cause and candidates into an apparent temporary minority in so many quarters where it has been long accustomed to prevail, has been seen so far to intoxicate the Opposition with triumph, as to cause them to reverse the true relations and names of parties,—to believe themselves to have gained over the "demo-

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cracy of numbers" they were so long wont to despise and abuse,—and even to crown the climax of the long array of names they have from time to time assumed with the singularly facetious title of "*Democratic* Whigs!" This is the unkindest cut of all. Thus to 'filch from us our good name' is indeed too bad,—though we are vastly mistaken if it will prove in the end to have greatly 'enriched' the unblushing wearers. It is utterly vain for that party to attempt to maintain such an assumption. Their more intelligent and liberal men, in private, freely ridicule it as a bold electioneering trick. *Anti*-democracy is the principle of their party organization now, as it has always been, from its first infusion under the auspices of the high Federalism of the olden time. By affecting the name of democracy they only impair their own unity and cohesion, such as it is, and weaken their own principle of life. The effect is only to introduce a fatal dissension, the proud and stout-hearted old heads of their party having been already seen to be prompt in repudiating the offensive term, and all the abominable associations of Jeffersonianism which it implies; while at the same time it only attracts attention the more conspicuously to that which it is their first interest to keep in the shade, the real anti-democratic character of their entire political faith. The movement was pregnant with much significance, which was made in the late Whig Young Men's Convention at Utica, to arrest the abuse of the memory and principles of Jefferson which the excitements of the present contest had naturally drawn forth from the Federal press; and even to attempt to blazon that noble name on the banner of a cause, and a party, in all respects the most repugnant to the principles of which that name is the condensed expression. It was a strong symptom of a healthy spirit at work in the more generous youth of that party,—a spirit which cannot but result in bringing over a large proportion of them to the true Democratic cause. The indignant manner in which these indiscreet effervescences of latent democracy were frowned upon, by so many of the old recognized authorities and magnates of the Whig party, will go far, in spite of the prompt efforts made to gloss over the difficulty, to open the eyes of the former to the true character of the party by whose plausible professions they have heretofore suffered themselves to be deluded and placed in false position.

Some of our readers may possibly remember a remark made by us on the sweeping Whig victory of last fall, in the State of New York, that it would have a happy effect in *democratizing* (if the word may be permitted) a large portion of that party itself; and that on the defeat which certainly awaited them, as in 1824, after a short fruition of the sweets of the ascendency, they would go out of power better republicans than they came in. This spirit manifesting itself in various modes, and especially embodying itself in that

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expression of sentiment by the Utica Convention referred to, affords already a singular illustration of the truth of the remark.

We had intended to devote a considerable portion of the present Article to some reflections on the direction taken by the course of events at the late session of Congress; and the exact position in which they left the great *Independence* question—for such should be the proper designation of the Sub-Treasury policy. Its allotted space is, however, so far exhausted as to permit only a few brief remarks on that subject. The Administration was, it is true, defeated on that its leading measure. It failed to carry it through the House of Representatives. The mode and causes of that failure we cannot pause to dwell upon. Yet was it no victory to the other side,—or at best one of those Pyrrhic triumphs that are worse than defeat. On the whole, the Administration may be said, notwithstanding, to have borne off the honors of the campaign; and never was a party more dismally disconcerted than were the Opposition at the very close of the session, in the midst of their imagined triumph, and the clear majority which had voted down the Independent Treasury bill. The essential principle of that policy *was not voted down*, and *could not be voted down*. *It was*, on the contrary, *asserted*, by both Houses. The Democratic press, generally, does not appear to have fully appreciated the importance of that incidental vote in the House of Representatives, during that memorable struggle which was so admirably conducted by the friends of the Administration, on the night of the third of July, by which the great principle, that *the public funds shall not be employed for banking purposes*, was expressly asserted, by the vote of 101 to 101, decided by the casting vote of the Speaker,—a vote which, it is undeniable, would have been increased to a considerable majority in favor of the principle by the attendance of all the absentees. We refer to the vote on the amendment of Mr. Campbell, of South Carolina, to the amendment offered by Mr. Curtis, of New York, to Mr. Wright's second bill as sent down from the Senate. It is true that that invaluable declaration was not eventually incorporated with the bill as it passed. Having been attached by force of that unexpected Democratic vote to a Whig proposition, it made the latter so obnoxious to its own friends that they themselves abandoned it rather than swallow the bitter condition; and the whole thus fell through. But there stands, on the record, the principle asserted which can never be retracted—the position assumed which can never be receded from—the seed planted which cannot but germinate, and produce eventually the full and perfect fruit of the consummation of the Divorce policy. That vote will and must be fatal to the Opposition. It brought them distinctly up to the question which had never before been fully met; and *as a party* they voted that the banks SHALL *have the use of the public revenue for banking pur-*

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poses. That vote exploded all the mystifications with which the Administration had been opposed, and revealed the one original cardinal motive of hostility to the Divorce—*the use of the public money as a basis for discounts.* That vote—unsuccessful too, in fact—must and will prove a mill-stone round the neck of that most factious and iniquitous Opposition, and will open the eyes of thousands, before blinded to the true character of the issue involved between the two parties.

The National Bank party was powerless in the House, as in the Senate. They, with the still more insignificant State Bank party, could only, by their union on that common ground, clog the action of the third party more powerful than either singly,—and thus relieve the latter from the responsibility of majority. Yet they could not prevent the adoption of a bill framed by Mr. Wright as his second best, and which—though still but a temporary measure of transition, and leaving too large a discretionary responsibility upon the Executive for the management of the public finances, till future legislation—went very far to loosen, if it did not quite dissolve, the connection between the Government and the banking system.

And what can the Opposition do at the next session—what position assume? It is impossible to prevent the gradual ripening of these great public questions. They cannot again rest on the policy of "*prevention.*" The panic is over, and Othello's occupation gone. They must come down, fully and fairly, into the plain, and meet the simple issue, *pro*, or *con*—the INDEPENDENT TREASURY, or a NATIONAL BANK. What decent show of opposition to the former in discussion, face to face before the bar of the country, can *then* be made—or what new argument, as yet undreamed of, in behalf of the latter, to supply the place of the exploded and exhausted old ones now no longer fit for service—time only can disclose; as we confess it to be beyond the scope of our imagination to conjecture.

What may be the general issue of the elections of this fall, it is impossible for us, at the date of the present Article, to anticipate. We are by no means sanguine of all the successes confidently expected by many of our friends. But though they should still go decidedly against the Democratic party, our confidence in our cause and our position would not be shaken in the least degree. We can 'bide our time;' and even though the Administration should, possibly, be embarrassed during the latter half of the present term by an adverse majority in the House of Representatives, it can never arrest or materially impede the operation of those deeply seated and widely diffused causes, which cannot fail to secure to it an overwhelming support before the next Presidential struggle, when the last and decisive battle is to be fought upon its principles and policy.

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RETURN OF THE PARENTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Long had they sped
O'er distant hill and valley—noting much
God's goodness in the riches of the land,
The summer-fruitage, and the harvest-hoard,
The reaper wrestling with the bearded wheat,
And the proud torrent's glory, when it shakes
The everlasting rock,—nor yet forgets
To sprinkle greenness on the loneliest flower
That trembles at its base.—Much, too, they spake
Of pleasure, 'neath the hospitable roofs
Of severed kindred,—how the loving heart
From such communion learns to wipe away
The dust of household-care, which sometimes hangs
In clouds o'er the clear spirit.

But anon,
The eloquent lip grew silent,—for they drew
Near that blest spot, which throws all other lights
Into strong shadow,—*Home.*

At that full thought,
The bosom's pulse beat quicker,—and the wheels
Moved all too slow,—though scarce the eager steeds
Obeyed the rein.—And as the mother spake
Somewhat, in murmurs, of her youngest boy,
There came a flood of beauty o'er her brow,
For holy love hath beauty, which gray Time
Could never steal.

'Tis there, behind the trees,
That well known roof,—and from the open door,
What a glad rush! The son, who fain would take
His mother in his arms, as if her foot
Was all too good for earth,—and at his side
The beautiful daughter, with her raven hair
So smoothly folded o'er her classic brow,—
The infant crowing in its nurse's arms,—
The bold boy, in his gladness, springing up

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Even to his father's shoulder,—lisping tongues,
And little dancing feet, and outstretched hands
Grasping the parent's skirts,—it was a group
That artist's pencil never yet hath sketched
In all its plenitude!

And when I saw
The brightness of the tear of joy, I felt
How poor the pomp of princes,—and what dross
Was beaten gold, compared with that dear wealth,
Home, and its gratulation,—and the ties
Which Heaven hath twisted round congenial hearts
To draw them to itself.

HARTFORD, *Friday, July 27th.*

CHIPPINGS WITH A CHISEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD TALES."

PASSING a summer, several years since, at Edgartown, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, I became acquainted with a certain carver of tomb-stones, who had travelled and voyaged thither from the interior of Massachusetts, in search of professional employment. The speculation had turned out so successful that my friend expected to transmute slate and marble into silver and gold to the amount of at least a thousand dollars, during the few months of his sojourn at Nantucket and the Vineyard. The secluded life, and the simple and primitive spirit which still characterizes the inhabitants of those islands, especially of Martha's Vineyard, insure their dead friends a longer and dearer remembrance than the daily novelty, and revolving bustle of the world, can elsewhere afford to beings of the past. Yet while every family is anxious to erect a memorial to its departed members, the untainted breath of ocean bestows such health and length of days upon the people of the isles as would cause a melancholy dearth of business to a resident artist in that line. His own monument, recording his decease by starvation, would probably be an early specimen of his skill. Grave-stones, therefore, have generally been an article of imported merchandise.

In my walks through the burial-ground of Edgartown—where the dead have lain so long that the soil, once enriched by their decay, has returned to its original barrenness—in that ancient burial-ground

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I noticed much variety of monumental sculpture. The elder stones, dated a century back, or more, have borders elaborately carved with flowers, and are adorned with a multiplicity of death's-heads, cross-bones, scythes, hour-glasses, and other lugubrious emblems of mortality, with here and there a winged cherub to direct the mourner's spirit upward. These productions of Gothic taste must have been quite beyond the colonial skill of the day, and were probably carved in London, and brought across the ocean to commemorate the defunct worthies of this lonely isle. The more recent monuments are mere slabs of slate, in the ordinary style, without any superfluous flourishes to set off the bald inscriptions. But others—and those far the most impressive, both to my taste and feelings—were roughly hewn from the gray rocks of the island, evidently by the unskilled hands of surviving friends and relatives. On some there were merely the initials of a name; some were inscribed with misspelt prose or rhyme, in deep letters, which the moss and wintry rain of many years had not been able to obliterate. These, these were graves where loved ones slept! It is an old theme of satire, the falsehood and vanity of monumental eulogies; but when affection and sorrow grave the letters with their own faithful labor, then we may be sure that they copy from the record on their hearts.

My acquaintance, the sculptor—he may share that title with Greenough, since the dauber of signs is a painter as well as Raphael—had found a ready market for all his blank slabs of marble, and full occupation in lettering and ornamenting them. He was an elderly man, a descendant of the old Puritan family of Wigglesworth, with a certain simplicity and singleness, both of heart and mind, which, methinks, is more rarely found among us Yankees than in any other community of people. In spite of his gray head and wrinkled brow, he was quite like a child in all matters save what had some reference to his own business; he seemed, unless my fancy misled me, to view mankind in no other relation than as people in want of tomb-stones; and his literary attainments evidently comprehended very little, either of prose or poetry, which had not, at one time or other, been inscribed on slate or marble. His sole task and office among the immortal pilgrims of the tomb—the duty for which Providence had sent the old man into the world, as it were with a chisel in his hand—was to label the dead bodies, lest their names should be forgotten at the resurrection. Yet he had not failed, within a narrow scope, to gather a few sprigs of earthly, and more than earthly, wisdom,—the harvest of many a grave. And lugubrious as his calling might appear, he was as cheerful an old soul as health, and integrity, and lack of care, could make him, and used to set to work upon one sorrowful inscription or another with that sort of spirit which impels a man to sing at his labor.

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On the whole, I found Mr. Wigglesworth an entertaining, and often instructive, if not an interesting character; and partly for the charm of his society, and still more because his work has an invariable attraction for 'man that is born of woman,' I was accustomed to spend some hours a day at his work-shop. The quaintness of his remarks, and their not infrequent truth—a truth condensed and pointed by the limited sphere of his view—gave a raciness to his talk, which mere worldliness and general cultivation would at once have destroyed.

Sometimes we would discuss the respective merits of the various qualities of marble, numerous slabs of which were resting against the walls of the shop, sometimes an hour or two would pass quietly, without a word on either side, while I watched how neatly his chisel struck out letter after letter of the names of the Nortons, the Mayhews, the Luces, the Daggets, and other immemorial families of the Vineyard. Often, with an artist's pride, the good old sculptor would speak of favorite productions of his skill, which were scattered throughout the village grave-yards of New England. But my chief and most instructive amusement was to witness his interviews with his customers, who held interminable consultations about the form and fashion of the desired monuments, the buried excellence to be commemorated, the anguish to be expressed, and finally, the lowest price in dollars and cents for which a marble transcript of their feelings might be obtained. Really, my mind received many fresh ideas, which, perhaps, may remain in it even longer than Mr. Wigglesworth's hardest marble will retain the deepest strokes of his chisel.

An elderly lady came to bespeak a monument for her first-love, who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean no less than forty years before. It was singular that so strong an impression of early feeling should have survived through the changes of her subsequent life, in the course of which she had been a wife and a mother, and, so far as I could judge, a comfortable and happy woman. Reflecting within myself, it appeared to me that this life-long sorrow—as, in all good faith, she deemed it—was one of the most fortunate circumstances of her history. It had given an ideality to her mind; it had kept her purer and less earthly than she would otherwise have been, by drawing a portion of her sympathies apart from earth. Amid the throng of enjoyments, and the pressure of worldly care, and all the warm materialism of this life, she had communed with a vision, and had been the better for such intercourse. Faithful to the husband of her maturity, and loving him with a far more real affection than she ever could have felt for this dream of her girlhood, there had still been an imaginative faith to the ocean-buried, so that an ordinary character had thus been elevated and refined. Her sighs had been the breath of Heaven to

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her soul. The good lady earnestly desired that the proposed monument should be ornamented with a carved border of marine plants, intertwined with twisted sea-shells, such as were probably waving over her lover's skeleton, or strewn around it in the far depths of the Pacific. But Mr. Wigglesworth's chisel being inadequate to the task, she was forced to content herself with a rose, hanging its head from a broken stem. After her departure I remarked that the symbol was none of the most apt.

"And yet," said my friend the sculptor, embodying in this image the thoughts that had been passing through my own mind, "that broken rose has shed its sweet smell through forty years of the good woman's life."

It was seldom that I could find such pleasant food for contemplation as in the above instance. None of the applicants, I think, affected me more disagreeably than an old man who came, with his fourth wife hanging on his arm, to bespeak grave-stones for the three former occupants of his marriage-bed. I watched with some anxiety to see whether his remembrance of either were more affectionate than of the other two, but could discover no symptom of the kind. The three monuments were all to be of the same material and form, and each decorated, in bas-relief, with two weeping willows, one of these sympathetic trees bending over its fellow, which was to be broken in the midst and rest upon a sepulchral urn. This, indeed, was Mr. Wigglesworth's standing emblem of conjugal bereavement. I shuddered at the gray polygamist, who had so utterly lost the holy sense of individuality in wedlock, that methought he was fain to reckon upon his fingers how many women who had once slept by his side were now sleeping in their graves. There was even—if I wrong him it is no great matter—a glance side-long at his living spouse, as if he were inclined to drive a thriftier bargain by bespeaking four grave-stones in a lot. I was better pleased with a rough old whaling captain, who gave directions for a broad marble slab, divided into two compartments, one of which was to contain an epitaph on his deceased wife, and the other to be left vacant, till death should engrave his own name there. As is frequently the case among the whalers of Martha's Vineyard, so much of this storm-beaten widower's life had been tossed away on distant seas, that out of twenty years of matrimony he had spent scarce three, and those at scattered intervals, beneath his own roof. Thus the wife of his youth, though she died in his and her declining age, retained the bridal dew-drops fresh around her memory.

My observations gave me the idea, and Mr. Wigglesworth confirmed it, that husbands were more faithful in setting up memorials to their dead wives than widows to their dead husbands. I was not ill-natured enough to fancy that women, less than men, feel so

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sure of their own constancy as to be willing to give a pledge of it in marble. It is more probably the fact, that while men are able to reflect upon their lost companions as remembrances apart from themselves; women, on the other hand are conscious that a portion of their being has gone with the departed whithersoever he has gone. Soul clings to soul; the living dust has a sympathy with the dust of the grave; and, by the very strength of that sympathy, the wife of the dead shrinks the more sensitively from reminding the world of its existence. The link is already strong enough; it needs no visible symbol. And, though a shadow walks ever by her side, and the touch of a chill hand is on her bosom, yet life, and perchance its natural yearnings, may still be warm within her, and inspire her with new hopes of happiness. Then would she mark out the grave, the scent of which would be perceptible on the pillow of the second bridal? No—but rather level its green mound with the surrounding earth, as if, when she dug up again her buried heart, the spot had ceased to be a grave. Yet, in spite of these sentimentalities, I was prodigiously amused by an incident of which I had not the good fortune to be a witness, but which Mr. Wigglesworth related with considerable humor. A gentlewoman of the town, receiving news of her husband's loss at sea, had bespoken a handsome slab of marble, and came daily to watch the progress of my friend's chisel. One afternoon, when the good lady and the sculptor were in the very midst of the epitaph, which the departed spirit might have been greatly comforted to read, who should walk into the work-shop but the deceased himself, in substance as well as spirit! He had been picked up at sea, and stood in no present need of tomb-stone or epitaph.

"And how," inquired I, "did his wife bear the shock of joyful surprise?"

"Why," said the old man, deepening the grin of a death's-head, on which his chisel was just then employed, "I really felt for the poor woman; it was one of my best pieces of marble—and to be thrown away on a living man!"

A comely woman, with a pretty rose-bud of a daughter, came to select a grave-stone for a twin-daughter, who had died a month before. I was impressed with the different nature of their feelings for the dead; the mother was calm and woefully resigned, fully conscious of her loss, as of a treasure which she had not always possessed, and therefore had been aware that it might be taken from her; but the daughter evidently had no real knowledge of what death's doings were. Her thoughts knew, but not her heart. It seemed to me, that by the print and pressure which the dead sister had left upon the survivor's spirit, her feelings were almost the same as if she still stood side by side, and arm in arm, with the departed, looking at the slabs of marble; and once or twice she

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glanced around with a sunny smile, which, as its sister-smile had faded forever, soon grew confusedly overshadowed. Perchance her consciousness was truer than her reflection—perchance her dead sister was a closer companion than in life. The mother and daughter talked a long while with Mr. Wigglesworth about a suitable epitaph, and finally chose an ordinary verse of ill-matched rhymes, which had already been inscribed upon innumerable tomb-stones. But, when we ridicule the triteness of monumental verses, we forget that sorrow reads far deeper in them than we can, and finds a profound and individual purport in what seems so vague and inexpressive, unless interpreted by her. She makes the epitaph anew, though the self-same words may have served for a thousand graves.

"And yet," said I afterwards to Mr. Wigglesworth, "they might have made a better choice than this. While you were discussing the subject I was struck by at least a dozen simple and natural expressions from the lips of both mother and daughter. One of these would have formed an inscription equally original and appropriate."

"No, no," replied the sculptor, shaking his head, "there is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; and so I always recommend them in preference to any new-fangled ones. And somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief, and shrink to fit a small one."

It was not seldom that ludicrous images were excited by what took place between Mr. Wigglesworth and his customers. A shrewd gentlewoman, who kept a tavern in the town, was anxious to obtain two or three grave-stones for the deceased members of her family, and to pay for these solemn commodities by taking the sculptor to board. Hereupon a fantasy arose in my mind, of good Mr. Wigglesworth sitting down to dinner at a broad, flat tomb-stone, carving one of his own plump little marble cherubs, gnawing a pair of cross-bones, and drinking out of a hollow death's-head, or perhaps a lacrymatory vase, or sepulcral urn; while his hostess's dead children waited on him at the ghastly banquet. On communicating this nonsensical picture to the old man, he laughed heartily, and pronounced my humor to be of the right sort.

"I have lived at such a table all my days," said he, "and eaten no small quantity of slate and marble."

"Hard fare!" rejoined I, smiling; "but you seemed to have found it excellent of digestion, too."

A man of fifty, or thereabouts, with a harsh, unpleasant countenance, ordered a stone for the grave of his bitter enemy, with whom he had waged warfare half a lifetime, to their mutual misery and ruin. The secret of this phenomenon was, that hatred had become the sustenance and enjoyment of the poor wretch's soul; it had supplied the place of all kindly affections; it had been really a bond of sympathy between himself and the man who shared the

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passion; and when its object died, the unappeasable foe was the only mourner for the dead. He expressed a purpose of being buried side by side with his enemy.

"I doubt whether their dust will mingle," remarked the old sculptor to me; for often there was an earthliness in his conceptions.

"Oh yes," replied I, who had mused long upon the incident; "and when they rise again, these bitter foes may find themselves dear friends. Methinks what they mistook for hatred was but love under a mask."

A gentleman of antiquarian propensities provided a memorial for an Indian of Chabbiquidick, one of the few of untainted blood remaining in that region, and said to be an hereditary chieftain, descended from the Sachem who welcomed Governor Mayhew to the Vineyard. Mr. Wigglesworth exerted his best skill to carve a broken bow and scattered sheaf of arrows, in memory of the hunters and warriors whose race was ended here; but he likewise sculptured a cherub, to denote that the poor Indian had shared the Christian's hope of immortality.

"Why," observed I, taking a perverse view of the winged boy and the bow and arrows, "it looks more like Cupid's tomb than an Indian chief's!"

"You talk nonsense," said the sculptor, with the offended pride of art; he then added with his usual good-nature, "how can Cupid die when there are such pretty maidens in the Vineyard?"

"Very true," answered I,—and for the rest of the day I thought of other matters than tomb-stones.

At our next meeting I found him chiselling an open book upon a marble head-stone, and concluded that it was meant to express the erudition of some black-letter clergyman of the Cotton Mather school. It turned out, however, to be emblematical of the scriptural knowledge of an old woman who had never read any thing but her Bible; and the monument was a tribute to her piety and good works, from the Orthodox Church, of which she had been a member. In strange contrast with this Christian woman's memorial, was that of an infidel, whose grave-stone, by his own direction, bore an avowal of his belief that the spirit within him would be extinguished like a flame, and that the nothingness whence he sprang would receive him again. Mr. Wigglesworth consulted me as to the propriety of enabling a dead man's dust to utter this dreadful creed.

"If I thought," said he, "that a single mortal would read the inscription without a shudder, my chisel should never cut a letter of it. But when the grave speaks such falsehoods, the soul of man will know the truth by its own horror."

"So it will," said I, struck by the idea; "the poor infidel may

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strive to preach blasphemies from his grave; but it will be only another method of impressing the soul with a consciousness of immortality."

There was an old man by the name of Norton, noted throughout the island for his great wealth, which he had accumulated by the exercise of strong and shrewd faculties, combined with a most penurious disposition. This wretched miser, conscious that he had not a friend to be mindful of him in his grave, had himself taken the needful precautions for posthumous remembrance, by bespeaking an immense slab of white marble, with a long epitaph in raised letters, the whole to be as magnificent as Mr. Wigglesworth's skill could make it. There was something very characteristic in this contrivance to have his money's worth even from his own tombstone, which, indeed, afforded him more enjoyment in the few months that he lived thereafter, than it probably will in a whole century, now that it is laid over his bones. This incident reminds me of a young girl, a pale, slender, feeble creature, most unlike the other rosy and healthful damsels of the Vineyard, amid whose brightness she was fading away. Day after day did the poor maiden come to the sculptor's shop, and pass from one piece of marble to another, till at last she pencilled her name upon a slender slab, which, I think, was of a more spotless white than all the rest. I saw her no more, but soon afterwards found Mr. Wigglesworth cutting her virgin name into the stone which she had chosen.

"She is dead—poor girl," said he, interrupting the tune which he was whistling, "and she chose a good piece of stuff for her head-stone. Now which of these slabs would you like best to see your own name upon?"

"Why to tell you the truth, my good Mr. Wigglesworth," replied I, after a moment's pause,—for the abruptness of the question had somewhat startled me,—"to be quite sincere with you, I care little or nothing about a stone for my own grave, and am somewhat inclined to scepticism as to the propriety of erecting monuments at all, over the dust that once was human. The weight of these heavy marbles, though unfelt by the dead corpse or the enfranchised soul, presses drearily upon the spirit of the survivor, and causes him to connect the idea of death with the dungeon-like imprisonment of the tomb, instead of with the freedom of the skies. Every grave-stone that you ever made is the visible symbol of a mistaken system. Our thoughts should soar upward with the butterfly—not linger with the exuviæ that confined him. In truth and reason, neither those whom we call the living, and still less the departed, have any thing to do with the grave."

"I never heard anything so heathenish!" said Mr. Wigglesworth, perplexed and displeased at sentiments which controverted all his notions and feelings, and implied the utter waste, and worse, of his

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whole life's labor,—"would you forget your dead friends, the moment they are under the sod!"

"They are not under the sod," I rejoined; "then why should I mark the spot where there is no treasure hidden! Forget them? No! But to remember them aright, I would forget what they have cast off. And to gain the truer conception of DEATH, I would forget the GRAVE!"

But still the good old sculptor murmured, and stumbled, as it were, over the grave-stones amid which he had walked through life. Whether he were right or wrong, I had grown the wiser from our companionship, and from my observations of nature and character, as displayed by those who come, with their old griefs or their new ones, to get them recorded upon his slabs of marble. And yet, with my gain of wisdom, I had likewise gained perplexity; for there was a strange doubt in my mind, whether the dark shadowing of this life, the sorrows and regrets, have not as much real comfort in them—leaving religious influences out of the question—as what we term life's joys.

THE OLD SOLDIER REVISITING THE SCENE OF HIS EARLY STRUGGLES.*

BY MELZAR GARDNER.

A weary way! yet, once again
My foot-print marks this holy soil;
This—this, the consecrated plain,
Where patriot hands by painful toil
Did Freedom's earliest altar rear;—
'Twas here our untaught army stood,
With lip compressed and brow severe,
When Freedom's sun uprose in blood!

The hand of time hath marked my brow,
And I have felt the icy chill

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* "Ay," said the old veteran, "I *was* in the revolutionary war. I have come to this town to spend the last Fourth of July that I ever expect to see. I have come to spend it on the hallowed spot where, when I was of your age, I fought for my country. I have come to take a last farewell of Bunker Hill."

"You walk as if you was very tired, my old friend."

"I am tired, I have walked three or four miles this morning, and am very weary."—*Boston Morning Post, July* 4, 1838.

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Of age upon my heart; but now
My pulses leap with wilder thrill!
Now I can feel as then I felt,
And all I saw again can see;
And, kneeling here as then I knelt,
Am all that then I prayed to be!

Strange visions come, on rushing wing,
To bear me to the battle back,
And I can see the war-horse spring
Forward again, as when his track
Was marked with blood;—and though my ear
No sound can catch that speaks of strife,
My scattered comrades, gathered here,
Seem round and near me as in life.

'Twas like a glorious vision, seen
Through the dim vistas of a dream,
And thought or hope of freedom then,
Came like the ignis-fatuus gleam;
Now through the clouds of war it shone
Like a bright star-beam seen afar;
Then—closed the cloud—the vision gone—
Defeat and death had hid the star.

The cloud hath passed—the glorious sun
Of Freedom lights our pleasant homes!
To say the work was nobly done,
The pealing shout of triumph comes
Down from our mountain's craggy sides—
Up from each green and quiet vale!—
O long as ocean rolls its tides
May freemen's tongues repeat the tale!

Lead forth your children to the field—
Tell them where flowed the patriot's blood—
Show where the hostile squadrons wheeled—
Where Freedom's little phalanx stood!
Bid them with bright perennial flowers,
To deck the martyred patriot's grave;
And let your monumental towers
First greet the eye from o'er the wave.

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Tell them, our bright example, caught
By countless thousands o'er the main,
The tyrant's vassal there hath taught
In bitterness to gnaw his chain:—
And that the day is hastening on,
When Freedom's flag, here first unfurled,
Shall wave above earth's fallen thrones,
And its bright stars shall light the world!

Tell them what earnest prayers were said,
For father, brother, lover cherished,
Tell them what bitter tears were shed
Upon the graves of those who perished;
That all in vain those anxious fears,
If they forget the work we wrought,—
That all in vain those bitter tears,
If they keep not the prize thus bought.

Bid poesy, with words of fire,
The painter's art, the sculptor's stone,
And music's life-inspiring lyre,
Tell how the glorious prize was won!
And when about the cheerful hearth
The wonted faces all have come,
Tell them the proudest name on earth—
A patriot! strikes all titles dumb!

Thus shall each youthful heart be made
A shrine of Freedom, and the flame,
Here first upon her altar laid,
Be nourished by the patriot's fame.
Thus nourished, every cottage home,
And every freeman's heart, shall be
A temple where the oppressed may come
To light the torch of Liberty!

HARTFORD, CONN., *July*, 1838.

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THE NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY QUESTION.*

THE period has at length arrived at which this long vexed question has assumed an aspect so critical and delicate, that it addresses itself to the attention of every citizen of the Union as one of paramount importance and interest, with the merits of which every one is bound, by high considerations, to make himself thoroughly acquainted. It is not to be disguised, not only that a collision of force between the parties at issue upon it is possible at a day not far distant, but that, unless a change so total and speedy as to partake somewhat of the miraculous, take place in the counsels and course of Great Britain, in relation to it, such a consummation appears as inevitable as it would be disastrous and lamentable. The strength of a democratic republic, when placed in such a relation towards a neighboring power, consists in that unanimity of opinion, ardor of sentiment, and firmness of resolution, which can only spring from a righteous cause, clearly understood, and patriotically felt, by every citizen. Such a Public Opinion constitutes an irresistible moral power, giving to the cause thus supported an immense advantage over its antagonist, which can never fail to carry it with honor and success through whatever contest may be necessary for the maintenance of its rights. Such a Public Opinion we are anxious to see form itself on the present question, at the point of maturity which it has now reached, in support of the position in which it places us as a nation,—not alone for the sake of the national honor and dignity, but for the influence which the exhibition of such an united and imposing front may be well calculated to have on the course of the other party to the controversy. It may well be regarded as a subject of rejoicing, that this question has not yet been swallowed up in that insatiate vortex of *party spirit* which we see absorbing every other question of high national concern, as they successively rise to the surface of the public attention. We hope

* Document No. 126. House of Representatives. *Executive.* Twenty-fifth Congress, Second Session. Maine Boundary—Mr. Greely, &c.

Senate Document No. 319. Message from the President of the United States, transmitting all the correspondence between the United States and Great Britain on the subject of the Northeastern Boundary, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate.

Report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Buchanan, Chairman. In Senate of the United States, July 4, 1838,—on the Bill to provide for surveying the Northeastern Boundary Line of the United States, according to the provisions of the Treaty of Peace of seventeen hundred and eighty-three.

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that by common consent it shall continue to be kept apart from the partisan struggles which divide and agitate us; and that, whatever direction events may give to it, we shall not again blush for the spectacle we have already more than once had to behold, of a parricidal party in our midst, siding, from selfish motives of political effect, with the stranger and the aggressor, against the common cause of the country. Under these circumstances, we are conscious that we can render no more useful service to the readers of the Democratic Review, than by presenting them as full and clear a view of the merits and history of this most extraordinary controversy, as our limits will permit.

The Treaty of Peace by which our national independence was acknowledged by the mother country, whose yoke was shaken off by the long agony of our Revolutionary War, was concluded at Paris, on the third of September, 1783. This is the treaty, whose inviolability we are now called on to maintain; and though over half a century has elapsed since its date, the memory of the struggle of which it was the glorious consummation must still give to every jot and tittle of it a peculiar sanctity which cannot appeal in vain to any American bosom. That treaty, of all others, must be held sacred! And if we are ever to submit to the grasping aggressions of foreign power, in disregard of the plighted faith of treaties, it must not, at least, be in the case of that one,—and above all, on a point so vital as that of the boundary of the land to whose sovereign independence that document set the solemn and final seal.

By the first article of the Treaty the King of Great Britain "acknowledges the United States, namely, New Hampshire, *Massachusetts Bay*, and the rest, (naming them separately) to be free, sovereign, and independent States; that he treats with them as such; and, for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the government, propriety, and *territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof.*" This language plainly shows the intention of the parties to have been, that the people of Massachusetts Bay (including Maine) should continue to retain and possess, unimpaired, the sovereignty, title, and territory of that State, in virtue of its then existing and complete independence of the mother country, according to its ancient understood and established boundaries, if, indeed, its boundaries were understood and considered established at the time.

The Treaty then proceeds to define the boundary line between the United States and the possessions of Great Britain, as follows:

And that all disputes which might arise in future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are, and shall be, their boundaries, to wit:

Article 2. *From the* NORTHWEST *angle of Nova Scotia, to wit: that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north, from the source of the St. Croix river to the high-*

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lands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut river," &c.

And in another part of the description, as follows:

"EAST *by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth into the Bay of Fundy to its source; and from its source, directly north, to the aforesaid highlands which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic Ocean from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence.*"

Distinct as this description of boundary may seem—introduced for the express purpose of obviating all possible dispute in future on the subject—fifty-five years have not yet sufficed to bring the governments of the two countries to a definite understanding, what was the line of demarcation here intended. On the part of Great Britain it is pretended, that the commissioners who negotiated the Treaty were acting at random, and in the dark, from their ignorance of the country thus described by its topographical characteristics; that the "northwest angle of Nova Scotia" was no definite point, understood and established at the time, but that its location was only to be fixed by the process of running the boundary line here prescribed; that no range of highlands exists answering the terms of this description; that consequently the line here supposed to be laid down proves to be an impossible one, and that the article becomes void from uncertainty and impracticability. It is therefore insisted, that no other alternative remains, than that the two countries should agree upon a new conventional line, to be run somewhere about midway through the territory in dispute, according to the mutual convenience of the two parties.

On our side it has always been maintained,—and at the late session of Congress resolutions were adopted, unanimously in each House, declaring in substance,—that the line so described *is* fully and plainly defined; that there is no reasonable cause of doubt as to the meaning of the language; that the terms employed have a fixed and well known meaning in numerous official documents of the British Government; that the description is capable of being accurately applied to the actual features of the country intended to be described; and that, taking the description in the natural and obvious import of the words, and comparing it with the face of the earth, and with the public acts appertaining to the subject, the State of Maine is clearly and unequivocally entitled to the peaceful possession of the whole territory in dispute.

A glance at the map will put the reader in possession of the extent and situation of this disputed territory. Great Britain fixes the "northwest angle of Nova Scotia" at Mar's-Hill, an isolated hill about forty miles north of the source of the St. Croix; and finds the range of highlands along which the line is to run, in a range running in a southwesterly direction between the valleys of the St. John's and the Penobscot. Our claim, however, carries the me-

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ridian line from the source of the St. Croix about a hundred miles farther north, crossing the St. John's, and reaching to the sources of the numerous small streams which there flow off northwardly, into the St. Lawrence, from the range of elevated land forming the southern parallel enclosure of the valley of that great river,—of the existence of which the direction of that series of small streams is alone ample evidence. This tract embraces about six millions of acres, jutting up, like an intercepting wedge, between the provinces of New Brunswick and Lower Canada,—being about one-third of the whole State of Maine,—for the most part wild, and covered with forest, but estimated by the State, from its natural character and capabilities, as territory of a very high value. Its value to Great Britain consists, of course, principally in the convenience, or rather the necessity, of the communication between Quebec and Halifax, which is directly intercepted by the territory in question.

The argument in behalf of the American claim may be thus substantially summed up. That it amounts to absolute and perfect demonstration, establishing the full right of Maine beyond the reach of cavil or question, cannot but be admitted by every candid mind.

The question is not, what line is convenient and desirable to the two British provinces of New Brunswick and Lower Canada,—but what were the true limits of the State of Massachusetts Bay, as intended and defined by the Treaty?

Originally, the chartered limits of the province of Massachusetts Bay, embracing the country of Sagadehoc, extended expressly to the banks of the St. Lawrence, as also did the limits of Nova Scotia,—these two adjacent provinces being separated by a north and south line, which abutted on the St. Lawrence.

Great Britain, having acquired Canada in 1763, proceeded, by proclamation, to establish the province of Quebec, removing the line of Canada from the St. Lawrence to the highlands south of it, and thus separating from Massachusetts Bay and Nova Scotia, and annexing to Canada, the narrow strip of country occupied by the tributary streams of the St. Lawrence. And here, in the Royal Proclamation of 1763, occurs for the first time that description of boundary by the *ligne des versants*, which is afterwards adopted on numberless important occasions, and which, when transferred into the Treaty of 1783, as indicating a certain and well understood natural line of boundary, has been mystified away, by British diplomatic ingenuity, into a nonentity and an impossibility. The southern boundary of the Government of Quebec is there laid down as passing "along *the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the said river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the sea*, and also along the north coast of the Bay des Chaleurs, &c."

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This new demarcation of limits was confirmed by an Act of Parliament of 1774, which defines the south line of Canada as follows:

Bounded on the *south* by a line *from the Bay of Chaleur, along the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea*, to a point in forty-five degrees of northern latitude, and the eastern bank of Connecticut river," &c.

This description of the south line of the province of Quebec is continued in the commissions of the successive Governors of that province, issued in 1763, 1767, 1774, and 1777, the last of which remained in force at the time of the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace.

The same definition of limits appears in the commissions given to the Governors of Nova Scotia in 1763, 1773, and 1782, the first of which runs as follows:

We have thought proper to *restrain* and *comprise* [the province] within the following limits, viz: to *the northward* our said province shall be bounded by the *southern boundary of Quebec*, as far as the western extremity of the Bay of Chaleur," &c.; "*to the westward* it shall be bounded by a line drawn from Cape Sable across the *entrance* of the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the river St. Croix, by the said river to its source, and by a line drawn *due north* from thence to the *southern boundary* of Quebec."

All these official acts prescribe one and the same boundary for the Province of Quebec and Nova Scotia, beginning at the Bay of Chaleurs, and stretching from thence along the *ligne des versants* of the south bank of the St. Lawrence, in a continued and unbroken line, to the head of the Connecticut. This line divided Canada and Nova Scotia until it reached the due north line between Nova Scotia and Maine; then (without any material change of course) it divided Canada and Maine; after which, Canada and New Hampshire.

Of the definite and certain existence and course of this line of demarcation, though never actually surveyed and traced out, there could be no sort of doubt. That it ran in a general northeast and southwest direction, parallel with the course of the great river to whose valley it was the natural southern enclosure, and at no great distance from it, was abundantly proved by the diverging courses of the streams which flowed off to the right hand and the left, into the St. Lawrence and into the sea, respectively. That at the time of the Treaty it formed the northern boundary of Nova Scotia and Massachusetts Bay, and that its intersection by the meridian line of the source of the St. Croix constituted a certain fixed point, as accurately ascertainable as though it were already surveyed and marked by a monument,—which point was "*the northwest angle of Nova Scotia*,"—admits of no possibility of fair cavil.

The terms of the definition of boundary in the Treaty have been already given. They differ from the form already so often used to designate this *ligne des versants*, only in the substitution of

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"the Atlantic Ocean" for "the Sea,"—evidently for the mere purpose of greater precision and formality. That it was the intention of its framers to adopt and continue, in that Treaty, this same well known line of boundary between Quebec and Nova Scotia, is too manifest to need illustration.

It was the thing natural to be done in the circumstances of the case. It was conformable, otherwise, to the principles of the Treaty, which recognizes the sovereignty and the territorial rights of the State, the former province, of Massachusetts Bay.

The exact coincidence of language—the Act of Parliament of 1774 being evidently before the commissioners, as a precedent and guide—makes it indubitable that the same line was meant. It is, moreover, proved and admitted that Mitchell's Map, a semi-official publication, which fully supports this view of the subject, was before the negotiators of the Treaty. And the specific location of the point of departure, from which the line was to proceed along the said highlands, at "the northwest angle of Nova Scotia," a certain and understood point of intersection of two given lines, rendered any ambiguity at the time impossible, and any pretension of it now absurd.

And again, if the line claimed by Maine, as that of the dividing highlands so often referred to, be not in reality the one intended in the series of public documents already mentioned, commencing with the proclamation of 1763, and ending with the Treaty of 1783—and if the British assertion, that Mar's-Hill is "the northwest angle of Nova Scotia," have any foundation—the consequence follows directly, that the southern boundary of Quebec must lie about a hundred miles further south than has ever been imagined or laid down;—that it must embrace large rivers, with their extensive valleys, flowing, not into the St. Lawrence, but into the Sea;—that all this vast region, diversified with river, valley, mountain, and forest, must intervene between it and the series of streams flowing into the St. Lawrence, in relation to which it is so distinctly defined as their *ligne des versants*;—and that the line which is to run from the Bay des Chaleurs to the head of the Connecticut, along a continuous range of dividing highlands, as a line of north and south boundary to the adjacent provinces of Nova Scotia and Quebec, instead of being carried along such a range actually existing, and fairly and fully satisfying the terms of the Treaty, is to be bent perforce southward, and to be carried, in a line varying only about fourteen degrees from due south, "directly across high mountains, deep valleys, and the large rivers that flow through them!" These are some of the absurdities and contradictions involved in the denial of our claim, and in the assertion of the most impudent and preposterous demand put forth by Great Britain.

But this is not the whole force of the argument on our side of

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the question. If it needed, or could receive, further confirmation, it is abundantly furnished by the most unequivocal and repeated official admissions made on the part of Great Britain herself, prior to her first assertion of her present claim in the execution of the commission appointed under the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent, of 1814.

During the interval between the date of the Treaty of Peace and that of Ghent, no doubt was ever suggested in relation to this boundary line. A joint commission was appointed in 1795 (under Jay's Treaty) to fix the only point then deemed material, viz: the source of the St. Croix, which was a subject of difference between the two Governments. As this name was applied to several streams (from the practice of the French, in the discovery and settlement of the country, of planting a cross at the mouth of the streams they entered) it was specified as having its mouth in the Bay of Fundy; and, among the different rivers to which it might be considered applicable, it was, of course, a material object on the British side to locate it as far westward as possible. The British commissioner, Ward Chipman, Esq., in his argument on this point, treats as mutually understood and unquestionable premises all that we now demand, and argues from them to establish his location of the source of the St. Croix at the head of the Schoodiac Lakes. Thus he says:

The *limits* of Nova Scotia, at the time of the Treaty of Peace, were the *same* that were established when the province was anciently and originally erected and named, [1621,] in every respect, excepting the island of St. John's, and the *northern boundary line*, which, by the erection of the Province of Quebec, after the peace of 1763, was altered from the *southern bank of the river St. Lawrence to the highlands* DESCRIBED IN THE TREATY OF PEACE.

Again he says:

A line due north from the source of the western or main branch of the Schoodiac or St. Croix will fully secure this effect to the United States in every instance, and also to Great Britain, in all instances except in that of the river St. John's, wherein it becomes *impossible*, by reason that the sources of this river are *to the westward not only of the western boundary line of Nova Scotia*, but of the sources of the Penobscot, and even of the Kennebec, *so that this north line must, of necessity, cross the St. John's.*

And again:

Can it be believed, or for a moment imagined, that, in the course of human events, so exact a coincidence could have happened between the actual boundaries of the Province of Nova Scotia, and the boundaries of it described in this treaty, if the latter had not been dictated and regulated by the former?

Can any man hesitate to say he is convinced, that the commissioners at Paris in 1783, in forming the second article of the treaty of peace, in which they have so exactly described this northwest angle, had reference to, and were governed by, the boundaries of Nova Scotia as described in the grant to Sir William Alexander, and the subsequent alteration of the northern boundary by the erection of the Province of Quebec?

Such was the universal understanding, on both sides, until subse-

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quently to the conferences at Ghent; and the claim of Great Britain has been got up, since that time, to remedy the serious inconvenience to her of having the State of Maine run up wedge-like between her provinces of New Brunswick and Lower Canada, and after she had in vain endeavored to obtain of us an *alteration* of the Treaty line, and the *cession* to her of a portion of the tract of country in dispute. It was an after-thought, arising out of the military experience of that war. Maine divides New Brunswick from Lower Canada, just as part of Upper Canada runs in between the States of New York and Michigan; and Great Britain lays claim to that portion of Maine with as much reason, and no more, as we might lay claim to that portion of Upper Canada.

Among the pamphlets published in Great Britain during the controversy between her and the United States, which was concluded by the war and the Treaty of Ghent, were two, by Mr. Atcheson, one entitled 'American Encroachments on British Rights,' and the other 'A Compressed view of the Points to be Discussed in Treaty with the United States,' both which proceed upon the admission of our title, and urge the importance of *changing the line*, and obtaining a *cession* of this territory.

The British commissioners at Ghent adopted these views, and made proposals for the desired "*cession*," suggesting "*such a variation of the line of frontier* as may secure a direct communication between Quebec and Halifax." They express themselves desirous of obtaining only "a small portion of unsettled country which interrupts the communication between Quebec and Halifax,"—remarking that an equivalent might be demanded on our side, in frontier or otherwise. They made only what Mr. Buchanan, in his admirable and lucid Report, referred to in the caption to the present Article, justly characterizes as a "faint and feeble suggestion" that our title was doubtful; which was promptly and decisively repelled by our commissioners, who at the same time declined all such proposals, on the ground of want of authority "to cede any portion of the territory of the United States." There was no attempt to urge the "faint and feeble suggestion," nor exception taken to the decisive assertion of clear and indisputable title under the Treaty. The line accordingly remained unchanged, being described at this point, in the Treaty of Ghent, in the precise words of the Treaty of Paris. A provision was only made for a joint commission to fix "the north-west angle of Nova Scotia," and run the line according to the original terms of its description.

Thus far all was plain sailing. No one on either side appears to have dreamed of so simple a question being obscured by any shadow of ambiguity. It was, perhaps, rather hard and inconvenient for Great Britain,—but what to do? There were the law and the fact of the case,—too clear and strong to be fairly controverted.

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But the communication between the two military and naval depôts of her North American possessions must be kept open at all hazards; and the ingenious expedient was adopted, of throwing the case into the Court of Chancery—of *diplomacy;* and so dilatory and dexterously conducted have the proceedings been, on her part, that the case is there yet,—being, we confess, considerably *more* complicated, and somewhat *less* advanced, than it was at the outset.

The commissioners, after proceeding a few miles north of the starting point at the source of the St. Croix, come to Mar's-Hill, an insulated conical hill, which, though far south of the St. John's, and, as before shewn, utterly irreconcilable with all the terms of the description, the British commissioner declares—in the absence of any other *mountain-ridge* on the north line, so far as he chose to proceed—to be the only "highlands" on the face of the country, and to be "the northwest angle of Nova Scotia;" and accordingly he proceeds to run a southwesterly line from that point, between the waters of the Penobscot and St. John's, neither of which has the slightest relation to the St. Lawrence—which line he lays down as the dividing "highlands" of the Treaty! The American commissioner, of course, insisted on going northward in quest of the true "angle" and "highlands," but the survey appears to have been broken off very unsatisfactorily, both commissioners making separate reports of it to their respective governments; out of which disagreement arises a negotiation, which, dragging its slow length along, results in a reference of the question at issue to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands, in 1827. Here was a resting point of four or five years in the history of the case. Both parties piled up before the bewildered arbitrator huge masses of documents and pleadings, amounting to a large folio volume of above a thousand pages. In 1831 he renders his 'decision,' substantially to the effect that he could make neither head nor tail out of the matter,—that he could not draw the Treaty line, and could not award to either party the line claimed by it, without prejudice to equitable rights of the other; and therefore that he recommended the compromise of a conventional line drawn about midway through the disputed territory.

This "award" was rejected by the Senate in 1832, as not being a decision of the case referred,—and thus the whole case was again afloat on the trackless, starless, shoreless, ocean of '*negotiation.*'

Of all the pretexts, by which Great Britain at that time sought, and now seeks, to evade the terms of the Treaty of Paris, there are but two which we deem it necessary to notice.

One is, the pretence that no highlands exist corresponding to the conditions of the Treaty,—the inference from which is, to avoid the Treaty for uncertainty and impracticability, and throw both parties on the necessity of negotiating a new conventional line.

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To this the answer is obvious and complete. Wherever there are rivers flowing northwardly into the St. Lawrence, and southwardly or eastwardly towards the St. John's, or the sea, it is a matter of irreversible physical necessity, so long as water shall continue to flow *downward* and not *upward*, that highlands should divide the waters so flowing in different directions.

Accordingly the cavil of Great Britain upon this point is, that no *mountain-ridge* is to be found in the region where the United States claims the line to be.

But the Treaty does not describe, nor do its conditions require, a *mountain-ridge;* but only *highlands dividing waters*, that is, a *ligne des versants;* which incontestibly must and does exist, in the terms of the Treaty.

Pursuant to which is the admission of the geographers and hydrographers of Great Britain; such highlands being described or marked in a great number of British books and maps, invariably, from the year 1783 down to the peace of 1814, since which time this controversy dates its beginning. Of all these it will be sufficient to cite the great map of a part of Canada, New Brunswick, and Maine, published in 1815, by Colonel Bouchette, the Surveyor General of Lower Canada, which sustains in all respects the claims insisted on by the United States.

Beside which, it is premature to deny the existence of such highlands, until the country has been explored and surveyed by public authority; and the refusal of Great Britain, so long protracted, to concur with us in a survey of the country—a survey net and pure, and without conditions—has been certainly calculated to afford the strongest possible evidence of the conscious hollowness of her cause in this respect. It will be remembered that, in the incomplete survey already made, by the commission under the Treaty of Ghent, notwithstanding the declaration of the British surveyor, that no "highlands"—that is, *mountain-ridge*—were to be found in the due north line, yet it appears from his own survey that as he proceeded northward from Mar's-Hill the country gradually ascended; till, at the waters of the Ristigouche, which flows into the Bay des Chaleurs, an elevation was attained of sixteen hundred feet above the summit level of the starting point on the St. Croix, being in fact five hundred feet higher than the summit of Mar's-Hill. He prudently refused to proceed farther, and here the survey was broken off. There can be no doubt that this gradual ascent would have risen still considerably higher,—whether actual eminences from the surface would have been discovered, or not, was not ascertained—nor would it have been at all material.

The second pretence is, that rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy are not rivers flowing into the SEA, or into the "ATLANTIC

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Ocean," as intended by the Treaty; and that therefore the line is to be sought for south of the St. John's.

To this, also, the answer is obvious and complete. Bays of the sea are the sea. If not, there is not a river of this continent flowing into the sea, for they all debouche into some indentation or curvature of the coast, called a gulf or bay. All the other rivers of Maine, especially—which it is not disputed are intended as Atlantic rivers—empty into the sea in like manner with the St. John's, through bays of greater or less dimensions.

The only show of argument adduced in support of this pretence, is, that in the Treaty the St. Croix is mentioned as emptying into the Bay of Fundy—not the Atlantic Ocean—whereas the river St. Mary, which was to form the southern boundary of the United States, is described in the same article as falling into the Atlantic Ocean; and those eastern and southern lines of boundary, thus terminating at these two points, are spoken of as "respectively touching the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic Ocean." From which it is inferred, that a special distinction was intended between the two; and since the St. Croix was not an Atlantic river, much less were those falling into the Bay of Fundy to the eastward of its mouth, to be so regarded.

We give this as a fair specimen of the shallow and paltry sophisms which have marked the British negotiations on this question from the commencement. It scarcely deserves serious refutation. It is manifest that the specification of the St. Croix as falling into the Bay of Fundy—doubtless intended to distinguish it from the other streams of the same name along the coast—does not in the least affect the generic character which it, as well as the St. John's, shares with all the rest, as Atlantic rivers. The highlands referred to were not on this occasion for the first time thus described, but were already abundantly established by the comprehensive but distinct description of them as the *ligne des versants*, in numerous documents in which it cannot even be pretended that any idea was entertained of such a distinction between the Bay of Fundy and the "sea," of which it was one of the numerous arms or indentations. Which pretence, also, while contrary to the common sense and common language of the subject, is contradictory to the rest of the Treaty, which requires a line contiguous to the waters of the St. Lawrence,—a line continuous from the Bay des Chaleurs along the highlands adjacent to the St. Lawrence,—and a line coincident with the northern boundary of Nova Scotia, (now New Brunswick.)

In fine, without dwelling further on this portion of the ground we have proposed to ourselves to cover in the present Article, the facts sustaining the American claim are so clear and certain, and the arguments so unanswerable, that the denial or evasion of them by petty quibbles of the above character, involves Great Britain in

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a labyrinth of contradictions and absurdities. The northern line of Nova Scotia and southern line of Lower Canada, which she cannot find in the Treaty of Peace, pervades her own official acts. With respect to this very disputed district—if Mar's-Hill is the northern limit of Maine, then the Province of Lower Canada extends to that point, and covers, of course, the Madawaska settlement, which is on the St. John's ;—and yet, after all, it is the Province of New Brunswick which pretends to, and in point of fact does, exercise jurisdiction over Madawaska.

The special pleadings of the 'negotiations' since 1832 afford a curious chapter in the history of diplomacy, which might be amusing enough, were it not too provoking to the patience of the American reader. The award of the King of the Netherlands was rejected by the Senate, as being, avowedly, no decision of the case referred. Of the propriety of this course there cannot, we think, be the slightest question,—though it may well admit of doubt whether it would have been adopted but for the energetic remonstrances of Maine, and the determined attitude assumed by her on the constitutional question of the incompetency of the Federal Government to cede any portion of her rightful territory without her consent. The British Government, naturally enough, evinced much dissatisfaction at it, obtaining as it would have done, by the compromise suggested, all that it could desire, namely, the northern half of the disputed district, with the open communication between her two colonial capitals, Halifax and Quebec. The action of the Senate being, however, decisive, it next urged strongly, as a basis for future negotiation, our acquiescence in certain minor propositions connected with the main question, which appeared to be decided incidentally in the course of the reasoning of the arbitrator upon the general case. This was, of course, impossible ; since, on the very face of the award, these premises and inferences conducted the arbitrator to the result that he could not decide the main question ; and the Department of State, in its correspondence with the British negotiators, Sir Charles Vaughan and Mr. Bankhead, very properly insisted on disregarding the whole award, and restoring the case entirely to the *status quo* of before the reference. The correctness of this course was too clearly and strongly urged to be successfully impugned, and it was at length reluctantly yielded to,—the award being formally set aside, by the abandonment of the compromise suggested by it, by the British Government, accompanied with the reassertion of its claim to the whole territory, in a communication of December the twenty-eighth, 1835.

On the rejection of the award by the Senate, with a recommendation to the Executive to open a new negotiation to ascertain and settle the line of the Treaty, the course proposed by Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State, was, to make a new and thorough survey

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of the whole face of the country by a joint commission—either of impartial scientific foreigners, to be accompanied by agents on the part of the two governments, in the character of advocates of their respective views of the subject—or of surveyors to be appointed by the respective governments, with an umpire upon points of difference arising between them, to be named by some impartial sovereign. It is curious to observe the nice play of fence between the two parties arising out of this proposition, in which we have to confess that the other party managed their defensive parries with much more adroit skill than was evinced in our assaults,—in which latter a great deal of ingenuity was wasted and worse than wasted.

Why a new survey? it is asked,—after playing off for some time from entering on a new negotiation at all, on the ground of the want of plenipotentiary authority in the premises, on the part of our Federal Government, to act independently of the assent of a third interested party, the State of Maine. One survey has already been made, and no highlands discovered on the meridian specified in the Treaty. Such is the decision of the arbitrator.

But, it is answered, we are confident that the treaty line can yet be run. A material principle in all practical surveying is, that when, in a description of boundaries, a mention of marked natural features of country is combined with a reference to compass directions, the former is to be regarded as of the *primary*, and the latter as of the *secondary*, importance and effect,—the former fixing clearly the intention of the parties, and an error in the latter shewing only an ignorance of the exact face of the country. That therefore it would be a sufficient fulfilment of the conditions of the Treaty, if highlands should be discovered to the westward of the due north line, and the line drawn between them and the fixed starting point at as acute an angle to the meridian as possible. Such highlands may be discovered, as no reference was had to this principle, vitally material as it is, either by the former surveyors or by the arbitrator.

But, says Sir Charles, after experiencing considerable difficulty in exactly understanding this new idea, Maine will raise the same constitutional objection to your yielding any of her territory (according to her claim) west of the meridian referred to, as well as south of the alleged line of highlands.

That is our affair, is the ready reply. According to this principle of practical surveying, which we urge for the guidance of the proposed new exploration, such a line, though it might run northwest instead of north, would satisfy the requisitions of the Treaty, and the Federal Government may and ought to accede to it, any dissatisfaction of Maine to the contrary notwithstanding. Only let us make the survey, and spread out the whole actual face of the country before us.

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We see no prospect of practical benefit from a new survey—it is still urged on the other hand. Let us treat for a conventional line. Let it be such and such. Let it be a fair and equal division. Nothing can be more 'fair' and 'equitable' than our views and wishes on the subject.

We have no constitutional power, it is repeatedly replied and explained, to negotiate for any other than the Treaty line, which it is insisted is still plain and practicable; nor is there any probability of obtaining the assent of Maine to any such line as you are willing to admit. But—at length says Mr. Forsyth, coolly—since you are so anxious for a conventional line, if you will adopt the St. John's as the boundary along its whole course, Maine will no doubt consent to exchange the territory north of that river for the slice of New Brunswick between its mouth and that of the St. Croix.

The British Cabinet took about a couple of years to recover from its astonishment at this piece of Yankee assurance—

Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit—

and at length its only reply (in Mr. Fox's communication of 10th of January last) was an expression of civil wonder at the entrance of such an idea into the American head.

But eventually they are brought down to consent to a new joint survey. Throughout the course of the negotiation they had opposed to this proposition a demand of utterly inadmissible conditions; begging the whole question, in advance, by stipulating that the St. John's and the Ristigouche are not to be considered *Atlantic rivers*,—that the highlands in question must therefore be sought only *south* of the former river.* The suggestion to refer the *whole subject* to the commission and umpirage, untrammelled with conditions—including this point of construction (or the 'river question,' as it is termed in the negotiation) as well as the survey of the ground—is rejected point-blank. What principle, then, shall guide the commission? You insist, says Great Britain, on the highlands a hundred miles north, we on those south, of the St. John's. Suppose, then, the commission search for highlands "*upon the character of which no doubt could exist on either side.*"

* It was assumed and contended by the British negotiators, as at least a strong support to their position, if not admitted as of decisive binding force, that the arbitrator had decided this point in their favor. This was controverted on the other hand, at the same time that the idea was repudiated of its being material whether such were his opinion or not. The following is the passage in the award, referred to as thus deciding this all-important point:

"If, in contradistinction to the rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, it had been proper, agreeably to the language ordinarily used in geography, to comprehend the rivers falling into the bays of Fundy and des Chalcurs with those emptying themselves directly into the Atlantic ocean, in the generical denomination of rivers falling into the Atlantic ocean, it would be hazardous to include into the species belonging to that class the rivers St. John's and Ristigouche, which the line claimed at the north of the river St. John's divides *immediately* from rivers emptying themselves into the river St. Lawrence, not with other rivers falling into the Atlantic ocean, but *alone*; and thus to apply, in interpreting the

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Some stronger illumination than the daylight lamp of Diogenes would in all probability be required for the discovery of *such* highlands; but finally, after delays, on the part of the British Cabinet, apparently interminable, and mutual requests between the two parties to know what each other means and proposes, and mutual disclaimers of the responsibility of giving such explanation—the joint commission of exploration and survey is agreed upon, with the vague modification above referred to, and the understanding that both governments are to remain free to maintain still their respective interpretations of the "highlands" and "river question;" and the present actual state of the case, as between the two governments, is, that the British legation is waiting for powers and instructions from home to——*negotiate*, upon the precise terms of a convention for the appointment of such a commission, to carry into effect this general agreement.

We have here given our readers a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the leading features of this pretty piece of diplomatic history, from 1832 to the present date. We have merely sifted out the main points from the mass of chaff which overloads every negotiation between great governments—such as, protestations of devoted national and personal regard, mutual desire to please, and unwavering confidence in each other's good faith and fairness—assertions of liberality and moderation of views—regrets for the long continuance of this perplexed controversy, and anxieties for its speedy, amicable, and happy termination, &c., &c. We have given them in a simple and detached form, though in point of fact they were so mingled and combined in the actual correspondence as vastly to increase the perplexity of the 'negotiation.' The reader desirous of tracing it through, in a more connected point of view, may find a succinct and lucid *résumé* of the whole correspondence, in its order of succession, in Mr. Forsyth's communication to the Governor of Maine, of March the 1st, 1838, published in the Senate Document, No. 319, of the late session of Congress.

Upon this long and tortuous negotiation, as a whole, we cannot

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delimitation established by a treaty, where each word must have a meaning, to two exclusively special cases, and where no mention is made of the genus, (*genre*,) a generical expression which would ascribe to them a broader meaning," &c.

We do not give the respective commentaries upon this truly Delphic passage, in which each party attempts to grope his way, by the clue of his former fixed idea, through the obscure labyrinth in which the "respected" Dutch King has here so ingeniously shut up his meaning from all possible reach of the light of day. We can only say that, though Mr. Forsyth beats Mr. Fox all hollow in *parsing*, and in the construction of 'verbs, adverbs, pronouns and nouns substantive,' he yet does not convince us that the arbitrator himself knew what he meant,—the very light of critical explanation shed upon it serving only to make the darkness more visible. But certainly when Mr. Fox finds in it the idea that the St. John's is not an Atlantic river, we are constrained to say, that

"The wish was father, Harry, to that thought!

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forbear the remark, that on this occasion the late President does not seem, in our opinion, to have exhibited that same prompt and unerring sagacity to seize on the highest and strongest point of the ground, and that same uncompromising firmness to maintain it, which so signally characterized the diplomacy of his administration in all its other foreign relations. It was a fatal error to suffer himself to be enticed down from the impregnable strength of the American position—upon *the Treaty, the whole Treaty, and nothing but the Treaty*—into the entanglements of 'conventional lines.' Mr. Livingston's "new idea" of "practical surveying," admitting the possibility of a westerly departure from the due north line of the Treaty, however ingeniously meant, was certainly a great mistake. Though seemingly deemed a trump card, he could not have played more *mal-à-propos* into the adverse hand. It was intended, doubtless, to obviate the objection made to a new survey,—in the very awkward entanglement in which the King of the Netherlands had managed to involve the affair, and in the certain confidence felt by him that *light*, the light of a full exploration of the country, by a commission harmonized by an umpirage, was alone necessary to secure the full triumph of the American claim. But its effect was virtually to admit the British construction of the term "highlands" as *a mountain-ridge*, though even the arbitrator had declared that "the highlands to be sought for are not necessarily a range of mountains, but rather the summit of the country." It was, as was justly remarked in reply to it, still liable to the constitutional objection of Maine; and, by admitting a defect of distinctness in the Treaty definition of the line, it gave countenance to the favorite British idea of 'conventional lines,' (any one of which must give the latter all they wanted,) and contributed more than any thing else to complicate and embarrass the course of the negotiation, which it was reserved to his successors to carry out. He should have more perfectly appreciated the simple, solid strength of our position, on the original merits of the case, and have maintained it with that Fabian front which must eventually have carried the day,—and which we now find ourselves forced to assume, though at much less advantage than at the former stage of the campaign.

We might also find some fault with the passages that occasionally occur in the correspondence, expressive of regret at the want of authority, on the part of the Federal Government, to treat more freely for a conventional line, and a disposition to apply to the State interested for greater power,—were it not for the distinctness with which the correct principle of limited authority was throughout asserted, and practically maintained. Such language, since it never proceeded farther—the state of feeling in Maine being well known in advance—is, we presume, to be classed with all those assurances

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of "distinguished consideration," "unabated confidence," &c., which so smoothly swell out the *suaviter in modo* of diplomacy.

It will thus be seen that, *so far as respects the negotiations between the two governments*, we are not one step nearer to a satisfactory decision of the case than we were twenty years ago. Each party maintaining its own pretensions, a new exploration is to be made, so soon as the terms of the proposed convention can be 'negotiated.' But it is plain that the point on which the whole question hinges is one of *treaty construction*, and not of topography. It is, of course, very desirable to have an accurate map of the country, and the effect of a full and fair survey may possibly be to shame Great Britain out of her preposterous pretensions, and enable us to urge anew the merits of our right with fresh force and effect. But this appears to be all that can be looked for from this commission. With the modification to the original form of our proposition which Great Britain has insisted on, it is not to be an *arbitration*, and therefore will not decide the real question at issue. In fact, neither party appears to anticipate much practical benefit from it, as leading immediately to a settlement of the controversy; and we find it intimated by Mr. Forsyth that the survey is probably to serve as the basis of another future reference of the controversy to arbitration,—certainly the only amicable mode of adjustment that appears possible, so long as Great Britain shall adhere to her present views, however little our former experience is calculated to recommend it to favor.

But, *in point of fact*, the case has proceeded to a point of maturity far in advance of its position a short time ago. It is to the energetic resolution exhibited by the State of Maine in demanding her rights, and the speedy acknowledgement of them, that this is to be attributed. She has declared herself to be absolutely inflexible in her determination to insist on the full limits of her Treaty boundary, and to listen to no suggestions of 'conventional lines.' She has forced the public attention to the subject, as no longer one of vague diplomatic negotiations, which may extend *ad infinitum* through volumes of polite official 'notes,' from generation to generation,—but of immediate practical importance, as threatening to involve the Union in war, by a constitutional necessity not to be overcome. The fruits of it we have seen in the strong declaratory resolutions of both Houses of Congress at the late session, accompanied with such lucid expositions of the subject of this controversy, in speeches and reports, as are not only unanswerable, on the part of Great Britain, but so clearly unravel the intricate entanglements of 'negotiation,' as to spread the case fully open to that universal popular comprehension of its merits which is necessary to prepare the public mind for whatever future direction it may take. From these influences, combined with others to which recent events

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in that quarter have given birth, there appears a rational prospect of some beneficial effect on the counsels of Great Britain; and we sincerely trust that Maine may be induced to extend yet a little longer the remarkable patience and forbearance she has heretofore displayed in relation to this most vexatious subject. Our readers are aware that the Legislature of that State adopted resolutions, on the twenty-third of March last, making it the "imperative duty" of the Governor—if a commission of survey shall not be appointed by the Federal Government, either singly or in conjunction with Great Britain, by the *first of September*—to make such an appointment under the State authority, and carry the survey and location of the Treaty line into effect at all hazard. At the date of the passage of the present Article through the press, it appears the fixed determination of the Governor to carry out this resolution to the full extent of its letter and spirit, by the appointment of commissioners, and the organization of volunteers to support them, on their encountering the opposition which seems in all probability to await them from the British military authorities.

It must be confessed that Maine has good right to feel irritated by this old and galling thorn in her side, to the full exhaustion of her patience. Her right to the peaceful possession of the whole territory in dispute is as clear as the sun at noonday, and yet Great Britain has constantly asserted, and in numerous instances in point of fact exercised, the right of jurisdiction over it,—and that in a most high-handed and arbitrary way, notwithstanding an understanding between the two governments, repeatedly referred to in the course of their negotiations, that both should abstain from such acts pending the decision of the controversy. We confess that it is provoking in the highest degree to witness the cool manner in which the British authorities, *par voie de fait*, take advantage of the spirit of conciliation and peace on our part, and exercise a jurisdiction over a district to which they have no more right than to the District of Columbia, at the heart of the Union,—to the extent of imprisoning American citizens for the simple and peaceful act of taking census of its population. Whether this spirit of mild and pacific forbearance has not been carried a little too far, on our part, may perhaps admit of question; though we acknowledge that if it were so it was an error leaning to virtue's side,—especially when viewed in connexion with the confidence throughout entertained, from stage to stage of the proceedings, of an early decision in favor of the clear rightfulness of our claim, and with the insignificance of the subject-matter of dispute, in comparison with the incalculable disastrous consequences of war with Great Britain. It is true that the right of Maine has been repeatedly asserted in its full extent—and by none more emphatically than by our present Executive (when Secretary of State) and by our present represen-

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tative at the Court of St. James; it is also true that on every occasion of such aggression as here referred to, remonstrances have been made, and such measures adopted as smoothed over the immediate difficulty, and effected an amicable rectification of the practical injurious consequences to the individuals involved; but it is no less true that several passages of the negotiations have seemed to yield such a tacit acquiescence to the British pretension, on the question of jurisdiction, as could not but be highly irritating to the just pride and sensibility of Maine.

The right of Maine to make her present proposed survey the Federal Government cannot either itself deny, or allow to be violently opposed. If her commissioners—backed by a large force of hardy and high-spirited volunteers, inflamed with long smothered resentments, stimulated by the excitement of the recent frontier disturbances, and panting with eagerness to rush to the scene of action—shall, indeed, enter on the discharge of their duty,—if they shall be opposed, seized and imprisoned, or subjected to any violent outrage,—who can answer for the consequences? The Union *must* support the State. There is no option—no alternative—unless our Federal System is a failure—our Constitution a mockery—our Treaty a farce—and our national honor a by-word and a laughing-stock.

Great Britain will, indeed, in that event, have a fine opportunity to imitate the moderation of which we have already, on so many occasions, set her the example; and she will act well and worthily of her own high moral position among the nations of the Earth, by allowing the survey to be peaceably carried through, at the same time that she may, if she so please, protest against it as an act of jurisdiction. But we confess that there does not, at the present moment, at least, appear any flattering prospect of such a course on her part. It will be seen, then, how exceedingly critical and delicate the actual position of the question is. The sword seems to tremble over us in the air, suspended by but a single hair. A flame may at any moment burst forth which may suffice to wrap our whole northern frontier in conflagration. This Union may be involved in war by the action of either of two independent parties, over whom it can exert no control, at the same time that it is necessarily connected with one of the two, as a party to any possible collision of force, by the most imperative obligations of its fundamental law and national honor.

Are we in favor of such a war? God forbid! We abhor and despise war as the most utter of abominations—the most insane of follies—the most atrocious of crimes. It is liable to all the objections of religion, morality and policy, that apply to the practice of duelling between individuals—only aggravated and multiplied in an incalculable ratio. The nineteenth century has been sated and

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glutted with blood at its outset; and the benign influence of the genius of Christian and democratic civilization, which is now abroad over the earth, is, we rejoice to know, rapidly undermining the foundations of human delusion on which rested that whole system of monarchical fraud and ruthless violence, which has for so many centuries marred the fair face of Earth with all the appalling and revolting horrors that human imagination can conceive. We cannot find language sufficiently strong to express our detestation of war. We would rather abandon the whole disputed territory, than to see it crimsoned with the stream of one single human life shed in its defence. But we would appeal to the tribunal of universal justice, and the moral sense of all the nations of the Earth, against the *violators of the faith of solemn treaties*, and would resolutely, at any sacrifice of immediate convenience or profit of pelf, abstain from all commercial intercourse with them, until the right of one of the States of the Union was fully acknowledged, and its wrong amply redressed.

But we know too well that such sentiments have not yet acquired that general prevalence which they are most surely destined to attain at no very distant day; and if the course of events shall, in point of fact, take the direction they now seem to threaten, however much deplored, the necessity under which they may throw the Federal Government of pouring the whole physical force of the Union, if requisite, on the demand of the State of Maine, to support her in such a collision cannot be denied by any one fully comprehending the merits of the present case, and the relations between the centre and the component parts in our peculiar federal system.

The question is a no less critical one for Great Britain, than for the State of Maine, or the Union. She is making an extraordinary effort to reorganize her shaken colonial ascendency over the Canadas. It is very certain, not only that the necessity of retaining the open communication between Lower Canada and New Brunswick is more manifest and urgent than ever, but equally, also, that a frontier war with this country would be immediately and overwhelmingly fatal to every such plan or hope. Her colonial system is already rocking on its base, tottering to its fall. Her people at home are already restive under the enormous cost of its barren glory and empty power. Would the people of England ever consent to a war with this Union, in a cause so plainly unrighteous, for the sole purpose of keeping open the communications between Halifax and Quebec, because the latter port is closed to Atlantic approach during the long months of the Canadian winter? The question contains its own answer.

However imminent, then, may seem the danger—however close the precipice—we cannot anticipate really the possibility of a war

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on this question between England and this Union. Some alternative from such a necessity must and will present itself. England cannot carry on her game of diplomatic procrastination any longer.* The question must soon be brought to a head,—by the State of Maine, if not by the two governments. But *war!*—between the the two nations of the earth the most closely knit together by the bands of a common origin, language and literature—the extent, intimacy and importance of their commercial intercourse—the proximity of their possessions on this continent—their close intellectual association, and their peculiar and sacred relations to the cause of civilization and freedom! It cannot be. We devoutly trust and believe that it can never again be, as most assuredly it never ought to be. We trust that the immediate present crisis may be passed in safety, by the exercise of that moderation and forbearance—by the one, if not by the other, of the two parties involved—which, under any circumstances, will be, and can alone be, truly worthy of the dignity and honor of either; and that afterwards Great Britain will apply herself more earnestly than heretofore, and in a more candid and just spirit, to the consideration of the plain merits of the case; and—either by satisfying Maine, by the fair purchase of a sufficient portion of the disputed territory to answer her purposes of convenience—or by abandoning a pretension which she can now scarcely affect to justify—at length put an honorable termination to this unhappy controversy, which has so long been an open sore of irritation between both parties, and a discreditable scandal to the world at large.

* We do not mean, either in this passage, or in other strong expressions used in the course of this article, to impute a perpetual bad faith to the British Cabinet and its representatives in the prosecution of this controversy,—though that it had its origin in such ground we cannot have any doubt, from the plain face of the whole affair. The facility with which the mental and moral vision of men can be distorted, to any degree of obliquity, by the bias of interest, and the straining effort of a zealous advocacy, has too often, within our own experience, proved the truth of the definition, that *man is called a reasoning animal, because he has never any difficulty in finding a satisfactory reason, to his own mind, for following his own inclinations*—to permit us to entertain, for a moment, so illiberal a sentiment, however difficult it may at times seem, in the present case, to discard it from the mind.

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STANZAS.

I know that thou wilt blame my words,
And others may perchance condemn,
But if I must *thine* anger bear,
I little care, or think of them;
And if thou blame, as blame thou must,
I will not at my fate repine,
But learn at last to love thy frown,
As I have loved all else of thine.

Yet chide not too severely, thou,
But think that while my fault is seen,
Thou canst not know how long, how deep,
The struggle in my breast hath been;
How reason, manhood, vainly strove
To set me from thy thraldom free,
Till reason, manhood, all were lost
In the absorbing thought of thee.

Then blame me not—nor thou—nor she,
Who hath endured a deeper wrong—
Whose name, forgotten in my heart,
Must be forbidden to my tongue.
Oh, blame me not—nor thou—nor she—
For hope too high, or broken vow,
For though the vow be broken, still,
God knows my hope is humbled now.

Farewell to her, to thee—and if,
Perchance, thy thought shall sometimes dwell
On one who sinned—yet did but that
For which thé angels sinned and fell—
Bethink thee if temptation less
Were more than Seraph strength could bear,
More deeply tempted, I, at least,
May claim the mercy of a tear.

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MR. FORREST'S ORATION.*

The time was, when the opponents of the democracy, exultingly asserted that within their ranks were to be found "all the religion, all the wealth, and all the learning of the country." The assertion had some color of truth to support it. When the two great antagonist principles began to develope themselves, the religion, the wealth, and the learning of the country, sought the alliance of that political party whose professed principles went far to acknowledge them, if not legally, at least potentially, as "estates" of the republic.

The desire for political power is one of the strongest passions of man, civilized, or savage, and it may be called the natural enemy of a practical administration of a republican form of government. To this passion may be traced all the distinctions that have been made or attempted in society. Who has not observed the mysterious influence of *caste* over the minds of men, and its astonishing moral force in controlling their actions? An ambitious individual member of a distinct class of society, seeks immunities and privileges for his class, and if successful, he establishes *caste*, the power and influence of which he himself shares, and is of course interested to perpetuate.

The clergy, as a class, had, in all countries, at the time our experiment of government commenced, showed themselves not exempt from the desire of power; indeed, it may be said, that a love of temporal authority as an adjunct of ecclesiastical prerogative, was their besetting sin, if not their ruling passion. The success of the voluntary system in religion, which was involved in our grand experiment in self-government, and to be tried with it, was considered doubtful,—perhaps, the most doubtful part of the whole.

Men were so accustomed to consider the Church as an establishment constituting a part of the State, and they had so little confidence in men's moral qualities, they did not conceive it possible to sustain religion without the patronage, protection, and coercion of the civil power in a government. It is no wonder that the clergy, who were then considered the representatives of the religious feelings of the country, with such passions and prejudices, attached themselves politically to those who were of congenial sentiments with them, who had the same deep distrust of man's moral fitness, in

* Oration delivered at the Democratic Republican Celebration of the sixty-second anniversary of the Independence of the United States, in the city of New York, fourth July, 1838, by Edwin Forrest, Esq.—New York. J. W. Bell.

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a free and unshackled state of mental existence, to establish and maintain that order which constitutes good civil government. The case is far different at this day. The success of the voluntary system for the support of religion and religious institutions, is complete. The political connexion of religion with government, by those who wish to see it flourish "pure and undefiled," is no longer desired,—nay more, they would consider it pollution.

The same mind that adopts religion for its truth, its purity, and its simplicity, would be inclined, for the same reasons, to adopt the principles of democracy. The same mind that discovers the necessity of the penal sanctions of the law, to give adequate moral force to religion, is inclined to discover the necessity of some external, physical, independent power, to control man's moral conduct. The spirit of true religion, is nearly allied to the spirit of democracy, and is therefore, likely to have a kindred habitance with us.

It is indeed true, that the ostentatious professors of religion,—those who are influenced more by phylacterian display, than humble zeal—those who can discover no elevation for themselves but through the depression of their fellows, are not found within the pale of the democracy. Neither, perhaps, may the majority of the clergy be found there, for with many of them the ruling passion, the love of power, is far from being subdued, and with some of them, as with emancipated Israel, there is a secret hankering after the delicious flesh-pots of idolatrous Egypt, the land of their former captivity. But the influence of the clergy is now confined to the appropriate sphere of their vocation, and they are no longer the representatives of the religious feelings of others. With the reform that we established, came also truer motives of man's individual accountability, and religion is now viewed as an individual concern, and each man thinks and acts for himself.

The claim of the anti-democratic party to the wealth of the country, will not be disputed, notwithstanding many remarkable exceptions, embracing the largest private fortunes that have ever been accumulated in this country, the evidence of its truth is every day exhibited. The money power is the militant power which is now waging war upon the democracy, with a fierceness of attack almost unprecedented in the annals of party strife. It is making a desperate effort to become the ruling power in the state—to place the destinies of this young and still vigorous republic in the enervating bonds of those whose essential creed, is, that man was created to accumulate wealth, and that government was designed to promote that end.

We do not say, that all who support that party have that object distinctly, and separately, as an object in view. We admit, that many of them sincerely believe, that democratic principles in general tend to the destruction of civil order, and they desire a change

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in the administration, for the preservation and establishment of the policy which they hold indispensable to good civil government. It was ever so with them. They just as seriously believed that the success of the democratic party, when identified with JEFFERSON's election, would cause the overthrow of religion, law and order; the fearful apprehension of an agrarian partition of their property disturbed the quiet of their slumbers, then, as now. No one will doubt the sincerity of the political faith of the New England lady, who, when she heard of Jefferson's election, hid her bible to preserve it from doomed destruction; and in all charity we believe, that the panic-stricken disciples of that faith are just as sincere now; for the lesson of experience taught by the mild rule of democratic ascendency, has had no effect upon them, and if we may judge of the future by the past, will continue for ever to them, to be a *lost lesson.*

The ruling spirit of that party, however, as now exhibited, is wealth, and never was its power more tyrannically exercised. The degrading submission it exacts, in our commercial cities, from those who follow in its train; its iron proscription of the independent, who will not bend the suppliant knee in acknowledgement of its supremacy; and the actual vassalage it has established in the needy and aspiring, are at once the cause and the effect of its power. The influence it exercises is truly astonishing. The proposition, that the government is under no obligation to place its money in the hands of wealthy individuals, whether masked by a charter or not, that they may enjoy its benefits in private speculation, is so clear, so self-evident, that the time will come when it will be matter of surprise that it was ever disputed. Yet we discover the associated money power of the country exercising such an influence through all the ramifications of society, as to create quite an extended belief, that to deprive the wealthy of the use of the government funds, would be a public calamity! That government cannot be securely administered, unless banks participate in its administration!

The power of wealth, all-powerful as it is, has not had sufficient strength, to draw the literature of the country wholly into its sordid grasp. Mind, immortal mind, disdaining the association, has clung to those holy democratic principles, which allow it the exercise of its highest, noblest qualities. The success of democracy is the greatest conquest that mind ever achieved over matter, through the agency of man, and has opened a new page in moral history, for the profoundest and most exciting study of the philosopher. For such a student, a political association cannot be expected with him who places the chief good in life in the distinctions conferred by the glitter and pomp of wealth, and the enjoyments which it opens to those who are blessed with its possession. The one, in all his views and aspirations, is only "a little lower than the angels"—the other is

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but "*little*" higher than "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven," and their thoughts and their purposes cannot tend to the same end. There is no affinity between the intellectuality of the democratic principles of the one, and the sensuality of the pride of the other.

True to the general principle above stated, it is one of the crowning glories of literature, in all the various modifications to which genius has given it, that it has ever been the advocate of those broad principles of human liberty and of that independence of thought which have been the aim and object of the democratic movement in all ages of the world, and which, however minutely it may have been manifested, can still be traced in the history of every people working their destiny upward; disclosing and confirming the national character by infusing into it its own principles of justice, humanity, and independence. The political history of England, from the earliest hour it can be traced to the present time, is the record of a mean and selfish despotism warring from age to age against the best interests, and with the habits and genius of a noble people; and debasing, depressing, and corrupting them in the precise proportion that its malign influence was able to extend itself over the land. The literature of England, on the other hand, reflects the character of the people, and in its best portions is untainted by its monarchy. The personal habits, and the wants of needy and improvident professors, may, from time to time, have licked the footstool of power, and disgusted posterity by the servility of a dedication, a panegyric, or a birth-day or commemoration ode,—productions that adhere to the more enduring monuments of genius like the fungus to the oak, and which form but the dross, in which mind, not all untrammelled, paid the tribute of subsistence to circumstances and matter. But the sterling ore was coined into the lasting currency of fame, and in every department can be traced, in the loftiest advocacy of freedom, the soundest maxims of humanity, the most liberal and enlarged advocacy of equal justice and natural right. The grandest truths of political philosophy, which it has been at once the peculiar glory and the happy destiny of this country to reduce, for the first time, to national practice, will be found throughout, cheering the heart of the seeker in the magic of its immortal eloquence, and in the happiest inspiration of its heaven-drawn song. All poetry, indeed, is essentially democratic. Despite the canons of an envious criticism, which has mistaken the machinery for the product of the mechanism, we hesitate not to make the assertion that the truest inspiration of the muse has been drawn from that pure fount of universal philanthropy which invigorates with perpetual greenness the eternal principles of freedom. Poetry can never be made the instrument of oppression, and the poetry of England, in particular, has glori-

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ously contributed to swell the mighty current of democratic feeling which is now spreading over the world, and which promises results so vast for the future destiny of the human race. We speak of *literature* in its highest and most restricted sense. How very few of the million venal pens that have stocked the historical and political libraries of England, have contributed to the *literature* of that country, we need not now pause to enumerate. But we look forward with pleasure to the hope of going over this entire field in extenso with the readers of the Democratic Review. In fact, it is impossible for an elevated literature to exist without a corresponding extension of the cause of Democracy. Our principles strengthen in the light of knowledge, and are nourished and diffused as education developes the length and breadth and depth of the popular mind. Let other systems pervert the faculties of mind, and the facilities of knowledge, to mystify, and disguise with the logic of artful theories, principles at war with the interests of the mass; be it the glory of Democracy that it courts investigation, that it shuns this luxury of concealment; that the truths of religion, and the inquiries of philosophy, and the achievements of learning in every branch of knowledge and of art, constitute the best friends of its principles, and the most efficient allies of a cause, which is identical with the onward progress of humanity, till its utmost destiny of universal peace, happiness, prosperity, and civilization, shall have been effected upon earth.

We concede then, to our opponents, the claim, in the sense in which they make it, to all the wealth, but we interpose in behalf of the democracy, a proportionate claim to the learning, as well as to the genius of the country. What name is there, that conspicuously adorns American literature in all its departments, that cannot be found on the catalogue of the democracy, even on this, the day of its severest trial?

Mr. Forrest belongs to a profession which is always peculiarly classed among the literary. All will admit, that to be successful in that profession, as he has been, requires, in its own branch, the very highest order of intellect. He has proved to the world that he possessed this quality of mind, and his devotion to the principles of the democracy is but another illustration of vigorous mental discrimination, illustrating the tenor of our remarks. It is, indeed, in his case, the strongest proof of that intellectual energy, on which rests invincible moral courage. The allurements of wealth to which he was exposed by his professional and personal associations,—the strong interest he had to propitiate the rich from whom alone he could expect substantial reward for professional labor,—and his knowledge of their hatred of democratic principles, and their ability, through a venal press and their social organization, to make that hatred felt, would have turned him, had he a mind of less strength and

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integrity, from his attachment to the unostentatious simplicity of democracy, into the allurements of a more captivating sensuality of principles.

We are induced to notice, in a more particular manner, this oration of Mr. Forrest, because the time and circumstances of its delivery gave it at the time a peculiar prominence, as tending, more than any thing else, to show that, in the present envenomed crusade against all that Democracy holds dear, *the popular heart is safe;*—when the position that we occupy, and the progress that we make, can hardly be ascertained in the blinding dust and stunning clamor in which an unexampled developement of hostility to our principles, has enveloped us—the delivery of this address, by a man whose genius had made him the idol of the populace, in his own profession, rolled back the cloud for a moment, and developed the majestic strength of the popular cause in gigantic vastness and repose, and proved the unshaken sway of the cardinal principles of democracy over the minds and wills of which the simple exertion can place our cause in triumph. We find in it no unusual depth of thought or originality of mind. It has no splendid beauties of composition to charm the critic, or glow of eloquence to place the principles it teaches in a more captivating light that they have been told before; but it is worthy of note that the graces of an accomplished elocution, uttering in a nervous and manly style the sublime and simple truths of the creed of democracy, enchained a vast city in admiration, in their delivery, and drew shouts of responsive enthusiasm from the largest assembly that it ever saw. It is something memorable, too, that the art of the orator did not expire with the occasion that called it forth, but that his words, winged by the press, have been diffused in every corner of the land, proving the gratifying fact, that lovers and learners of the great truths he spoke were to be counted by *the hundred thousand*, and evidencing a strength and popularity in these principles, that form the most significant and cheering sign of their wide diffusion, and their correct appreciation by the public.

No one can read Mr. Forrest's excellent oration, without feeling and believing that he is an American, true to his national vocation, and who fully appreciates the peculiar mission of his country. He has drank deep of the pure and invigorating waters which flow from the fountain of American Democracy. The fervor of his language attests the strength of his patriotism—patriotism deeply imbued with the philanthropy which contemplates his country as designed, by her example, to shed the light of her moral truth, by gradual progression, into the remotest corners of the earth, for man's emancipation.

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We select two paragraphs from the oration—not as the best parts of it, but as the most pertinent to the times. The following, we accept as a faithful interpretation of the duties of government.

"Not less auspicious would be the result, if adhering closely to the avowed purposes and duties of democratic government, we should preserve an equal distance between politics and trade, confining the one to the mere protection of men in the uninfringed enjoyment of their equal rights, and leaving the other to be regulated by enterprise and competition, according to those natural principles of economic wisdom which will be ever found more just and efficient than the imperfect and arbitrary restraints of legislation. But above all, let us be careful, by no political interference with the pursuits of industry and improvement, to violate that grand maxim of equality, on which, as on its corner stone, the fabric of democratic freedom rests. That we should frown indignantly on the first motion of an attempt to sunder one portion of the Union from the other, was the parting admonition of Washington; but with deeper solicitude, and more sedulous and constant care, should we guard against a blow being aimed, no matter how light, or by what specious pretext defended, against that great elementary principle of liberty, which once shaken, the whole structure will topple to the ground. Beware, therefore, of connecting government, as a partner or co-operator, with the affairs of trade, lest its selfish and rapacious spirit should prove stronger than the spirit of liberty, and the peculiar advantage of the votaries of traffic should be regarded more than the general and equal good of the votaries of freedom."

A fearless and concientious adherence to the principles of American Republicanism, is all that we ask, all that we could desire, in carrying out our scheme of social polity. The following sentence has an individual bearing on every citizen, and, in the proper answer to its interrogatories, all will admit the security of our institutions to be deeply interested, and the greater question of their whole objects and usefulness to be vitally involved.

"If, in any respect, the great experiment which America has been trying before the world has failed to accomplish the true end of government—'the greatest good of the greatest number'—it is only where she herself has proved recreant to the fundamental article of her creed. If we have not prospered to the greatest possible extent compatible with the condition of humanity, it is because we have sometimes deviated, in practice, from the sublime maxim, 'that all men are created free and equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' If in no instance we have transgressed this axiom of democratic liberty, how is it that one man may freely perform what it is a crime for another to attempt? By what principle, accordant with equal rights, are the penal interdictions of the law thrown across my path, to shut me from a direction, which another may pursue without fear or hindrance? Why are a few decorated with the insignia of chartered privileges, and armed in artificial intangibility, while the many stand undistinguished in the plain exterior of the natural man, with no forged contrivance of the law to shield them from the 'shocks that flesh is heir to?' Are these things consistent with the doctrine which teaches that equal protection is the sole true end of government? that its restraints should hold all with equal obligation? that its blessings, like the 'gentle dews of heaven,' should fall equally on the heads of all?"

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POLITICAL TOLERANCE.

The infinite variety of nature furnishes an unfailing source of admiration to all who contemplate her works. The boundless affluence of creative wisdom, is signally and beautifully illustrated in this interminable diversity. From the tiniest forms of being, which people in myriads every speck of matter visible to the naked eye, to those huge monsters which shake the sounding desert with their tread; from the blade of grass which we crush beneath our feet, to the towering forests which spread continuous shade over half a continent; from the smallest grain of sand which sparkles on the sea-shore, to those magnificent worlds which lie sprinkled through the fields of space, at so immense a distance, that they seem themselves as small; the character which nature stamps on her productions, through all these vast gradations, is that of ceaseless, universal variety. Her excelling hand fashions no two objects alike. Not only does kind differ from kind, and species from species, but one individual differs from another. The flowers which bloom on the same stem; the leaves which rustle on the same bough; the beasts which herd together from the impulse of congenial sympathy; birds warmed into life in the same nest; and men, twin offsprings of the same womb, all bear distinctive marks of nature's inexhaustible fertility of design. From the lowest to the highest link in her stupenduous chain, as far as human ken can reach, this endless difference is seen. Each mote that dances in the sunbeams has its own peculiar shape and substance, and "one star differeth from another star in glory."

But the infinite resources of nature are not alone displayed in diversifying the forms and qualities of matter in the physical creation. Not less wonderful is the variety which the immaterial world presents. The subtle principle of life is as diverse and manifold in its operations, as the innumerable forms of being on which it acts; and in man, the glorious attribute which distinguishes him from all other organized existences, is modified by perpetual variations in every individual of his race. Mind differs from mind, not less than feature from feature. In tastes, habits, modes of thinking, and degrees of intelligence; in memory, imagination, and the power of comparison and inference; and in every separate faculty of intellect, each human being is marked by qualities exclusively his own. Boundless as is the field of knowledge and speculation, there is perhaps scarcely a subject that employs the thoughts of men, on which the opinions of any two wholly coincide. They worship at the

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same altar from similarity, not identity of creed: they support the same system of government, not because it fully accords with the political theory of either, but approaches more nearly than the counter systems which the others maintain; and they draw their swords in the same cause, influenced by general correspondence of motive, not by precisely coincident views of national honor and right.

A consideration of this inevitable and all pervading difference in the constitution of intellect would seem sufficient, in itself, to teach mankind the duty of the widest tolerance of opinion. Yet, strange anomaly! difference of opinion has ever been regarded as an occasion for the most vehement persecution. For this, martyrs innumerable have been immolated at the stake, and the whole earth has been incarnadined with the blood of human victims. The history of past ages is a continued narrative of the perverse strife of bigotry against the exercise of reason; and the history of our own times, unhappily, contains abundant evidence that this bad warfare has not wholly ceased. If civilization, in its progress, has extinguished the faggot, and trampled to atoms the instruments of physical torture, by means of which mind sought to establish its terrible despotism over mind, there are still left, in the hands of intolerance, other weapons of coercion, by the free use of which she strives, though with efforts of comparative impotence, to retard the march of truth. Abuse is now substituted in place of force. Opprobrious terms and epithets of derision are the racks and pincers of the modern question. On the gravest subjects which affect the happiness of their kind, men enter into conflict, armed, not with arguments, but with invective. They address themselves not to reason and justice, but to passion and prejudice. They impugn the motives of their antagonists, instead of combatting their opinions; and exercise all the arts of a perverted logic to heap ridicule and contempt on their persons and characters, instead of temperately demonstrating, by the irrefragable methods of dialectic proof, the unsoundness of their positions, and the inherent badness of their cause.

This modified form in which the spirit of the dark ages still lingers among men displays itself nowhere so grossly as in the field of political discussion. The controversialists here—forgetful, it would seem, that politics are a branch of morals, which, having for their object the happiness of mankind, should not be pursued by means destructive of that end—assail each other with the rancor of mortal hostility, rather than the generous rivalry of champions alike zealous in the cause of truth. They contend as if their aim were to exterminate, not to convince; as if obloquy were a more powerful weapon than reason, and to defame an opponent a prouder achievement, than to refute the errors of his creed. In this respect, political controversy is behind the improved temper of the age. In religion, the angry scoffs and denunciations of polemical

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warfare have given place to a more kindly and assuasive style of discussion, better suited to the genius of that faith which preaches "peace on earth, and good will toward men." In science, the splenetic strife of presumptuous dogmatists, eager to bend the immutable and harmonious laws of nature to the support of chimerical and contradictory theories, has been succeeded by the friendly emulation of calm and modest searchers after truth, content to climb their way to the loftiest pinnacles of knowledge by the slow, but only certain paths of observation, induction, and experiment. No longer do arrogant synods proclaim arbitrary standards of faith, to which men must conform their worship on pain of anathemas and persecution. No longer need the astronomer fear, while directing his tube to the stars, that the discoveries he may make will subject him to derision and reproach. No Galileo is now summoned before an inquisitorial tribunal to recant his sublime theory of the mechanism of the heavens; and no Bacon is maligned with the imputation of a league with the powers of darkness for the fruits he derives from a patient investigation of the mysteries of nature.

Happily for mankind, in religion and science, a wide and continually extending spirit of tolerance prevails. Their votaries seem at last to have discovered that the utmost liberty of inquiry furnishes the surest means for the ascertainment of truth, the only object worthy of pursuit; that all truth is single, and consistent with itself; and that it is its grand and peculiar characteristic ever to come forth from the alembic of discussion unchanged, and purified from the adulterations of error, with which passion and ignorance may have blended it.

Benign would be the effect on the condition of our race, if sentiments like these governed men in political investigations. There is nothing in the intrinsic nature of politics that renders the subject incapable of the calmest and most temperate disquisitions. We artfully mingle with it a thousand extraneous topics, in order to bewilder the understandings and excite the prejudices of those whom we address. But could questions of government be submitted to the mind in the naked dignity of abstract propositions, not immediately affecting selfish interests, men would reason upon them soberly, and be swayed in their opinions by the preponderance of truth. Politics are a branch of morals. All the duties of life are embraced under the three heads of religion, politics, and private ethics. The object of religion is the regulation of human conduct with reference to happiness in a future state of being. The object of politics is to regulate conduct with reference to happiness in communities. The object of private ethics is to regulate conduct with reference to individual happiness. Happiness, then, is the single aim of these three great and comprehensive branches of duty; and it may be questioned whether the obligations imposed

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by either can be fully performed by him who neglects those which the others enjoin. If we believe in the divinity of that precept which teaches us to love our neighbour as our ourselves, in what mode can we more effectually show its authority over our minds, than by taking a firm and temperate part in political affairs? The right ordering of a State directly promotes the welfare of multitudes of human beings; and it is therefore not only the private interest, but the christian duty, of every individual of those multitudes, strenuously to exert his just influence in accomplishing so important a result. Each one should act as if governed by the beautiful sentiment of Terence, "*homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

It would be a study not unworthy of the political moralist to inquire into the causes of that opposite spirit of contentious bitterness which so extensively prevails. If the sole legitimate end of politics is the happiness of men in their relations to each other as members of a community, they who call themselves politicians, not having this as their cardinal object, are not politicians, but demagogues; and, on the contrary, they only deserve the name, no matter what the anomalies and contradictions of their several creeds, who are truly governed by this high and generous purpose. That mind should differ from mind, in its estimate of the relative adequacy of opposite systems of politics to accomplish the same result, is a necessary consequence of the infinite variety which is displayed in the constitution of intellect. But that they should differ from each other in the end proposed, can only be accounted for, not by inherent diversity of understanding, but by depravity of heart. To which of these causes must be ascribed the wild intemperance and asperity which distinguish our political controversies? Can mere theoretic difference of opinion wholly account for the rancorous vehemence of contending partisans, if really moved by the same benevolence of ultimate aim? Is it in the nature of things, that a sincere and single desire to advance such a scheme of government as would most effectually secure the greatest amount of general happiness, can draw into action those violent passions which we constantly see exhibited around us? Can it prompt such angry declamation, instigate such gross criminations, and justify such strong appeals to the worst motives of the grovelling and base, as constitute a staple commodity of warfare in every contest of the antagonist parties of our country?

That we do not use language beyond the warrant of sober truth, every candid reader, however limited his observation in the field of political controversy, must admit. There are none so ignorant as not to know, that our party strifes are conducted with intemperance wholly unsuited to the conflicts of reason, and decided, in a great measure, not by the preponderance of honest opinion, but by the

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influence of the worst motives, operating on the worst class of people. Let it not be supposed that we apply this phrase exclusively to any degree of society, as marked by the divisions of that aristocratic scale which is graduated according to the amount of men's wealth, and the nature of their occupations. By *the worst class of people*, in our sense of the expression, all those are included—whether sons of idleness or of toil, whether rolling in affluence or pinched with want, whether dressed in furred gowns or in tatters —who enter into the strife of party without paramount regard to the inherent dignity and true end of politics; without due reference to the interests of their country and of mankind; without singly and solely aiming to advance the greatest happiness of society; but actuated by private and unworthy motives; by personal preferences and dislikes; by lust of office, or the hope of achieving, directly or indirectly, some sinister object through the means of party predominance. These are, indeed, *the lower orders*, if we measure things by the sound standard of the moral scale. These are *the dregs of society*, often, it is true, cast to the surface by the agitation of the political elements, but infallibly doomed to sink to the bottom when the fierce ebullition of passion, ignorance, and selfishness shall subside.

It is from the undue influences of causes such as these, that elections come to be regarded by many as a mere game of mingled hazard and calculation, on the issue of which depends, as matters of absorbing importance, the division of party spoils, the distribution of chartered privileges, and the allotment, in various forms, of distinctions and pecuniary rewards. The antagonist principles of government, which should constitute the sole ground of controversy, are lost sight of in the eagerness of sordid motives, or only viewed as supplying an opportunity for inflammatory invective; and the struggle, which should be one of reason and opinion, with no aim less noble than the achievement of political truth, and the promotion thereby of the greatest good of the greatest number, sinks into a wretched brawl, in which passion, avarice, and profligacy, act the chief parts on the desecrated scene.

To remedy this evil wholly is perhaps not within the scope of practical reformation; since it results, in part, from that diversity and imperfection of reason, which is displayed, to some extent, on every subject that engages the mind of man. Mathematicians sometimes kindle into wrath in the discussion of a problem, and call on their hearers, in the angry terms of demagogues, to decide the relative merits of opposite modes of demonstration. If we may not look for invariable moderation in the investigation of abstract truth in the exact sciences, which depend for their proof on elementary propositions universally acknowledged, we need scarcely hope to see it always observed in disquisitions on politics, a

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science, the very axioms and definitions of which are themselves subjects of dispute, while the objects proposed by it necessarily embrace incidental matters calculated to mingle prejudice with judgment. But though we may not accomplish a degree of reformation incompatible with human imperfection, much within that limit is in our power to achieve. Whence, let us inquire, chiefly arises the harsh and vindictive tone of our party disputations? Do we place ourselves in the opposition of mortal foes, and assail each other with unmeasured obloquy and reproach, because our theoretic views of the best means of promoting national welfare do not entirely coincide? Or is this rancor aggravated by causes not necessarily connected with politics; by elements foreign and adscititious, which improperly complicate the question of government, and removed from the tribunal of pure reason and patriotism, to one where cupidity, avarice, and all selfish passions take part in the decision? Is not the fierce and intolerant temper of our political controversy largely owing to the fact, that government, instead of being conducted exclusively for the protection of the equal rights, and promotion of the general happiness of the community, has been extended to embrace the control of a thousand objects, which might safely, and with far greater advantage, be left to the regulation of social morals, and to the unrestrained efforts of individual enterprise and competition. Are our elections, in truth, the means of deciding mere questions of government, or does not upon them depend, to a much greater extent than the cardinal principles of politics, the decision of numerous questions affecting private and peculiar interests, schemes of selfishness, rapacity, and fraud, and artful projects of men who, under illusory pretexts of seeking to advance the public good, aim only to make the many tributary to the few?

To this cause it seems to us, with a clearness that can scarcely be increased by illustration, that much of the asperity of party strife must be ascribed. The true end of government is the equal protection of its citizens in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," leaving them to think, speak, and act, in whatever way their ideas of happiness may suggest, with no limit to unbounded freedom, save that which restrains them from mutual injury. But widely have we departed, in practice, from this principle of our political faith. We have fallen into the besetting sin of mankind of governing too much. We have undertaken to regulate, by political interference, the pursuits of industry and improvement; we have connected government with the speculations of trade; we have imposed burdens on the whole people in order to afford peculiar advantages to certain branches of traffic; and worse than all, we have endowed with exclusive privileges, and hedged and guarded round with all the cunning devices of the law, an order of chartered mo-

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ney-changers, whose aggregate power is so tremendous, that it is yet an unsolved problem of fearful interest, whether, in the great struggle now waging, that or the democratic principle will finally prevail. This is the mode in which we have complicated the functions of government; and hence the maddening elements which give such violence and acrimony to party strife. We have perverted legislation from its high and holy office of equal protection, and debased it into an almoner of special advantages and immunities to a few. We have made our elections a contest for these favors—a vile scramble for crumbs cast from the tables of those whom we have lifted on our own shoulders into place.

Can any truth in morals be more self-evident than the pernicious influence of special legislation? It degrades politics from its dignity as the most important branch of morals, to a system of trickery, artifice, and corruption. It changes the generous and ennobling rivalry of men for such improvements in government as should most effectually promote the happiness of their kind, into a low strife for doles and rewards, obtained by trampling on the equal rights of the people. It quenches the sentiment of patriotism; excites a feverish thirst for sudden wealth; provokes a spirit of wild and dishonest speculation; allures industry from its accustomed field of useful occupation; pampers the harmful appetites of luxury, and introduces intemperance and profligacy in a thousand hateful forms.

The remedy for these vast and continually increasing evils cannot be doubted, if the cause has been correctly assigned. It is to simplify government. It is to reduce it to its proper sphere. If it were restricted to the few plain and necessary purposes contemplated in the democratic theory, the mere protection of person, life, and property; if the guardianship of the equal rights of men were made its sole duty, and its action were directed, in all cases, not by the capricious suggestions of temporary expediency, but the eternal and unalterable principles of justice; if it should seek to preserve the harmony and equilibrium of society by general, not by partial laws; by a system founded on the plain precepts of universal equity, not by a complex contrivance of artificial checks and balances, in which interest should be set against interest, and fraud made to countervail fraud; who can doubt that the salutary influence of such a change would soon manifest itself in an improved tone of public morals, and a wide diffusion of individual happiness and prosperity? Confine government within the narrowest circle of necessary duties; annul the fatal union between Bank and State; and give unbounded freedom to trade, leaving enterprise, competition, and commercial usage and morality, to impose its only restraints; and you at once place this people on a height of glory which would far out-top "old Pelion, and the sky-ish head of blue Olympus."

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The history of the world, through all the ages of the past, demonstrates what hideous evils inevitably result from blending the affairs of Religion and State; and the history of our own country beautifully illustrates the beneficent consequences which flow from their separation. In no other nation of the earth are the institutions of religion so generally respected, and in none do so large a portion of the people bend in worship before the altars of the Chistian Church. Twenty thousand churches are scattered over our land, and the number of their communicants probably exceeds two millions. Here then we see the happy fruits of applying to religion the principles of freedom; and what ground is there to doubt that equally happy would be the result of applying the same principles to trade? Why should trade, any more than religion, have its hierarchs, holding their powers from a political source? And why should tithes be imposed on the people, for the support of commercial, any more than ecclesiastical high priests and pontiffs?

It is no answer to these questions to call those who propose them agrarians, levellers, and visionaries. Abuse is not argument; and though it may retard, it cannot arrest, the progress of sound opinion. Well for mankind that this is so; since it has ever been the doom of reason to be assailed with scoff and clamor by ignorance and prejudice. But she has kept on her way rejoicing, and onward, onward, will still pass, in her unfaltering course, to the accomplishment, at last, of a grander reformation than they who draw their augury from the present clouded phases of society would venture to predict. In the meanwhile, let intolerance storm and folly jeer. We profess ourselves followers of truth, not to be turned aside from the career by terms of ridicule, nor irritated to retaliate with such paltry weapons of intellectual warfare. They who, in this age of the world, when mind has made, and is continually making, such prodigious advances in every department of knowledge, would attempt to obstruct the course of free, calm, fearless discussion by derisive epithets and paltry catch-words for folly to play upon, if they had lived three centuries ago, would have been incited by the same temper, under the circumstances which then prevailed, to break their opponents on the wheel or burn them at the stake. Intolerance shows itself in many guises; but all impatience of the free, dispassionate exercise of reason—all hindrances to the utmost liberty of inquiry, whether consisting in physical resistance, or in the terrors of denunciation, and the arts of ridicule, are but various forms in which that bad spirit manifests itself. Discussion is the great means of eliciting truth. Truth is an etherial light kindled by the attrition of opposite opinions. They who would quench it, if through fear of its effects, are despicable, if through any other motive, they are base.

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THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind
To wander forth, wherever lie
The haunts and homes of human kind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
Went up the New World's forest-streams,
Stood in the Hindoo's temple-caves;

Walked with the Pawnee fierce and stark,
The bearded Tartar 'mid his herds,
The peering Chinese, and the dark
False Malay, uttering gentle words.

How could he rest?—even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone—

Shone, and awoke that strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here;—
Till Death set free his soul of fire,
To plunge into its fitter sphere.

Then—who shall tell, how deep, how bright,
The abyss of glory opened round;
How thought and feeling flowed, like light,
Through ranks of being without bound!

August 6, 1838.

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Jon.a Cilley

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

(No. IX.)

JONATHAN CILLEY.

On the opposite page will be found a bold and spirited sketch of a countenance which will rivet, with a deep and melancholy interest, every eye that rests upon the fac-simile autograph name beneath. Alas, poor Cilley! The object of this series of Political Portraits is not to present highly finished engravings of their respective subjects, but rather such bold and strongly marked outline sketches as serve to convey, at a glance, perhaps a more striking idea of general appearance, countenance, and character, than more elaborate portraits. In the present instance, though the artist has been subject to the disadvantage of relying upon the copy of a copy of the lamented original—the shadow of a shade—it will not fail to recall strongly to the recollections of those who have known its subject, that kindly, intelligent, energetic, resolute, and strongly marked countenance of JONATHAN CILLEY.

In a former Article, wrung from an unwilling pen by the agonizing emotions of the time, we performed the painful duty of presenting the narrative of his death, in the high point of view which a solemn justice to the dead and the living seemed to require at our hands. To that dark picture it is not our purpose now again to direct the eyes of our readers. The subject has passed into the hands of history, the amplest light being cast over all its details by the most authentic documentary testimony; and it is sufficient for us here, in general terms, to refer to those documents, now widely spread before the country, and preserved for perpetuity among the national archives, for the fullest justification of our former remarks, which were based, at the time, on the same evidences, given orally, which have been since embodied in that more solemn authentic form.

But we gave a pledge, on that occasion, to our readers, of which the present Article is the redemption—to present a sketch of the life of the lamented Cilley, previously to his fatal entrance upon the Congressional career, so soon to terminate in the "dark pitfall" that yawned across his path. That pledge had its origin in one of those casual remarks, *to the subject of it himself*, to which sometimes, in the course of the strange vicissitudes of life, a mysterious prophetic sanctity seems afterwards to be imparted by the developement of the startling coincidences of chance and circumstance, at

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the time deeply buried in the darkness of the unknown and unimagined future. It was but a very short time before Mr. Cilley's death, that the remark, half sportive and half serious, was made to him, on an occasion of which the saddest of recollections will long haunt the memory of the writer of the present lines, that the day would come, at some time or other, when he would take a place in this series of "Political Portraits," then recently commenced. It is well, indeed, that, to the common eye, coming events do *not* cast their shadows before;—for else, how darkly would the brightness of that social hour have been clouded, by a prophetic presentiment of that untimely fate which, defrauding him of the high and glorious destiny which seemed to smile over his opening career, was to make his name so soon the subject of one of the saddest and most painful efforts of the biographer's pen!

That Mr. Cilley would have early achieved a very honorable prominence on the noble theatre of the general politics of the Union, as he had already, in a very signal and rapid manner, on the more restricted stage of action of his own State, none of his friends entertained a doubt. The present were exactly the times for such a man; and the unanimous opinions of all who knew him best are greatly deceived, if in the midst of them he would not very early have attained a position which would have afforded his biographer much more to record, of useful service rendered to his country, and honorable distinction acquired for himself, than can be permitted by the brief career which it was to be his to run.

As the task was most appropriate to the hand of early friendship, the reader will perceive that it was to another pen that we have committed the task of preparing this brief biographical narrative. It was prepared very shortly after the unhappy catastrophe that occasioned its requisition. Difficulty in procuring a satisfactory accompanying drawing has hitherto delayed its publication. The severe simplicity and candor of style pervading it, while it reveals most strikingly the intimate extent of personal knowledge, and the deep conviction and strong appreciation of the character described, exhibits, throughout every page, the most authentic attestation to the truth of all the points of view in which it is here presented, by one equally competent to analyze and to portray a character so interesting and remarkable as that of poor Cilley.

We present, then, the following sketch from a pen whose lighter and more fanciful creations have often charmed the readers of the Democratic Review—with no further preface, than to embody the deeply seated feelings of all Mr. Cilley's friends in the exclamation, as an appropriate inscription for his untimely tomb—

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis!"

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JONATHAN CILLEY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, ESQ.

The subject of this brief memorial had barely begun to be an actor in the great scenes where his part could not have failed to be a prominent one. The nation did not have time to recognize him. His death, aside from the shock with which the manner of it has thrilled every bosom, is looked upon merely as causing a vacancy in the delegation of his State, which a new member may fill as creditably as the departed. It will, perhaps, be deemed praise enough to say of Cilley, that he would have proved himself an active and efficient partisan. But those who knew him longest and most intimately, conscious of his high talents and rare qualities—his energy of mind and force of character—must claim much more than such a meed for their lost friend. They feel that not merely a party nor a section, but our collective country, has lost a man who had the heart and the ability to serve her well. It would be doing injustice to the hopes which lie withered upon his untimely grave, if, in paying a farewell tribute to his memory, we were to ask a narrower sympathy than that of the people at large. May no bitterness of party prejudices influence him who writes, nor those, of whatever political opinions, who may read!

Jonathan Cilley was born at Nottingham, New Hampshire, on the second of July, 1802. His grandfather, Col. Joseph Cilley, commanded a New Hampshire regiment during the Revolutionary war, and established a character for energy and intrepidity of which more than one of his descendants have proved themselves the inheritors. Greenleaf Cilley, son of the preceding, died in 1808, leaving a family of four sons and three daughters. The aged mother of this family, and the three daughters, are still living. Of the sons, the only survivor is Joseph Cilley, who was an officer in the late war, and served with great distinction on the Canadian frontier. Jonathan, being desirous of a liberal education, commenced his studies at Atkinson Academy, at about the age of seventeen, and became a member of the Freshman Class of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1821. Inheriting but little property from his father, he adopted the usual expedient of a young New Englander in similar circumstances, and gained a small income by teaching a country school during the winter months, both before and after his entrance at college.

Cilley's character and standing at college afforded high promise of usefulness and distinction in after life. Though not the foremost scholar of his class, he stood in the front rank; and probably derived all the real benefit from the prescribed course of study that it could bestow on so practical a mind. His true education

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consisted in the exercise of those faculties which fitted him to be a popular leader. His influence among his fellow-students was probably greater than that of any other individual; and he had already made himself powerful, in that limited sphere, by a free and natural eloquence,—a flow of pertinent ideas, in language of unstudied appropriateness, which seemed always to accomplish precisely the result on which he had calculated. This gift was sometimes displayed in class-meetings, when measures, important to those concerned, were under discussion; sometimes in mock trials at law, when judge, jury, lawyers, prisoner, and witnesses, were personated by the students, and Cilley played the part of a fervid and successful advocate; and besides these exhibitions of power, he regularly trained himself in the forensic debates of a literary society, of which he afterwards became president. Nothing could be less artificial than his style of oratory. After filling his mind with the necessary information, he trusted every thing else to his mental warmth and the inspiration of the moment, and poured himself out with an earnest and irresistible simplicity. There was a singular contrast between the flow of thought from his lips, and the coldness and constraint with which he wrote; and though, in maturer life, he acquired a considerable facility in exercising the pen, he always felt the tongue to be his peculiar instrument.

In private intercourse, Cilley possessed a remarkable fascination. It was impossible not to regard him with the kindliest feelings, because his companions were intuitively certain of a like kindliness on his part. He had a power of sympathy which enabled him to understand every character, and hold communion with human nature in all its varieties. He never shrank from the intercourse of man with man; and it was to his freedom in this particular that he owed much of his subsequent popularity, among a people who are accustomed to take a personal interest in the men whom they elevate to office. In few words, let us characterize him at the outset of life as a young man of quick and powerful intellect; endowed with sagacity and tact, yet frank and free in his mode of action; ambitious of good influence, earnest, active, and persevering; with an elasticity and cheerful strength of mind which made difficulties easy, and the struggle with them a pleasure. Mingled with the amiable qualities that were like sunshine to his friends, there were harsher and sterner traits which fitted him to make head against an adverse world; but it was only at the moment of need that the iron frame-work of his character became perceptible.

Immediately on quitting college, Mr. Cilley took up his residence in Thomaston, and began the study of law in the office of John Ruggles, Esq., now a Senator in Congress. Mr. Ruggles being then a prominent member of the Democratic party, it was natural that the pupil should lend his aid to promote the political views of

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his instructor; especially as he would thus uphold the principles which he had cherished from boyhood. From year to year, the election of Mr. Ruggles to the State Legislature was strongly opposed. Cilley's services in overcoming this opposition were too valuable to be dispensed with; and thus, at a period when most young men still stand aloof from the world, he had already taken his post as a leading politician. He afterwards found cause to regret that so much time had been abstracted from his professional studies; nor did the absorbing and exciting nature of his political career afford him any subsequent opportunity to supply the defects of his legal education. He was admitted an attorney at law in 1829, and, in April of the same year, was married to Miss Deborah Prince, daughter of Hon. Hezekiah Prince, of Thomaston, where Mr. Cilley continued to reside, and entered upon the practice of his profession.

In 1831, Mr. Ruggles having been appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, it became necessary to send a new representative from Thomaston to the Legislature of the State. Mr. Cilley was brought forward as the Democratic candidate, obtained his election, and took his seat in January, 1832. But, in the course of this year, the friendly relations between Judge Ruggles and Mr. Cilley were broken off. The former gentleman, it appears, had imbibed the idea that his political aspirations (which were then directed towards a seat in the Senate of the United States) did not receive all the aid which he was disposed to claim from the influence of his late pupil. When, therefore, Mr. Cilley was held up as a candidate for re-election to the Legislature, the whole strength of Judge Ruggles and his adherents was exerted against him. This was the first act and declaration of a political hostility which was too warm and earnest not to become in some degree personal; and which rendered Mr. Cilley's subsequent career a continual struggle with those to whom he might naturally have looked for friendship and support. It sets his abilities and force of character in the strongest light, to view him, at the very outset of public life, without the aid of powerful connections, an isolated young man, forced into a position of hostility, not merely with the enemies of his party, but likewise with a large body of its adherents, even accused of treachery to its principles, yet gaining triumph after triumph, and making his way steadily onward. Surely his was a mental and moral energy which death alone could have laid prostrate!

We have the testimony of those who knew Mr. Cilley well, that his own feelings were never so embittered by these conflicts as to prevent him from interchanging the courtesies of society with his most violent opponents. While their resentments rendered his very presence intolerable to them, he could address them with as

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much ease and composure as if their mutual relations had been those of perfect harmony. There was no affectation in this: it was the good-natured consciousness of his own strength that enabled him to keep his temper; it was the same chivalrous sentiment which impels hostile warriors to shake hands in the intervals of battle. Mr. Cilley was slow to withdraw his confidence from any man whom he deemed a friend; and it has been mentioned as almost his only weak point, that he was too apt to suffer himself to be betrayed before he would condescend to suspect. His prejudices, however, when once adopted, partook of the depth and strength of his character, and could not be readily overcome; he loved to subdue his foes; but no man could use a triumph more generously than he.

Let us resume our narrative. In spite of the opposition of Judge Ruggles and his friends, combined with that of the Whigs, Mr. Cilley was re-elected to the Legislature of 1833, and was equally successful in each of the succeeding years, until his election to Congress. He was five successive years the representative of Thomaston. In 1834, when Mr. Dunlap was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Cilley gave his support to Governor Smith, in the belief that the substitution of a new candidate had been unfairly effected. He considered it a stratagem, intended to promote the election of Judge Ruggles to the Senate of the United States. Early in the legislative session of the same year, the Ruggles party obtained a temporary triumph over Mr. Cilley, effected his expulsion from the Democratic caucuses, and attempted to stigmatize him as a traitor to his political friends. But Mr. Cilley's high and honorable course was ere long understood and appreciated by his party and the people. He told them, openly and boldly, that they might undertake to expel him from their caucuses, but they could not expel him from the Democratic party; they might stigmatize him with any appellation they might choose, but they could not reach the height on which he stood, nor shake his position with the people. But a few weeks had elapsed, and Mr. Cilley was the acknowledged head and leader of that party in the Legislature. During the same session, Mr. Speaker Clifford (one of the friends of Judge Ruggles) being appointed Attorney General, the Ruggles party were desirous of securing the election of another of their adherents to the chair; but as it was obvious that Mr. Cilley's popularity would gain him the place, the incumbent was induced to delay his resignation till the end of the term. At the session of 1835, Messrs. Cilley, Davee, and McCrate, being candidates for the chair, Mr. Cilley withdrew in favor of Mr. Davee. That gentleman was accordingly elected, but being soon afterwards appointed Sheriff of Somerset county, Mr. Cilley succeeded him as Speaker, and filled the same office during the session of 1836. All

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parties awarded him the praise of being the best presiding officer that the House ever had.

In 1836 he was nominated by a large portion of the Democratic electors of the Lincoln Congressional District as their candidate for Congress. That district has recently shown itself to possess a decided Whig majority; and this would have been equally the case in 1836 had any other man than Mr. Cilley appeared on the Democratic side. He had likewise to contend, as in all the former scenes of his political life, with that portion of his own party which adhered to Mr. Ruggles. There was still another formidable obstacle, in the high character of Judge Bailey, who then represented the district, and was a candidate for re-election. All those difficulties, however, served only to protract the contest, but could not snatch the victory from Mr. Cilley, who obtained a majority of votes at the third trial. It was a fatal triumph!

In the summer of 1837, a few months after his election to Congress, I met Mr. Cilley for the first time since early youth, when he had been to me almost as an elder brother. The two or three days which I spent in his neighbourhood, enabled us to renew our former intimacy. In his person there was very little change, and that little was for the better; he had an impending brow, deep-set eyes, and a thin and thoughtful countenance, which, in his abstracted moments, seemed almost stern; but, in the intercourse of society, it was brightened with a kindly smile, that will live in the recollection of all who knew him. His manners had not a fastidious polish, but were characterized by the simplicity of one who had dwelt remote from cities, holding free companionship with the yeoman of the land. I thought him as true a representative of the people as ever theory could portray; his earlier and later habits of life, his feelings, partialities, and prejudices, were those of the people; the strong and shrewd sense, which constituted so marked a feature of his mind, was but a higher degree of the popular intellect. He loved the people, and respected them, and was prouder of nothing than of his brotherhood with those who had intrusted their public interests to his care. His continual struggles in the political arena had strengthened his bones and sinews; opposition had kept him ardent; while success had cherished the generous warmth of his nature, and assisted the growth both of his powers and sympathies. Disappointment might have soured and contracted him; but it appeared to me that his triumphant warfare had been no less beneficial to his heart than to his mind. I was aware, indeed, that his harsher traits had grown apace with his milder ones—that he possessed iron resolution, indomitable perseverance, and an almost terrible energy —but these features had imparted no hardness to his character in private intercourse. In the hour of public need these strong qualities would have shown themselves the most prominent ones, and

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would have encouraged his countrymen to rally round him as one of their natural leaders.

In his private and domestic relations, Mr. Cilley was most exemplary; and he enjoyed no less happiness than he conferred. He had been the father of four children, two of whom were in the grave,—leaving, I thought, a more abiding impression of tenderness and regret, than the death of infants usually makes on the masculine mind. Two boys, the elder seven or eight years of age, and the younger two, still remained to him; and the fondness of these children for their father—their evident enjoyment of his society—was proof enough of his gentle and amiable character within the precincts of his family. In that bereaved household there is now another child, whom the father never saw. Mr. Cilley's domestic habits were simple and primitive to a degree unusual in most parts of our country, among men of so eminent a station as he had attained. It made me smile, though with any thing but scorn, in contrast to the aristocratic stateliness which I have witnessed elsewhere, to see him driving home his own cow, after a long search for her through the village. That trait alone would have marked him as a man whose greatness lay within himself. He appeared to take much interest in the cultivation of his garden, and was very fond of flowers. He kept bees, and told me that he loved to sit for whole hours by the hives, watching the labors of the insects, and soothed by the hum with which they filled the air. I glance at these minute particulars of his daily life, because they form so strange a contrast with the circumstances of his death. Who could have believed that, with his thoroughly New England character, in so short a time after I had seen him in that peaceful and happy home, among those simple occupations and pure enjoyments, he would be stretched in his own blood—slain for an almost impalpable punctilio!

It is not my purpose to dwell upon Mr. Cilley's brief career in Congress. Brief as it was, his character and talents had more than begun to be felt, and would soon have linked his name with the history of every important measure, and have borne it onward with the progress of the principles which he supported. He was not eager to seize opportunities of thrusting himself into notice; but when time and the occasion summoned him, he came forward, and poured forth his ready and natural eloquence with as much effect in the councils of the nation, as he had done in those of his own State. With every effort that he made, the hopes of his party rested more decidedly upon him, as one who would hereafter be found in the vanguard of many a Democratic victory. Let me spare myself the details of the awful catastrophe by which all those proud hopes perished; for I write with a blunted pen and a

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hand benumbed, and am the less able to express my feelings as they lie deep at heart and inexhaustible.

On the 23d of February last, Mr. Cilley received a challenge from Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, through the hands of Mr. Wise, of Virginia. This measure, as is declared in the challenge itself, was grounded on Mr. Cilley's refusal to receive a message, of which Mr. Graves had been the bearer, from a person of disputed respectability; although no exception to that person's character had been expressed by Mr. Cilley; nor need such an inference have been drawn, unless Mr. Graves were conscious that public opinion held his friend in a doubtful light. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met on the following day. They exchanged two shots with rifles. After each shot, a conference was held between the friends of both parties, and the most generous avowals of respect and kindly feeling were made, on the part of Mr. Cilley, towards his antagonist, but without avail. A third shot was exchanged, and Mr. Cilley fell dead into the arms of one of his friends. While I write, a Committee of Investigation is sitting upon this affair; but the public has not waited for its award; and the writer, in accordance with the public, has formed his opinion on the official statement of Messrs. Wise and Jones. A challenge was never given on a more shadowy pretext; a duel was never pressed to a fatal close in the face of such open kindness as was expressed by Mr. Cilley; and the conclusion is inevitable, that Mr. Graves, and his principal second, Mr. Wise, have gone farther than their own dreadful code will warrant them, and overstepped the imaginary distinction which, on their own principles, separates manslaughter from murder.

Alas, that, over the grave of a dear friend, my sorrow for the bereavement must be mingled with another grief—that he threw away such a life in so miserable a cause! Why, as he was true to the Northern character in all things else, did he swerve from his Northern principles in this final scene! But his error was a generous one; since he fought for what he deemed the honor of New England; and now that death has paid the forfeit, the most rigid may forgive him. If that dark pitfall—that bloody grave—had not lain in the midst of his path, whither, whither might it not have led him! It has ended there; yet, so strong was my conception of his energies—so like Destiny did it appear, that he should achieve every thing at which he aimed—that, even now, my fancy will not dwell upon his grave, but pictures him still amid the struggles and triumphs of the present and the future.

NOTE.

To make the above sketch complete, only a slight notice of subsequent events remains necessary. On the results of the investigation ordered by the House, it is

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not appropriate here to speak,—further than the remark, that the evidence confirmed, in the strongest manner, all that Cilley's warmest friends could have wished, as to his noble, mild, and generous bearing, in every point of view, through all the stages of the affair. That is all with which we can have to do here. The bearing of that evidence upon the surviving parties we leave to their consciences, their country, and their God. It has no proper connection with our sketch of the deceased; who is now far beyond the sphere of any of those feelings of human resentments, which it would seem almost a profanity to the still sacredness of the spot, on the part of his friends, to bring to the grave where

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

His public funeral, as a Member of Congress, was, to the most careless stranger, one of the most impressive, and to his friends, one of the most heart-rending, scenes, it has ever been our fortune to witness. The most exalted tributes of respect and grief were paid to his memory from many quarters. Especially we feel bound to refer to the proceedings of a large meeting in Augusta, Maine, March the ninth, 1838, composed of members of the Legislature then in session, and citizens from various sections of the State; at which a long series of resolutions were adopted, deeply imbued with the strongest feelings on the subject,—for which the reader is referred to the papers of the day. His remains were removed from the Congressional burying ground, at Washington, to Thomaston, where they were re-interred with public solemnities, described as having been of the most touching and impressive character, on the third of May. One interesting circumstance connected with that occasion, we cannot omit to rescue from the oblivion of the newspaper columns of the day, by recording it here. On the Sunday succeeding the Saturday on which Mr. Cilley fell, his wife, the unconscious widow of the husband then lying dead, turning accidentally to a particular page in her Hymn Book (528th Hymn from Winchell's Watts, of the selection,) was impressed with peculiar feelings which induced her to mark it with a pencil. The recollection of it recurring to her mind some weeks after, caused her to turn again to it; and that was the Hymn, of which the following is a copy, which was sung on the occasion of his funeral. Its appropriateness to the situation of the widowed and heart-broken mother of his orphaned children will not fail to impress and interest every reader:

Far, far o'er hill and dale, on the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell, mournfully pealing:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,
So life's best joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling.

Now through the charmed air slowly ascending,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly bending:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

O'er a father's dismal tomb see the orphan bending,
From the solemn church yard's gloom hear the dirge ascending:
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
How short ambition's sway,
Life's joys and friendship's ray,
In the dark grave ending.

So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies, where care comes never,
And in eternal day,
Joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage forever.

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TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

Whence, oh wild melodies,
Come ye, thus strangely sweet, with your sad sighing,
Fitfully as this mournful midnight breeze
—Solemnly swelling now—now faintly dying—
Murmurs its viewless way through yon old waving trees?

Night's blessed spell hath now
Lulled every sound of earth in slumber deep,
The sad heart hath awhile forgot its woe,
The weary frame its toil, but such sweet sleep
Brings not its balm to soothe this fevered brain and brow.

My spirit is oppressed—
With thoughts too dimly dark for utt'rance—burning
Like wasting fires in the deep mountain's breast—
A weariness of earth, and a wild yearning
To flee away—away—and find some home of rest.

No more, entranced, my soul
In that bright Eden of its own may dwell,—
No more in those wild dreams forget the whole
Of life's dull cares,—broken that blissful spell,—
Severed the silver chord—shattered the golden bowl!

Wail on, sad notes, wail on!
Ye seem—thus murmuring on the still night air,
In plaintive symphonies, that dirge-like moan—
The utterance of some broken heart's despair,
For young hopes coldly crushed, for joys forever gone!

And come ye to impart,
With the sweet power of holy sympathy,
A soothing spell to this sad bosom's smart—
To pour a charm of heavenly harmony
Upon the troubled waves of this wild throbbing heart?

Or come ye from afar,
Faint echoings of the music of the spheres,—
Or angel voices from some distant star,
Sorrowing gently over human tears,
The passions, sins, and griefs, this lovely world that mar?

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Or haply may ye be
Dim voices of the dead, whom love gives power
To haunt the hearts still theirs in memory—
—For oft, meseems, at this deep solemn hour
The spirits of dear friends are still with me!

Hark now, how faintly shrill,
Tremble the breathings of the unearthly strain!
—No more, no more—wild melodies, be still!
Sigh not, oh Wind, o'er the sad lyre again!
Too deeply hath it stirred the founts, mine eyes with tears that fill.

Q.

"SANS CRAINTE!"

"Fearless" mounts, on wing untiring,
The young eagle through the sky,
On the Sun, in proud aspiring,
Fixing still his burning eye.

Never flag that gallant pinion—
Never quail that daring gaze,—
Monarch of thy high dominion,
Shrink not from the glorious blaze!

Proud as thine, proud heaven-seeker,
Is my spirit's soaring aim—
Be its strength and hope not weaker,
As its daring is the same!

Like thee, scorning meaner stooping,
When its wing shall fail and faint,
Thy high motto still its drooping
Shall inspire and cheer—"SANS CRAINTE!"

S.

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REMINISCENSES OF A WALKER ROUND BOSTON.

It is a lovely morning. August is just gracefully giving place to her gentler sister. The atmosphere is stirred with cooler airs, and loaded with the rich fragrance of autumn; and yet the earth is clothed with deep verdure, and shadowed by thick foliage still,—where the tenderest green of summer, blends in magic beauty with the brighter and more mellowed tints with which "decay's efacing fingers" delight to supersede the softer hues of the early year. It is a delightful season, and creates a mood of mind, that I love to indulge. Such a day as this was never meant to be imprisoned between dingy rows of brick walls, or to be used as a mere drudge for the hurried despatch of the business of a city. Candle-light or torch-light has always seemed to me good enough to light men to their counting-houses, and to preside over the prosaic, though necessary, mechanism which supplies our animal wants. I have ever begrudged the blessed light of the sun to the throngs that fill the narrow streets where what is called the business of the world is carried on, who think no more of the life-giving orb than they do of the wick-light that shows them the way to bed. The cloud that ever hangs over London is the fit canopy of a great city. The everlasting fogs, the perpetual drizzle, the thick irrespirable air, the copper luminary, which they ironically call the sun, have ever seemed to me good enough for the willing captives of that vast prison-house. The hill-side, the over-arching wood walk, the borders of the haunted stream, are the true temples of the God of Day.

Gentle reader, squander not the golden minutes of morning in the solemn foolery which you fancifully call business, nor even in poring over the pages of this best of magazines; but come away with me and waste an hour in the pleasant walks which extend themselves around the good town of Boston. Though we cannot boast of a far-reaching antiquity, still the two hundred years which have swept over the capital of old Massachusetts-Bay have left some traces in their flight, which "may give us pause if pondered fittingly." At all events the features of nature herself are the same as when she first smiled a welcome to the stern puritan exiles from their native land. The lovely heights which looked down upon them, the silver waves which invited their curious oar, the green plains from which they stripped the aboriginal forests, still remain unchanged. Let us stroll together among those charming scenes,

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and live, at least a while, with the generations who once dwelt in their midst, and loved them well. I know that you love to dwell upon the past, and to revisit, in spirit, the daily walks and ways of the men who lived before us on the earth, and bequeathed to us almost all we have that is worth having. Had I not thought so I should not have sought your company; so take my arm and I will guide you through the devious maze of Washington Street, and bring you soon to where fields are green and waters glide.

We are at the head of State Street, King Street in the "good old colonial days." The antiquated building which, like an island in some broad stream, divides the busy tide into two equal currents, is the old Town House, where the spirit of resistance to the parent State was fostered in the Provincial Legislature for many years before it broke out into open war. It was the scene of many a stormy conflict between the royal Governors and the impracticable representatives of the people from Andross down to Hutchinson. The ungainly erection opposite stands on the site of the earliest substantial edifice raised by the fathers to the worship of God. There you may see the spot where the house of John Winthrop stood—one of the noblest spirits that have adorned the world. That brick church with the lofty spire is the Old South, which was transformed by the desecrating hands of the besieged British troops into a stable and a riding school. If you will look down Milk Street, of which the Old South Church makes the corner, you may see the place where Franklin was born—not the house, alas! but the place where it once stood. The humble roof which should have been immortal has bowed itself in the dust, and in its place a thin six-storied Babel rears its front towards Heaven. I marvel that it has never toppled down upon the head of the inventor.

But we must hasten on. I may not stop to show you the old Province-House, the scene of the provincial splendors of the representatives of majesty; where they held their court and dispensed their hospitalities. The Democratic Review has already taken up its traditions, and when the "Tales of the Province-House" are narrated by the pen of Hawthorne, who would be aught else than a listener or a reader? I only dare to indicate that dark and narrow alley, sneaking between the vulgar red-brick houses which fill up the fine old Court-yard, that leads to that once famous centre of the colonial world. These two story brick houses with attic windows in their roofs, of which you see many modestly shrinking from the society of their more pretending, but less substantial, modern neighbours, are of the beginning of the last century, and have looked forth from their windows upon many a revolutionary scene. They have witnessed many a military pomp when the besieged British troops marched before them confident of success; and joyful eyes looked from them when the army of deliverance marched

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its rude legions through the streets at the heels of the departing invaders. They saw, too, the tumultuous throngs that hurried, in the times which preceded the Revolution, to the Liberty Tree, there to inflame their zeal and mature their plans beneath its shadow.

Do you see that flag-staff planted opposite the shambles of the Boylston Market? Well, from that spot grew the Liberty Tree—hewn down with a malicious pleasure by the mercenary hands of the British soldiers during the siege, and consumed as firewood during the bitter winter of 1775, '6. Would that it might have stood and put forth its annual leaves to this day! That tree, it its time, bore strange fruit. When the news arrived of the passage of the Stamp Act, and of the appointment of Mr. Oliver as Stamp Distributer, there was discovered one morning depending from its boughs, an effigy of the obnoxious officer, and also a boot (symbolical of Lord Bute.) with the Devil peeping out of it with the Stamp Act in his hand. Under the same shade the same unfortunate Distributer was compelled to abjure his office. And again, when the news arrived that the odious act was repealed, the Liberty Tree bore a conspicuous part in the rejoicings which that event called forth. During the day its branches streamed with flags and pennants, and at night bent beneath the weight of the variegated lanterns that illuminated it. It was the idol of our fathers—and its fame extended not only over this continent, but was familiar in men's mouths beyond the Atlantic. And now nothing remains to mark where it stood but that bare, unsightly pole! What associations can cluster around a smooth, barkless stick? How many of the thousands that daily brush past it ever give a thought to the fallen patriarch of the wood whose place is so unworthily filled? How many of them even know that the tree of which they have heard their fathers tell, and which flourished in their early dreams, grew by the wayside of their daily walks? But though the very tree no longer overshadows their path, puts out its buds in spring, or rains down its withered leaves in autumn, its memory will not the less endure for ages. Unborn generations will preserve for it the same veneration which would have been accorded to its honored age, had the "Liberty Tree" stood until centuries had shattered its branches and rived its trunk, rendering it more and more precious to their hearts.

But come, we must not loiter about this scene of our father's love. I will now show you some faint traces of yet fiercer times, when the cloud of battle had actually burst over the land. Do you see that black circle of some ten inches diameter which is described upon the rear of that white wooden house? And now, that we have gained its front you may discern a ring answering to the one behind, but somewhat higher up. Well, that indicates the passage of one of the last arguments of kings or nations, uttered by some brazen

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mouth from the Continental lines, at Roxbury, during the siege. The proprietors of the building, from that day to this, have preserved, as an honorable ornament to their house, that vestige of those memorable days. And now we have reached the point where the British army threw up their strong entrenchments at the beginning of the siege. You may faintly trace the outline of the works which, twenty years since, were in almost perfect preservation; but the earth was wanted to make a new street, and the general orders of Governor Gage for their erection, were not so promptly obeyed as were the counter orders of the street commissioner for their demolition. In this corner you may see the well, dug for the supply of the beleaguered troops, which is now filled up, but the place plainly discernible. A bow-shot further on, was the outpost of the British. A venerable survivor of the besieging army told me, not long since, that one morning early a scapegallows of the Continental troops, with a prodigiously long gun, shot the sentinel on his post from behind the American lines, which were almost as far as you can see before you on this street. An almost incredible shot; but one which excited as much indignation among his fellow-soldiers as it did in the ranks of the enemy.

Ten minutes brisk walk brings us to the lines of the Continental army, which are as difficult to be traced as those of their English foes. You may spy out, however, some slight marks of the works which once stretched their angular length across the isthmus. One would think that these monuments of our father's deeds might have been spared to tell the tale of their dangers and hardships to their children. Had they endured to this day, I doubt not but that a religious care would have preserved them for the eyes of posterity. But the generation that immediately succeeds to one that has wrought great deliverances, but too often wants that reverence for great actions which a remoter age entertains. Familiarity with the actors in the immortal dramas which thrill our souls, and an acquaintance with their petty infirmities and human frailties, take off from that keen edge of admiration which is felt by a pious posterity. This, alas! is the almost inevitable doom of the monuments and the memorials of a former age in this working-day land. It was not so with the old Republics.

Let us now direct our steps across the fields to the Southeast by this narrow private road, and I will show you the scarcely traceable vestiges of the Dorchester lines, which completed the circumvallation of the town on this side. I discovered these faint traces of a former age, by accident, a few months since. I had often moused about the neighboring hills and pastures, in search of these works which are conspicuously laid down in the plans of the siege, but could never discover their whereabouts. One day I stopped at that farm house, black with the dust of the century before the last,

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moved solely by my love of all old and inconvenient constructions. An old farm house, with its roof declining towards the ground at an angle which I have not mathematics enough to describe, with its diamond panes of glass set in lead, and its second story jutting over the first, has a charm for me far beyond any of the Palladian villas which have in too many instances displaced them. It is as much more precious to the eye of taste and sentiment, than any of its more pretending successors, as an ancient well-pole is more picturesque than a patent forcing pump. Well, at that house I knocked, being sure that the door would be opened by an original. My certainty was made doubly sure by the appearance of an old man, whose dress and address smacked of times even anterior to the Revolution. He seemed not a whit discomposed by my intrusion, but, on the contrary, to be well pleased at the interest I took in the habitation which had been the home of his fathers for a hundred and sixty years. I soon discovered, however, that he had espoused the side of the loyalists at the time of the Revolution, and in no degree shared my enthusiasm on the subject of those days. He had been under some personal obligations to Governor Hutchinson, and had entered warmly into his benefactor's political feelings as a part of due gratitude. He told me of the various indignities he underwent for his opinion's sake before the war broke out, and how he sought a refuge from the persecution of his neighbors in the beleaguered town. When the town was evacuated he fled with the other loyalists to England, where he remained for several years after the peace of 1783. His patrimonial estate had been confiscated and sold after his flight, and he had no dependance for his support but upon the bounty of the British King. After years enough had elapsed to efface in some degree his errors, as they esteemed them, from the memories of his old neighbors, he returned to his native land, heartily sick of his residence in the fogs of London.

It so chanced that at the moment of his arrival his patrimonial estate was again on sale, and by disposing of his annuity he was enabled to repossess himself of his paternal acres. Here he had lived ever since, having but little intercourse with the new generation which had grown up during his exile, but chiefly conversing in memory with the long lost companions of his former state of existence. His reverend white hairs, his snuff-colored coat of formal cut, and breeches of the same, his grey yarn stockings and silver-buckled shoes, were in keeping with his ancient habitation, and helped to carry back the imagination to elder days.

The old gentleman had many and grievous complaints to make of the abuses which his beloved home had endured at the hands of the rebel soldiers who were quartered there. Many a forgotten name was carved upon the woodwork; and many a coarsely cut

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device and weary ejaculation, bore witness to the tedious hours of the camp, wearing upon the spirit of the home-sick soldier sighing for the liberty of his father's farm, and the society of his village friends. He directed my observation to the damage done to the low ceiling of the room, by the muzzles of the muskets of the troops as they rehearsed, in game or earnest, their daily drill. Perhaps not one of those weary men now survive to recall the alternate tedium and excitement of that busy time; and yet here were the vestiges of their idleness, as fresh as if they were the traces of but yesterday.

After I had examined the interior of his mansion, my aged friend proceeded to exhibit the domain that surrounded it. His house was encompassed by green pastures, then of the intensest verdure, sloping down to the water's side, dotted with cattle and sprinkled with old trees. A small patch of ground behind the house formed his garden and was kept in a state of neatness which would have done honor to Holland itself. What seemed a natural mound, fenced the garden from a gully forming in the spring, the bed of a little brook, which was now dry. My attention being attracted to this object, my host informed me that it was a part of an old revolutionary entrenchment, which he had suffered to remain to mount guard upon his cabbages and asparagus. This announcement in an instant mounted me astride my hobby, and I began incontinently to frisk and caper upon it in a manner that threatened immediate peril to my good old friend's Tory prejudices. In reply to my eager inquiries, he informed me that when he first returned to his native fields, he found them hedged in by a long zig-zag line of works, with a deep ditch on either side. Both ditch and works were grown over with grass, but the embrasures (if that be the name) from which the guns looked fiercely towards the town, still remained; and there were many marks of the besieging army, such as the piled up bones of their beeves, to be seen within the verdant enclosure. My old new friend had no pleasurable associations with these works, and it could hardly be expected that he would show more mercy to these relics of the war, the memory of which he detested, than was granted to those we have just left, by men who exult in the conflict and its issue. At his liesure hours he employed himself in filling up the fosse with the heaped up earth, and it was not long before nearly every trace of the lines, which at every moment forced upon his memory the recollection of that bitter portion of his life was effaced. I grieved over the result, but could not much blame the feeling which led to it.

My host next, in compliance with my request, proceeded to point out the direction in which the works which he had demolished ran. With little more aid from the imagination than Monkbarns needed to trace the outline of the Prætorium of the camp of Agricola, I

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soon obtained a clear idea of the Dorchester lines, for which I had so often looked in vain. Here you may descry all that remains of them in this irregular ridge scarcely rising above the level of the verdant champaign of greensward, but which you perceive is too regularly irregular for a mere freak of nature. You can follow their eccentric course till they are lost in the ploughed field which is enclosed by yonder stone wall. Let us sit down for a moment beneath the thick branches of this old elm, which describes its sharply defined shadow upon the brilliant green of the summer turf.

How sweetly the hum of the distant city rises upon the ear! But how many discords go to make up that soothing harmony! What fierce passions, what carping cares, what envious discontents, what bitter toil and task-work, help to swell that sleepy melody, soft as the hum of bees, or the murmurs of a distant water-fall! The three-hilled city, with its picturesque inequalities of ground, its glittering spires, its tufts of trees (alas! too rare!) and the dome of the State-House, divested by distance of its architectural errors, crowning the whole, and all reflected upon the clear waters of the bay beneath our feet, now brimming with an overflowing tide, and seen through the haze of a summer's day, seems like a scene of fairy land. Surely no unkindness, or self seeking, or sensuality, or coldess of heart, can find shelter within that peaceful multitude of homes! The very spirit of tranquillity itself seems to be breathed around and about them.

To your left you see the lovely heights of Dorchester, crowned with the works from which General Howe heard proclaimed in tones of thunder, that New England had passed from the Empire of the British king. You may discern a trace here and there upon the morass which encompasses the bay beneath us, of the military road, over which the rough soldiers of the Continental army dragged

"The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain,"*

as they stole under the shadow of the night, and the cover of a heavy cannonade to take possession of the all-important hills. On the morning of the fifth March, 1776, the British General's prac-

* The above familiar introduction—as if it had been a thing of eld—of a poetic image of singular beauty, reminds me that the piece of Bryant, in the first number of the Democratic Review, from which it is taken, has already passed into our literature as one of the finest productions of his genius. After having gone the rounds of the papers, American and English, it has become naturalized in our thoughts, and I see one or other of its many striking images or passages daily quoted in addresses, orations, and newspaper articles; and yet the very poem, to which this highest possible homage has been thus involuntarily rendered, was sneered at on its publication, by the Whig press, as "some inferior lines by Bryant"—and as being "not equal to his usual strain"—and once the reason was gravely assigned that its mediocrity was probably occasioned by the dulness consequent on writing for a Democratic Review.

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tised eye discovered the occupation of those heights, and discerned that if maintained, it would be fatal to his possession of the town. A detachment was ordered to dislodge the rebels at daybreak the next morning, which moodily proceeded in a dark tempestuous night to effect its landing. A presentiment of another bloody Bunker's Hill chilled the stout hearts of the veterans, and the utmost efforts of the officers were required to induce the men to proceed on their gloomy way. The storm, however, was too furious to admit of the landing of the troops, and the enterprise was abandoned. In the meantime other councils prevailed over the fierce determination of the Commander-in-chief to hold out to the last, and a few days saw the first acknowledged submission of the veteran troops of the British line, to the raw levies of the Continental army.

To the right of the famous heights you see over the tops of those apple trees, the blue expanse of the ocean, which, soon after the occupation of the heights, was whitened with the departing sails of the British fleet. From the spot where we now sit, many earnest eyes were anxiously bent upon the lessening masts as they disappéared in the blue distance. When the last sail, hovering like a fleecy cloud upon the edge of the horizon, had melted into air, a load seemed to be taken from the heart of every beholder; and every man drew a long breath of relieved anxiety and assured deliverance. The whole country-side covered the eminences that commanded the sea to observe the receding enemy, and to watch the cloud which had lowered over the coast as well as the town, passing majestically away to threaten with its thunders another region of the land. This first prosperity of the patriot arms seemed to be a happy presage of success, and for a time men felt as if the conflict was ended. But alas! many a precious life and many an irreparable year was to be expended before those happy dreams became confirmed realities!

It is hard to summon to our mind's eye, by the necromancy of the imagination, the venerable forms in which our fathers dwelt upon the earth, and to place ourselves, as it were, in bodily presence in their midst; but it is yet more difficult to evoke from the dim past, the mighty passions which swayed their breasts, the various emotions which distracted their hearts when the stirring scenes of the great revolutionary tragedy absorbed and agitated their souls. It is hard to reconstruct by fancy's aid, the abodes in which our fathers dwelt on earth, after the hand of the destroyer had passed over them, but it is harder still to recall into a realized existence the chambers of the soul, the labyrinthal mazes of the human heart, and people them with the emotions which struggled for the mastery within their secret recesses. How various were the feel-

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ings which the spectacle of the retreating foe excited in the thousand bosoms of the crowds that watched their flight! The sense of safety, and a triumphant feeling of success perhaps first absorbed all other emotions; but another mood soon came over the minds of many a beholder, and chastened his joy. Though the triumph was brilliant and full of hope, yet there were not wanting memories, which, like the warning voice that told the Roman victor of his mortality, rebuked the exultation of victory. Though the feast of peace seemed to be piled anew for them, and the harpies driven far away, still the banquet which commended itself to their lips was not without its grim skeleton to damp by its ghastly presence, the exuberance of their transport. Many a household mourned the void which the cruel chances of battle had made in its magic circle. And yet more grieved over the disruption of the dearest ties of blood by the fatal discrepancies of political opinions, and over the exile of kindred hearts. Scarcely a family of any note in the province but had felt the bitter pang of domestic disunion, when the great question of submission or resistance to the parent State was brought to a bloody issue. Though the fleet which had vanished in the distance from their eyes, bore far away from them the hostile legions, which they had dreaded as the instruments of their subjection to arbitrary power, it also wafted, perhaps forever from their eyes, the companions of their childhood, the brethren of a once happy home, the props of declining age. Many a sigh was breathed, many a tear was shed, many a bitter pang encountered in the secret chambers of yonder city when the streets rung with shouts and blazed with illuminations in honor of the victorious troops that had wrought its deliverence. As we look back to that time, after the lapse of sixty years, we can scarcely realize that any private woes could have chequered the general joy; but the general doom stamped upon the fortunes of our race by the hand of its Creator, was not reversed for our fathers—it will ever remain unchanged for their children. How unmitigated soever the draught of national or individual prosperity may seem to be, still from the depths of the flower-crowned goblet the fountain of tears is ever welling up its bitter waters and ever

"O'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."

But something too much of this dear reader. Should we walk again together I will lead you to scenes redolent of merrier memories.

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THE PILGRIMS OF MECCA.

AS SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE ON A LATE "GREAT OCCASION."

From North, East, South and West, hail good fellows, well met all!
Pious pilgrims,* we 've come to get drunk in old Faneuil,
And with patriotic potations to settle
What best we can do for our demigod Daniel.
Then, hip—hip—and hurra, boys,
Since all we can say, boys,
To these cursed Locofocos, still fails to enlighten 'em,
That to banking the nation
Owes its civilization,
—Let 's try if by popping of corks† we can't frighten 'em!

In past times these old "redolent" rafters have seen here
Full many a meeting, but this "great occasion"
The most glorious far‡ is, that ever has been here
Assembled—by the "*genius of gravitation.*" §

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* The Bostonians have long claimed for their city the classic title of the "Athens" of America. It has lately become a favorite resort for political pilgrims from the south and west, who at home amuse their constituencies with professions of Republican and State-Rights doctrines, but travel all the way to the *sanctum sanctorum* of ultra Federalism to offer their devotions on the shrine of its chosen 'Godlike' representative. It was reserved for the ecstatic imaginations of these more ardent temperaments, to invent for it still another *alias*, viz: the "*Mecca of Whiggism.*" It is to Mr. Prentiss, of Mississippi, that is due the credit of this new cognomen—rendered so peculiarly felicitous in connection with the oceans of *good liquor* with which these pious *Mussulmanns* performed the baptismal ceremony.

† This was certainly a sublime idea for the extermination of those pestilent politicians. It is only astonishing that it has not proved quite so successful as was to have been hoped. Whether it was that they had been so long accustomed to Whig pop-guns, as to have become like the 'Hunters of Kentucky,' *boys that fear no noise*—or whether they only mistook it for a rattling peal of thunder—certain it is that we have not heard of a single Locofoco annihilated by that tremendous explosion of some two or three thousand champagne corks. They appear to have taken effect only on the recoil, laying low nobody but some of the Whigs themselves, on the occasion;—and even they, we are happy to be able to assure our readers, were easily restored to their *status quo ante* after a few hours, by the aid of a little sleep and soda.

‡ We have the unanimous testimony of almost all the speakers to this fact. It is very certain that old Faneuil, with all its fine historical associations, was never before put to the purpose of a tanyard to soak sixteen hundred modern Whig hides with a couple of thousand of champagne, &c., for the glorification of a *would-be*, but *cannot-be*, candidate for the Presidency,—and it is to be hoped that it never will be again.

§ This is a shameful plagiarism on the part of this Poet Laureate. The credit of this invaluable contribution to the science of the nineteenth century, the discovery of a "*genius of gravitation*," is due to the same "genius" of whose happy art in

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We 're indeed a collection
Of motley complexion,
Blue spirits and gray—with a touch of the *bloody*—*
But now that we 're met, sir,
Ere we part we can get, sir,
All one beautiful uniform color, the *muddy!*

Absent friends, here 's their health—and especially B——,
In "fair business transactions" he knows not his better;
Better luck may he meet when he next tries to diddle
The people and old Johnny Q. with a letter.
Then full up to the brim
Crown your glasses for him,
To our liege lord, all loyally, first let us drink;†
He knows how to lend, boys,
—Don't he, Dan?‡—to a friend, boys—
—To a blind horse a nod is as good as a wink!
[Bis,—espressivo,—with an enthusiastic encore]
He knows how to lend, boys, &c.

And here 's to young Harry—I wish to the d——
The old Harry would take him as quick as he can!

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the choice of language—of whose truly Horatian *curiosa felicitas verborum*—a specimen has been already mentioned in the first note. To the acute olfactory sense of the same 'Little Genius' is also due the detection of the *perfume* of "liberty and patriotism" among the old timbers of the "redolent roof" over head.

* Surely, this must be a mistake!—for if there was any hand present on that occasion, tossing gaily off the wine-crowned goblet, which had been lately crimsoned (whether as principal or abetting accessory) with innocent blood, the "damned spot" must have been "out," by that time—or else surely the *élite* of Bostonian "religion, morality, and decency," could scarcely have sat with blood unchilled and flesh unshuddering, at the same festive board! Surely a stain of blood does not last red and reeking for five whole months! However, that may be "a matter of opinion about which men may differ."

† This was a very proper imitation of the loyal old English practice of drinking as the first toast of every festive meeting, "The King, God bless him!"

‡ It is much to be regretted that "Dan's" answer to this significant question is not given by our Poet. It might perhaps have thrown some light on that mysterious portion of the Report of the Investigating Committee into the affairs of the United States Bank which alludes darkly to the *discounts to Members of Congress*,—the Great Regulator *regulating* that illustrious body by loans to the amount of half a million at a time, distributed among some fifty or sixty "friends"—to say nothing of fees by the $10,000, &c., &c.

However, we suppose the distinguished individual to whom this rather impertinent interrogatory was addressed, did not commit himself and his friend B—— by a direct reply in words, for fear of the proverbial ears of stone walls. We are left to infer from the following line, that the Jupiter Tonans of the scene, like Lord Burleigh, merely

Shook his ambrosial curls, and gave the 'nod.'

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But still, I suppose, we must now play the civil,
Though there 's no great love lost between him and our Dan.*
With his bragging and funning,
Like a racehorse he 's running
—And I fear that he 'll distance us—"head and tail up,"†
But still for good luck, sir,
And to please "Old Kaintuck," sir,‡
Out of decency's sake we must give him a cup.

Here 's to old Johnny Q.!—to the ladies, God bless 'em,
His devotion makes up what he loses in youth,
For still, as of old, he can never address 'em,
But the water o'erflows both at eyes and at mouth.§
He says he can't come, sir,
So far off from home, sir,
Though he speaks fifteen days at a time, as we 're told,—

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* At this allusion it is to be presumed that "our Dan" must have scowled from out of his 'cavernous eyes' in somewhat similar style to the appearance he so frequently exhibited at the late session, in his very uncomfortable propinquity to "Young Harry," in the Senate, when the latter would be in full swing of some of his electioneering "bragging." Perhaps his memory might especially recal the occasion when, on the Preëmption Bill, he had evinced a disposition to 'kick against the pricks,' and "Young Harry" gave him such a rough dressing for it, to teach him to mind his political *p*'s and *q*'s, and know who was his master.

† This fear is already amply verified, for there is no doubt that the demigod is distanced already, in spite of whip and spur, and the shouts and cheers of his backers. In fact, there is only one course in the country on which he can ever have a chance for a heat, and that is *Boston Common*. As for the Kentucky horse, however, he has not won the race yet. His friends who are now bragging and betting so high on him, forget that it is a *four mile* race, and that the tug of war lies in the last quarter. He has been three times distanced, himself, on this ground already—'the *Union* Course.' The fourth, we imagine, he will find a *dead* beat. After all, these flashy nags, with nothing but their showy "action," are not worth much in *the long run*. They say, too, that "Young Harry" has lately fallen into a bad habit of falling *on his knees* in public—like the circus horses. One of the worst signs of weakness.

‡ This endearing epithet is, we believe, the most signal proof of his precocity yet given by that "youthful" prodigy, Mr. Menefee.

§ The capital story that Mr. Clay used to tell against his colleague commissioner, on his return from Ghent, (in unkind allusion to the perpetual weakness of one of Mr. Adams' eyes) of his mouth not only watering, but his eyes shedding tears, for the pretty object of their common admiration at the Hotel, is too well known to need repetition. It is to this, we presume, that this most audacious and impudent of Whig Poets Laureate alludes—in connection with the recent interesting occasion on which the same venerable philogynist protested the difficulty he felt in addressing "one woman," though he did not care a snap of his finger for "two hundred and forty men"; whom he could talk to for fifteen days at a time at the close of a session, —when he did not wish to give any one he attacked an opportunity of reply. We do not remember that Homer records any of the loquacious performances of Nestor to match this feat of the "fifteen days."

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There 's a toast in his letter,
But we 'll give him a better—
He was old when a child—he 's a child now he 's old! *

We 've another Whig Johnny—a beautiful model
Of a "decency" Speaker, for order and law!
Though he makes a great noise, like his namesake his noddle
Has not got much in it but clapper and jaw. †
He 's a prime hand to use, sir,
Either fist or ‡ abuse, sir,
Whene'er by a speech on the floor he is laid, oh!
So he merits right well,
Sir State's-evidence§ B——,
That a bumper we fill to the 'bold renegado!'‖

* Was it by happy accident or by cunning design, that, in the toast to Mr. Adams on the occasion here described, such careful pains seem to have been taken to avoid giving him credit for the *wisdom* as well as the *years* and *garrulity* of Nestor? The felicitous *antithesis* of the allusion to him, as "manifesting in his youth the wisdom of age, and in his age the vigor of youth," cannot be too much admired, to whichever explanation we assign it.

† The Democratic Review despises puns, especially upon proper names; so that, although this line is reluctantly admitted, it is thus accompanied with this solemn protest. By the way, the Whigs do not appear to entertain any very high personal respect for the personage of "sounding brass" whom they here allude to. It is to be presumed, however, from the extraordinary qualifications he has recently displayed for preserving order, and enforcing the decisions of the Chair by the "strong arm" of the law, that he will still continue the favorite representative of the "decency" party in the House, as their candidate for the Speakership.

‡ We again enter our protest. The gentleman is very unfairly treated by this Whig poet. We are for giving even the d—— his due. We therefore appeal to all present, whether, this *disjunctive* conjunction is fair! The allusion to his being "laid on the floor" fixes, of course, upon the time when that service was so signally performed for him by Mr. Turney, of his own State, as unquestionably the occasion referred to. Ought it not then to read "*Both* fist *and* abuse, sir"? Ought the ex-Speaker to be thus shorn of half of his glory?

§ This honorable epithet would seem to allude to Mr. B—'s testimony as to the outrageous abuses, corruptions, and utter abominations of Jacksonism during the period when he was himself a pretty thorough participant in whatever was going, whether good or bad,

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!

‖ The indefatigable services of the gentleman in question richly indeed deserved the tribute,—especially on the floor of the House in his perpetual efforts to embarrass the administration of his more fortunate competitor for the Speaker's chair—rather dirty work, indeed; but did an Epaminondas scorn the office of scavenger? So much the more meritorious his zealous performance of it. In Christian warfare it has always been found that deserters, perpetually 'feeling the halter draw,' fight like very devils, and in the Christian wars with the Turks, the proverbial expression arose which may find a new application in the present case, that "one renegade is worse than ten Turks."

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Here's—our "worthy," right "*Honorable* member" here, F——!
As a choice "representative" of Whig veracity,
Which, whenever convicted of telling one stretcher,
Can fall back on another bold piece of mendacity.
But the next time he may, sir,
Try his hand in that way, sir,
Against Messrs. C-mbr-l-ng & Co., we beseech him,
That he'll manage it better,
With his "letter for letter,"
Than to let his own paper be the first to impeach him.*

And here is to all our pro-di-gi-ous boys, sir,
The pet bantlings of Whigg'ry, its glory and wonder—
If their tender young lungs now can make such a noise, sir,
When they 've years of discretion, good Lord, how they 'll thunder!
The ancients, they say,
Had some speakers, but they
—Your Demosthenes, Ciceros, Chathams and Burkes—
Couldn't hold up a candle, sir,
To our boys†—who can handle, sir,
Not logic alone—but fists, pistols and dirks!

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* Though the name is not given, we presume the reference is here to the "chiel" who sits on committees, as "the silent member,"

——"takin' notes,
"And, 'faith, he'll prent 'em!"

Few stenographers have attained an equal proficiency in reporting "word for word, letter for letter, comma for comma." These "notes" were current for some time in the community as genuine, like a great deal of other worthless trash that is kept freely in circulation among the Whigs by the unlimited "*credit* system" which they apply to every slander that is emitted from any source against the Administration. They were soon, however, exposed as *false and counterfeit*, in a very decisive manner, by "Messrs. C-mbr-l-ng & Co." At this gentle admonition the worthy Member from the "Mecca of Whiggism" is reported to have inclined his head in assent to a piece of advice so unquestionably sound and prudent; though he was heard to mutter, *sotto voce*, that "if ever he was caught at that game again with the firm alluded to, or any member of it, he'd be —— *switched*,"—fond memory doubtless recalling the tingling sensation of the last kind favors which he had received in succession from the hands of the different members of that firm, on the occasion here referred to.

† Happy, happy, happy Whigs!—in the possession of all these "young prodigies" of thirty—"interesting youths" of thirty-five—and "youthful orators" of forty and upwards, with bald crowns, and possibly living grandchildren, for what we know! We were aware, from Lady Blessington, that it is not unusual in Ireland to witness "*a broth of a boy*" of sixty, and six foot six, but were not prepared to find the manufacture already so *matured* as to be classed for the future among other "Bosting notions." We must certainly yield our doubts, since it has proved successful with so unpromising a subject as Mr. Menefee. We hope, however, that

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And here's to the deserters now first in our ranks, sir,
—As old lovers they say make the bitterest haters—
With their dear "credit system" and darling* "pet banks," sir,
We must cherish the treason while scorning the traitors.

Whiggery is not playing off, with this interesting "prodigy," the ruse of Phil McCool, or—as MacPherson has more elegantly anglicised it—Fingal, the father of Ossian, and the great Irish giant of his time; who, as we find it recorded in the Fairy Legends, when his Scotch rival crossed the Channel, in three steps, to devour him, adroitly slipped into bed, and told his wife to inform the visiter that Phil was out hunting, and had left no one at home but his infant son, who was asleep in the cradle. The simple monster, thinking he could form a tolerable estimate of the proportions of the parent from the size of his boy, went to the cradle to examine the "youthful prodigy;" and, as the story goes, astonished at his dimensions, put his thumb into his mouth, to ascertain whether so large a child was really a sucking infant; and having got it bit instantly off, decamped with incredible expedition for his own land,—justly concluding, if a child could do such wonders, that *a full grown man* would be altogether unconquerable. All we can say in the matter is, that if old mother Whiggery is playing off a similar ruse on the awakened giant of Democracy, and has turned Faneuil Hall into a cradle for the purpose, there is little danger of *our* giant being frightened off by the proportions of the present infant, or his capacity to *bite*, whatever *sweet tooth for blood* he may possess.

These young small fry of Whiggery, who raise such a splutter in the water, and make no bones of swallowing our biggest Democratic fish, as easily (according to the Washington letter-writers) as the whale swallowed Jonah, whenever they chance to come in their way, must certainly become all "sea serpents," coiling their tails around the Pole, when they reach their full growth.

But, by the way, as for these same youthful prodigies, *quære*, are they ever destined to reach their 'years of *discretion?*' As Hamlet says, 'Aye, there's the rub!'

* The faithful constancy of these "old lovers" to these their "darling pets," at the very time when they were universally abandoned by all the rest of this cold heartless world, as an "experiment" that had failed, is very beautiful and touching indeed—proving how true it is that "a friend *in need* (*qu.*, of a discount or renewal?) is a friend indeed." Some of their speeches which are made up entirely of quotations of the *former opinions* entertained of them, by some of those who now feel unwilling again to lean on the *broken* staff which threw them down, remind us of the jockey who, in selling his foundered horse, expatiated eloquently on the testimonials he possessed of his qualities *before he broke down*. Such examples of fidelity in misfortune are indeed rare.

"Come rest in this bosom, mine own stricken deer,
Though the herd has fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last!"

The following variation of a well-known song, from Moore's Melodies, was recently endorsed by one of these faithful swains on the back of a *bank note*. Being the only poetic effusion that is known to have ever overflowed from the fulness of his heart, it is entitled to perpetuation in the Democratic Review,—as is the poet to an undying *garland* of fame.

Song—*The Conservative to his Bank Note.*

Air.—"Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

Believe me, if all those bright dollars of cash,
You so plausibly "promise to pay,"
Were to melt with to-morrow, or blow up in a "crash,"
Like the "dreadful explosion" of May,

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Though we used to abuse them,
Yet as tools now we use them,
And to call them prime patterns of patriots pretend,
But as soon as they've done, boys,
All they can—every one, boys,
Sans cérémonie to old Nick we will send.*

And as for those ignorant dogs in the manger
Who won't let us pocket the funds of the nation,†
—As though money could e'er be exposed, sir, to danger
By being lent out upon land speculation!—‡
M—tty, K—nd—ll and P—lk,
B—nt—n, Wr—ght and such folk,

Thou'dst be good for my purpose as ever thou wert,
Let thy discount increase as it will,
And to prop the dear "system" each friend I'll desert
Who'll not make thee "receivable" still!

'Tis not while thy safe specie soundness is known,
And thy face unprofaned by protest,
That the beauty of "confidence" then can be shown,
Which at "fifty per cent." loves thee best.
For the true "credit system" ne'er dreams of a doubt,
But still fondly continues to trust,
And the faith it puts in thee when first thou'rt put out,
It will never recall—till thou'rt *burst!*

* *In vino veritas*, is a good old adage that should be set up in letters of gold, at all these Whig carousals, as a caution against a too dangerous freedom of "the unruly member." This seems to have been rather an indiscreet slip of the tongue though neither the sincerity nor the poetic justice of the sentiment can be questioned. It does not very clearly appear whether the allusion here is to the "deserters" in question, who, when no longer needed, are to be consigned to the obscurity of the common contempt of all parties,—or to the "pet banks," which, after being used as a "half-way house," are then to be handed over to the tender mercies of the "Old Nick" who once made the boast that he could break any of them that he pleased, with his "great regulator." Perhaps, by an ingenious *double-entendre*, a sly hit is intended at both, as it is well known that neither is at heart held in any very great affection by the Whigs.

† This was of course the hidden meaning of Mr. Reed's strange-sounding toast, "The pockets of the People—the best Sub-Treasuries." It is well known that the Whig gentlemen, the merchants and speculators and brokers, (especially in Wall street) really consider themselves the whole "People." It is said that some of the company looked at first a little blank and aghast on the announcement of this toast, which seemed so "redolent" of Loco-focoism; but as soon as an inkling of its proper Whig meaning spread around, a delightful by-play of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," beginning from the demigod himself, is said to have run beautifully twinkling round the tables.

‡ There must indeed have been an universal expression of disgust throughout the company at this allusion to the ignorance and stupidity of the Loco-focos. When thus stripped of accessories, and brought down to a naked form, this happy illustration of the absurdity of that ridiculous "humbug," the Divorce of Bank and State, by the fable of the dog in the manger, ought to make them—as we confess it does us—heartily ashamed of it. What, neither touch the public money in any way

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They may think themselves safe for some time yet to come,
But we'll soon make 'em go, sir,
Right about, and not slow, sir,
To the pious Whig tune, of "G— d— you, go home!"*

When we step in their shoes then—we 'll shew 'em our wishes
Were never like theirs, selfish, sordid, and sinister,
—But, as patriots, we can't let the loaves and the fishes
Go a-begging†—so I 'll go abroad as a minister!
I 'll be off in a steamer, sir,
'Faith, she shall be a 'screamer,' sir,
And shall make the old ocean, sir, "boil like a pot!"‡
And for you, every one of you
Shall have something, and none of you
But shall get a snug place, discount, job, and what not!

And now, boys, 'tis time to have done with our racket,
We 're all, as I take it, pretty "decently" merry;

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themselves (under pain of all sorts of penalties, bonds, imprisonment, and felonious ignominy,) nor allow others to use it for their commercial and speculating convenience! Ridiculous and disgusting! When shall these Goths, Vandals, and Huns, be driven from the Capitol!

* We were aware of the general Whig practice of catching up the sayings that drop from the lips of their "great men," to make them household words and party choruses; but we really did not know that this particular "elegant extract" from the public "prayers" of the leader and representative of the party of "all the religion, morality, decency, and wealth"—this eloquent impromptu effusion, so short and sweet, of the modern Chrysostome, the 'golden-mouthed' *saint* of the Whigs, from whose lips flow such rich golden streams of words divine,—had been so soon set to music! How fortunate it is that it has been thus timely embalmed for posterity—thus "wedded to immortal harmony!" How providential that its sweetness was not wasted on the desert air, but that

Echo caught softly the sound as it fell!"

† Doubtless accompanied with a knowing wink to that beautiful pattern of consistency, Governor Ellsworth, who was present on the occasion; who had a short time before been most rhetorical and magniloquent in his Message to the Legislature of Connecticut, in denunciation of the practice of removal from office for opinion's sake; and who had already, during his short incumbency of office, made a clean job of some thousand or so removals of Democrats,—even earning Mr. Webster's reproach by running down to "low water" to change the "tide waiters." The representatives of Rhode Island and Maine, also, which had not been slow to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, on the same track, no doubt chuckled mightily in their sleeves—as those also of New York, at the recollection of the *watchmen and lamplighters*.

‡ We here recognize another touch of the "*'prentice* hand." None, surely, but Mr. Prentiss (Pindaric Mr. P., again!) could indeed be the original author, inventor and proprietor of this sublime idea—certainly a something new under the sun! The ocean being made to *boil like a pot*, by the steamboats "leviathan-like"! Ma conscience, as the worthy Bailie would have exclaimed, had he been present, what a pretty kettle of fish!

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I 've got two* Champagne bottles snug under my jacket—
—We 'll say nothing about the Madeira and Sherry.†
So to make the world sensible
Of "*the self-governing principle,*"
Let 's go home, as "from church," boys, as straight‡ as we can well,
And wind up with a chorus
That shall tear the roof o'er us,§
Hallelujah‖ to our great demigod Dan'el!

[With three times three, and a grand choral harmony "better to be imagined than described," during which the demigod himself is said to have exhibited unequivocal evidence of not having been insensible to the *melting influences* of the occasion, while a vast majority of the pious and patriotic pilgrims appeared really *quite overcome* by their *emotions*.]

Hallelujah to our great demigod Dan'el!

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* We can only say, that if the Poet Laureate here tells the truth, he ought to be ashamed of himself; for he must have been cheating some unfortunate neighbour out of half a bottle (perhaps it was only in the way of a "speculation")—for the exact allowance of each man was a little under a *bottle and a half* of champagne, or three pints, and NO MORE.

† This is a very sensible course, certainly, though it throws the curious inquirer disposed to statistical speculations, on the necessity of conjecturing the proportions of other wines that were made to bleed on this "great occasion." However, as we cannot deny the Whigs the credit of being very gentlemanly fellows over their cups, who know how to manage these matters in handsome and liberal style, it is not very difficult to estimate (*ex pede Herculem*) from the one fixed *datum* afforded by the champagne, viz, two thousand one hundred and sixty bottles, the due proportions of the madeira, sherry, port, hock, clarets, burgundies, and all the other indispensable *et ceteras* of such a pious and patriotic carousal.

‡ We are assured by a Whig editor—and who would ever presume to question the veracity of a Whig editor?—that the bearing and deportment of the Whig gentlemen on their return through the streets was for all the world as though they were going straight home from church; and the sight of so sublime an illustration of the "majesty of the laws" and "the self-governing principle" made his bosom swell with patriotic exultation and thanksgiving. The utterance of our Poet, by the way, would seem, from his redundant syllables, to have become a little thick and spluttering by this time. But as the ears of the company were probably, also, not quite so sensitive and fastidious at that hour as those of an Athenian audience, it was of no great consequence.

§ A Whig report of the occasion says, that this effect was indeed very near being produced—whether by the escape of such a quantity of the fixed air from the champagne, or by the effervescence of Whig enthusiasm "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" within the walls of old Faneuil, is not particularly specified.

‖ If there should seem any thing like profanity in this ecstatic glorification, it is not our fault. Allowances should be made for the "two bottles" and the et-ceteras; besides, the authority of the toast by a Whig clergyman who thanked God for the grace and honor he had conferred on the State of Massachusetts in bestowing on her such a son!—places it certainly "in the line of safe precedents."

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RADICALISM.

The purpose of this paper is not to discuss the tenets designated under this title, but to show the absurdity of the alarm which they excite, or which it is pretended they justify. This may seem to be a work of supererogation. It is, indeed, hard to believe that any man of sense can entertain serious apprehensions upon this score. In the midst of the difficulties in which we are involved, and the real dangers by which we are threatened, to be frightened by such visionary evils indicates a very whimsical imagination, or, at least, a morbidly sensitive nature. By politicians we are aware the topic is used as a mere bugbear, or rather as a hackneyed electioneering theme. Writers who lack originality of thought, or ingenuity of reason, find this a very convenient subject for declamation. Deprive them of their slang (we cannot find a better word, though a coarse one,) about *Loco-Focoism*, *Fanny-Wrightism*, *Agrarianism*, and they would be very much at a loss. It would be almost a pity to cut them off from this fertile resource. But we should not calculate too strongly upon human reason. In the long run, in an enlightened community, its dictates will always prevail, and the "sober second thought of the people," in the philosophical language of President Van Buren, is perhaps "never wrong." But in the passion or delusion of the moment, evils may be inflicted which time cannot repair; and there are some maladies of sudden origin which are incurable. The very pertinacity with which political partisans, who, although they may want wisdom, are seldom without its bastard substitute, cunning, insist upon those topics is a proof that they are not without their effect. *Spargere ambiguas voces*, is a more effectual method of propagating alarms, than by bringing definite charges, or specific accusations. Suspicion is more hurtful than actual crimination; its very indefiniteness gives scope to the suggestions and fears of the susceptible imagination. We should never

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altogether despise such appeals or prejudices, however irrational or absurd. The French revolution, according to Madame de Stael, was made by words. We cite the sentence for its apposite point, rather than for the truth of its application to the great political earthquake which shook European society to its foundation.

Now we happen to know, from actual observation, that the charge against the Democratic party of holding anti-social doctrines, and opinions subversive of the rights of property, has done much to prejudice it in the minds of many worthy and sensible persons. There is in every community a large class of men, and they form a most valuable portion of the population, who are averse to *ultraism* in every shape. Satisfied with their condition, they prefer the *status quo*, and are unwilling to sacrifice positive benefits to speculative ameliorations. All that they ask is tranquillity; that they may follow their pursuits, and enjoy domestic happiness, and the fruits of their industry, without molestation. They reverse the sentiment of the old Roman who preferred hazardous liberty (*libertas periculosa*) to the calm of slavery. Such persons are not to be contemned. Their influence in the community is salutary. They check the extravagance of more ardent spirits. They form the regulator of the political machine. They are the drag on the wheel of state. Their *vis inertiæ* gives stability to social institutions. They are the breakwater which stays the flood of popular commotion. Without them, we should, perhaps, be too prone to speculative changes; too ready to embark upon the ocean of untried experiment. Among this class, from temperament and mind, we do not count ourselves; nevertheless we know how to value it, and even to respect its prejudices. It is fortunate that we do not all think and feel alike. It takes many kind of people, says the vulgar adage, to make up a world. It is for the benefit of society that it contains adverse and contending elements. This keeps up a healthy, vigorous action; this prevents that lethargic stagnation, which is more than any thing else, unfavorable to its efficiency and improvement. *Discors concordia* is the law of the moral as well as of the physical world. It is chiefly amongst this class of persons that the apprehensions of which we have spoken, have been propagated with the greatest success. Secluded in their habits and ideas, and isolated from the tumultuous existence of cities, the ferment of political effervescence is brought to their ears, magnified by distance, like the "sound of many waters." The roar of faction and the turmoil of political agitation are swelled by the gale which bears them along, until the retired mansion and the quiet hamlet are "frightened from their propriety." All this is so different from their tranquil existence,—jars so harshly upon the uniformity of their pursuits and habits,—that they feel uneasy and disturbed, nay, anxious and alarmed for the consequences. It is to these, and these

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only, whose apprehensions are unfeigned, whose patriotism is undoubted, whose very prejudices are respectable, that we intend to address a few desultory and unpretending observations.

In the first place we must observe, that a great party should not be considered responsible for the opinions of all its members. This will be conceded without hesitation. "How foolish," exclaimed Charles V., "to expect all men to think alike, when the most cunning workman cannot make two watches go exactly together." We cite the substance of the sentiment. Admitting that some members of a party which comprises two-thirds of a great nation, hold irrational opinions, what does this prove? Certainly not that the essential and recognized doctrines of that party are wrong, and should be abandoned. Would it not be hard to charge the Federal party with holding principles utterly adverse to liberty, or with the design of overturning our republican institutions, because some of its members, and a goodly number, too, are at heart, if not confessedly, monarchists? Shall we take the opinions of the modern Sydney, as the Federal creed, or visit upon all, the doubts of Hamilton and the sneers of Morris? This would hardly be fair. We maintain, indeed, that the doctrines of Federalism are anti-republican in their tendencies; but it would scarcely be generous to assume or to assert, that they are so in the intentions of all those who hold them. In grave discussions, let us abandon the exaggeration of newspaper polemics, and both give and claim justice. Yet we hear every day the extravagances attributed to a few, ascribed to the whole body of the Republican party; and those who frankly adopt the opinions of Jefferson and of Madison, the philosopher and sage of American liberty, stigmatized by the most opprobrious epithets, and calumniated by the most ungenerous imputations.

It is a remark of Chateaubriand, that in a country where all men write and speak, we must make up our minds to hear patiently a great deal of nonsense. The human mind, in its infinite modifications, is prone to exaggerations and extravagancies; it has its day dreams, and its waking visions, its optical illusions, and spectral hallucinations. The most unsound theories are often the most plausible; sophistry is often more specious than truth. Talent and integrity are not always effectual guards against the approaches of falsehood; they do but lend strength and zeal to the seductions of error. Clear perception of truth is rarer than the ingenious defence of fallacy. It is more difficult to think justly than with brilliancy. Common sense is, after all, the most uncommon sense. To reason well is a rarer faculty than to reason much. For one man, whose deductions are uniformly sound, you will meet with a hundred whose opinions are striking in statement, and happy in expression. This world is one vast academy of Laputa, and that satire of the misanthropist has been drawn from truth. The race of projectors,

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visionaries, and experimenters, is the most numerous, and will never be extinct. Where the reason is weak, and the imagination lively, there is no end to the abortive progeny of schemes and speculations. The mind teems with these "crotchets and maggots of the brain," like the "equivocal generation" of the slime deposited by the river of Egypt. We have but to look at the Patent Office for the exemplification of this, in mechanics. There is not a madhouse which has not some votary to the quadrature of the circle, the ascertainment of the longitude, or the discovery of perpetual motion. Throughout the civilized world there are constantly thousands who waste their whole substance, and exhaust their whole lives, in the effort to attain utterly unattainable ends. There are men who can scarcely creep, who are ever trying to invent means to fly. There is no end to the *deliramenta* of the human mind. There is no limit to the more than Chinese puzzles of the intellect. Why, then, should we object to a little theory in politics, or be surprised that human ingenuity or inventiveness should also take this direction? It is a subject which rises in importance above all others; which includes all others in its settlement. It is that which concerns the well-being, the improvement, the property, nay, the very lives of men. It is one which daily comes home to our "business and bosoms." The science of government is paramount to all others. It determines the character, the prosperity, the existence of nations, as well as of individuals. Without good government there is no security of possession, no protection of law, no permanency of enjoyment, no activity of industry, no developement of the faculties and capabilities of human nature. Shallow minds, we know, disparage the science of politics as one of impracticable speculations, and cite with ignorant exultation the famous couplet of Pope—

> For forms of government let fools contest;
> Whate'er is best administered is best;

as if the poet seriously entertained the belief, that all the modifications of social polity were equally good and that an essentially bad government could be so administered, in the long run, as to promote the highest prosperity of a people. One of this class of declaimers was once citing the remark of Fox, that he who caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, was a greater benefactor to mankind, than the whole race of statesmen and politicians. "What would your two blades of grass avail you in Turkey," was the prompt reply. We make these observations to show that nothing is so well calculated to interest and excite the human mind as political speculations.

Nor should we think too lightly of this spirit of inquiry even in its extravagancies and aberrations. There are doubtless many discoveries to make in political science, as there are without question,

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many evils to be eradicated or at least mitigated in the social state. This spirit of investigation does not exist in vain, and is not, or will not be, without its fruits. The visions of the last age, have become the realities of this, and opinions which are now deemed absurd and impracticable, may to-morrow be adopted with success. There was a time, and that not far back, when religious tolerance was deemed a heresy in politics as in religion, and the separation of Church and State, the complete freedom of the conscience from legal fetters, is a very modern doctrine, and even now but partially adopted. Let us hear all sides, and listen patiently to all opinions. Truth will be winnowed by discussion from the chaff of error, and what is good and sound will abide for the instruction and benefit of those who are to come after us. Let the fullest scope be given to human inquiry, even should it to a certain extent shake the admitted belief, and unsettle the existing ideas of men. The attempt to fetter it but gives importance to error, and the force of resiliency to heresy. Much yet remains to be learned and done. There are still mysteries to be unravelled, and problems to be solved. We cannot feel much respect for him who can sit down and fold his hands in contentment with what has been achieved. It is true that in every state of society much evil will exist, much suffering will be inevitable. There will always be pangs which "neither kings nor laws can cure." At all times men have, and in all times they will, suffer many evils and oppressions. He who thinks that institutions can be contrived, which shall achieve the perfect happiness of mankind, is wofully mistaken, or rather labors under a fond delusion. It is the lot of human nature to suffer. "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble." But let not these melancholy reflections deter us from unwearying efforts to meliorate the condition of humanity. Much can be accomplished, to which that which has already been done cannot compare in magnitude. There are all around us refreshing indications of progress and improvement, and who will limit the march of improvement? A spirit of inquiry has been aroused throughout the civilized world, which is directed to the social amelioration of man. When Beccaria first published his work against excessive pains and penalties, the idea of abolishing capital punishment, for even minor offences, was deemed preposterous. Now there are flourishing States, where it has been wholly abandoned and with advantage. There was a time, and that not far back, when, in the words of a late writer, to *rot* in a jail for debt, was something more than a mere figure of speech. Now the public attention which has been turned seriously to the condition of prisons, has rendered them more efficient by reforming their abuses; and the abolition of incarceration for debt has become a popular idea, having even been partially determined upon in a country, where the

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horrors of the Fleet and the Marshalsea have acquired a painful and odious celebrity which will be enduring as our language.

We cite these few illustrations out of many which might be adduced. No man of a philanthropic spirit can look around him without seeing countless evils which it would be his earnest desire to mitigate or extirpate. There are hideous ulcers on the social body, which require the caustic and the knife of the political surgeon,—*ense recidenda.* By day and by night the voice of lamentation is heard upon earth and ascendeth to heaven. Cruelty, oppression, injustice, are yet rife in every land under the sun. What man who sympathizes with humanity, can traverse the streets of a crowded city, without having his feelings harrowed by scenes of the most revolting misery and injustice. He sees the palace confronted with the hovel; he witnesses superfluous wealth in actual contact with utter destitution. One man sits down to an Apician banquet, while another perishes at his threshold for the want of a crust of bread. "One treads upon the carpets of Persia or of Turkey, and burns the perfumes of the East in his vaulted halls," while another dies on a dunghill. On the one hand riotous opulence, on the other abject misery; here the child of poverty driven to crime by the desperation of want; there the minions of luxury stimulated to vice by the very satiety of pleasure. We do not say that all these things can be remedied; that these evils may be entirely cured; that the inequalities of fortune and the causes of vice and misery may be utterly extirpated. But we do say, that the man who can look and reflect on these things with indifference or without a yearning desire, if possible, to remedy, or at least palliate them, is of a soulless and heartless nature. There is, then, much justification for those who are striving for social ameliorations which even if unattainable are humane in the intention, and desirable in the end; nor should we lightly discourage that spirit which busies itself in philanthropic speculations.*

* Let those who sneer at political philanthropy read the following extract from a late French work, a Treatise upon the Education of Mothers of Families, by M. Aimé Martin. "The great misfortune of our villages is the degradation of women by the labors which belong to men. In their early infancy they drive the flocks and gather the harvest. While young girls, an instinct of coquetry, and the foresight of their mothers, banish them from the ruder fatigues of agriculture; but as soon as they are married every thing is changed; they abandon the house and follow their husbands into the fields. You see them bent to the earth like machines, or loaded with enormous burdens like beasts. There are provinces in France (I do not mean Africa) where they are attached to the plough like the ox and the ass. Then their skin becomes wrinkled, their features become masculine, and they fall into a premature decrepitude more hideous than that of old age. But while they are performing the labors of the woman, (those labors which soften all others) they remain unknown or neglected. Nothing can be more dirty and more unhealthy than the interior of a cottage. Often, hens, ducks, and hogs dispute the possession of its damp soil. The door opens into the mud, and the windows, when there are any, open upon the dungheap.

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But we deem it even fortunate for our republican system, and for the interests of freedom, that some ardent spirits exist who carry their ideas to the verge of extravagance. They invigorate and preserve the sacred flame which otherwise might become dim, or even extinct. Their enthusiasm animates those whose devotion might become sluggish from their absorption in sordid pursuits and material occupations. Their too ardent zeal serves as a check to restrain and counterbalance the opposite tendency to anti-liberal opinions which, under every form of government, exists in the very nature of many men. These opposing impulses, like the centripetal and centrifugal forces, keep the body politic in its true and invariable orbit. If one man is a leveller in opinion, another is a monarchist in feeling, so that there is a counterbalancing weight on the other side. But it is chiefly upon the more sluggish mass of their own party that these radical democrats exert a salutary influence. Let justice be done to those who are stigmatized by the title of *Loco-Focos.* Reviled as they have been, and made a very by-word by ignorant scoffers, the doctrines which they have

"Here it is, however, in a mudhole, like that of a savage, in the midst of the grunting of animals, and their offensive exhalations, that every evening, two human beings come to rest themselves from their fatigues. Here, no one welcomes them; nothing agreeable meets their eyes; the table is empty and the hearth is cold. And here, too, other labors await the woman; and before thinking of her husband's supper, and the care of her children, she must attend to the stable, and give food to the beasts.

"What a difference would there be if, abandoning to man the rude labors of the earth, and confining her own to the interior of the house, the woman, by her graceful foresight, had prepared every thing for the hour of return. The blaze would sparkle on the hearth; on the table, polished by her hands, would smoke the nutritious soup, and the high pyramids of chestnuts and potatoes bursting invitingly from their skins. The good housewife would then never be seen by her husband but in the midst of abundance, and surrounded by the smiling flock of her children. Thus, a genteel and easy life would become the life of a villager. But nothing gives him the idea of such happiness; he is ignorant of comfort, the charm of caresses, and even the power of love. His children tremble before him; his wife dreads the vigor of his arm. The adversary, and not the protector, of these feeble beings, he knows no law but force. The last reason of the peasant, in his cabin as well as the fields, is generally the weight of his fist.

"If we are asked for examples, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest, of France. Perigord, where the women grovel in a state of dirt and degradation, which re-acts upon the whole family—Picardy and Limousin, where repulsed to the last degree as an inferior race, they serve their husbands at the table without ever placing themselves at their sides—Crisse, where they are mere machines, beasts of burden and labor—Lower Brittany, finally, where the men, women, and children, reduced to an almost savage state, pell mell in the same mud, eat the same black corn in the same manger with their sheep and swine. Every where the degradation of the woman is the proof of the brutality of the man. And every where the brutalization of the man is the re-action of the degradation of the woman. Such is the situation of the peasantry in almost the whole of civilized Europe."

And this is in *la belle France*, the land of gallantry; the renowned realm of chivalry! We think there is some room for improvement yet.

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maintained, through evil report, are generally sound, and their practice, with perhaps slight exceptions, would make the world, happier and better. They are democrats in earnest; and their opinions, when freed from the exaggeration of passion, are those of enlightened philosophy. Their political doctrines are those of Jefferson, of Taylor, and of Madison; their financial opinions, those of all the accredited writers upon political economy. We have seen nothing in their proceedings, their speeches, and their resolutions, which, when fairly understood, with proper allowances, should excite the apprehensions of the most sober-minded republican. We speak now of what *we* have heard and read. They have been attacked by hard names and offensive calumnies; but their errors have not been pointed out, nor their reasons refuted. Their doctrine is simply that of equal rights; they are opposed to those monopolies and exclusive privileges which all must admit are at variance with the fundamental principles of our Government. They wish to encroach upon no man's rights, to seize upon no man's property; but they insist upon a clear field and no favor. They wish to secure to industry its just reward; to the mouth of labor, the bread which its hands have earned. They feel that there is no security for honorable toil under the fluctuations of a vicious paper currency, which a distinguished Senator, the head and ornament of the Federal party, has happily described to be the most successful of all inventions "to fatten the rich man's field with the sweat of the poor man's brow." They see that practices and privileges have been permitted to grow up under our system, contradictory to its letter, and at war with its spirit. They know that our institutions have not been suffered to work out those results which they should and can produce. They feel that the word of promise has been kept to the ear, but broken to the sense. They insist upon all the consequences which can fairly be educed from the principles which are at the foundation of democratic liberty. With these convictions and feelings, is it astonishing that they should express themselves with earnestness, and in the heat of the conflict, as all men are prone to do, sometimes exaggerate their opinions? Is it surprising that the voice of passion should sometimes swell above that of reason, when they hear the most absurd opinions and infamous designs falsely ascribed to them by their oppressors, who, under this cloud of obloquy, would not only debar them from the recovery of their lost rights, but even add fresh manacles to their fettered limbs? Surely not. And if ever they should, in the frenzy of desperation, realize the pretended apprehensions of their cold-hearted calumniators, who would be to blame, but those who, having first robbed them of their birth-right, outrage their feelings by adding insult to injury? But there is no fear of this. They will not fail to reconquer their rights by more pacific measures.

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It has been attempted to attach much odium to the, so called, radical democrats for holding the doctrine of the revocability of charters. For this they have been called robbers and violators of the public faith. These are hard words, and should not be applied for slight causes. It is not our intention, in this paper, either to maintain or to combat the doctrine. Our purpose will be simply to show, that irrational and anti-social as it may appear, (to use one of the cant phrases of the day,) it is not original with these much vilified politicians, but has been held by men who would give authority and do honor to any opinion. It is well known to have been a leading doctrine in the creed of Mr. Jefferson, who was wont indignantly to exclaim "Can the dead bind the living?" It is recorded in every page of the profound works of John Taylor of Caroline, who treated the opposite opinion as both shocking to common sense and incompatible with the first principles of political freedom. It is recorded by a distinguished gentleman, that Mr. Madison, a short period before his death, spoke of this question as at least one of difficulty and doubt. The common fallacy, that a consideration in the shape of a bonus converts a charter into an inviolable contract, as if the essential character of a great political question could be altered by the intentional addition of something foreign and adscititious, we regard as infinitely more absurd than almost any doctrine attributed to the Loco-Focos. If the converse of the opinion held by them could find no more specious grounds, the solution of the problem would not present much difficulty. In England, the Whig or Liberal party have always held, and sometimes carried into effect, the doctrine which is called radical with us. The debates on the East India and Bank questions, particularly the speeches of Mr. Fox, will be found ample vouchers for this statement. Lately, in the British Parliament, the discussion of the abolition of the Negro Apprenticeship raised a similar question, and it is singular to observe the almost unanimity with which it was maintained that a great political and moral measure, affecting such extensive rights and interests, could not be regarded in the narrow point of view of a mere contract. This consideration, it was alleged, might give an equitable claim for compensation, but by no means fetter the hands of Parliament. We may mention, also, that the American politicians who take this view of the charter question, have been most unfairly treated. They have been accused of intending confiscation and robbery, and the fact has been studiously concealed that they have uniformly contemplated, not only a return of the bonus, when a consideration has been paid, but even a reasonable allowance for the damages or loss that may be inflicted by the revocation of the privilege. It may be stated further, that in those cases where the State, in granting bank charters especially, has reserved the right of revocation, the stock has not been considered

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less desirable, or the investment less safe. There is an entire reliance upon the public faith and honor, and the only effect of the precaution, which is certainly a salutary one, is to put the companies upon their good behaviour. We repeat, it has not been our intention here to discuss this question, or take part with either side, but merely to show that the opinion of the popular party is not quite so irrational, so unsustained by high authority, or so novel, as is commonly supposed. On the subject of chartered immunities it may be well to observe, that even in Great Britain the Tory Lord Liverpool, when Premier, declared in his place in Parliament, that the day of monopolies had gone by. This was Loco-Focoism in high places, indeed.

We now come to the greatest *humbug* of all, to employ a term which seems to be stereotyped upon the lips of our adversaries, we mean the panic about *agrarianism*. We find it very hard to believe that any body can feel serious apprehensions on this score. The community doctrine is so absurd, and its execution so impracticable, that to make it an object of serious refutation, is to give it too much importance. It is an impossible theory. The agrarians of Rome, from whom we have the name, were not agrarians in the modern sense of the word. They did not demand a general division of property, but the restoration of the public domain to those to whom it had originally belonged; who had won it by their valor, and from whom it had been fraudulently alienated. It was for the recovery, not the destruction, of property that the Gracchi strove; it was in defence of the *vested rights* of original possession that they perished. The ancient agrarians, then, were anti-agrarian as the word is now understood. In fact no attempts upon a large scale have ever been made to carry out this speculation, except in the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, or some other founder of imaginary commonwealths. In the popular commotions of ignorant ages, the general spoil has been sometimes held out as a stimulus to an infuriated mob, but never, we imagine, as a principle of permanent political organization. In that furious insurrection of the common people in France, known as La Jacquerie, and in some other popular outbreaks, some vague ideas of the kind may have prevailed, but the unreasoned chronicles which we have of these remote events, do not enable us to estimate with accuracy their causes or their objects. One thing seems to be clear, that they were sudden outbreaks of the poorer sort of people, excited by accidental perhaps slight causes, against long and grievous oppressions. The obsequious chroniclers tell the tale of power reeking with triumph. We should like to hear both sides. If ever there was a revolution which gave birth to the wildest phantasies and the most visionary projects, it was that of France. All the elements and materials of the political fabric, were thrown back

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into chaos. No prejudice however hoary with antiquity was spared, no opinion however fortified by authority was respected; no right however legalized by the sanction of ages was sacred—save that of property. Neither religion nor morals was unviolated by the thorough-going reformers of this terrible epoch; the sacred bond of marriage, that strongest ligament of human society, was rudely torn asunder. Titanlike, they scaled the very heavens with impious defiance. Yet the sanctity of possession was respected; and if the estates of men were often cruelly confiscated and for trivial reasons, it was never on the ground that all men at all times were equally entitled to property in the earth, in its fruits, and those of industry. That which withstood a Marat, a Robespierre, and a Danton, has not much to fear from "Slamm, Bang & Co." The fact is that property is the foundation of civilized society, as marriage is of domestic morals. To talk about society without the basis of individual possession, is to talk about morality without the existence of the conjugal tie. In the wildest state man has property in his implements of war and of the chase: while yet nomadic he recognizes individual right in his horses and cattle; and civilized society, from its most incipient agricultural condition, is as much an aggregation of possessions as of individuals or families.

The fallacy at the foundation of the community doctrine is this, that it contemplates the earth without taking into view the additional value bestowed upon it by the industry of man. Without the improvement which labor has bestowed upon it, this world would be a barren waste or a rank wilderness. What were the possession of a continent, without the application of agriculture and the arts? It is labor which gives nearly all its value to the earth; the industry of man which does much more for him, than all the bounties of nature. It is the opinion of some political economists, De Tracy among the rest, that all value is derived from labor, and no one will deny, that it proceeds chiefly from that source. To talk, then, about the original and indefeasible right of all men to the earth is to forget the fact, that it owes its wealth and its worth to the industry of man, which is chiefly stimulated by, nay, which would not have been exerted without the existence of individual possession. There can certainly be no universal claim by nature or original right, to houses and furniture, and manufactured products, and the improvement of agriculture, even if it were conceded, as it regards the mere soil, which would not however, be very desirable without the labor by which it has been cultivated and adorned. Now, it is only individual possession, and the right of testamentary transmission of property, which has induced or can impel men to make those untiring exertions which have converted the rude gifts of nature into the products of subsistence, the means of comfort, the commodities of luxury, and the refinements of civilization.

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Even, then, conceding the original right of every one to the earth, as it came from the hands of the Creator, this has, ever since the origin of human society been merged by silent and irresistible compact into the more important and indispensable privileges of individual possession. This is the oldest and highest of all prescriptive titles. What is the state of man by nature, it is hard to say. All our speculations and reasonings must regard him as a gregarious animal, and have reference to the social state in which he has existed from the earliest traditions, and which alone comes within the purview of political science.

But it is rather too late in the day to proclaim these trite truisms. It is vain, too, to vindicate them, because people who do not at once recognize their conclusions, are not to be addressed by reason. The community doctrine has not the poor merit of originality or even novelty. It has always been a seductive idea, when sincerely entertained, to weak and amiable minds. The speculations of the ancient philosophy are full of it; and if early christianity, fresh from the precepts of its divine founder, "had all things in common," the practicability of the doctrine in the present age of the world, seems incompatible with the erring instincts of humanity. The anabaptists of Germany and other sects attempted it on a small scale and in a modified shape, but with poor success. Among these are the Moravians. We know not how their political *microcosm* has fared in Germany, but in this country, they have been already compelled to abandon, in a great measure, the principle. The example of the Shakers will scarcely be appealed to for its support, since it would furnish an equally strong argument for the possibility of eradicating the strongest of the natural instincts. This brings to mind an anecdote of one of the popes, who when told by a cardinal with a dismal face, that a sect whose principal tenet was the injunction of celibacy had sprung up, and threatened the very existence of the hierarchy, coolly observed, "don't be alarmed, *senza amore non si riusce*, without love it is impossible to succeed." The wild theories of St. Simonianism were almost too extravagant for apprehension, and too ephemeral for notice. The homely experiment of Rapp, and the more philosophical scheme of Owen, have terminated, the one in litigation, the other in abandonment. Folly, like dulness, never dies. As long as the world lasts these projects will be revived by the dupers or the duped, only to perish and be born again. They are founded upon an appeal to undying principles and feelings in human nature. These might be easily indicated and illustrated, but we have not time nor space for the task. Human commonwealths must be constructed with different materials from "the ants' republic and the realm of bees."

If agrarianism be an universal absurdity, how much more is it so in this country, where land is so cheap, and many millions of un-

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appropriated territory render possession so accessible to all. Even the accumulated wages of labor soon consolidate themselves into property of some kind, and it is rare to meet with a man who is not, has not been, or will not be, the owner of land or a house. In such circumstances men find it much easier, as it is more natural, to acquire property than to make war upon it. That the imputation is peculiarly unjust, as applied to the democratic party, is obvious from the fact, that its strength lies chiefly in the yeomanry of the country, who are almost to a man property holders; while the opposite influence has always been most potent in cities, where the class of mere proletaries is chiefly to be found. Again, to show that the tendency is rather in the opposite direction, or the danger from the other quarter, it must have struck every one, that as soon as the Opposition succeeded in propagating extensively the belief that the Administration was hostile to the rights of property, it was left in a minority, and it is only recovering its predominance by dint of disproving the accusation. We would ask, too, whether the republican leaders are, from character and position, more open to the imputation of being adverse to order, industry, and property, than other members of the community? Look, for example, at the present Administration, and acknowledge if it be possible to find men who, from their habits, principles, and possessions, present stronger guarantees against the suspicion of holding these wild and anti-social opinions?

But we must bring this discussion to a close. It is the more useless, because the imputation of agrarianism to any fragment, even, of the republican party, is false as it is ridiculous. We have yet to see the democrat who deserves the title. The accusation is unfounded, gratuitous, calumnious. The allegation is not made with sincerity. Why labor to convince those who have no convictions? The republican creed is clear and simple. It is the retention of as much individual liberty as is consistent with the security of each and the general harmony. It respects the persons, the rights, the property, nay, the very prejudices, of all. It legislates not for individuals or classes, but for the whole. It recognises no political distinction or superiority. It leaves to men the control of their own actions and pursuits, in as far as they do not encroach upon the rights of others. The tastes, the habits, the fashions of the citizen, it does not interfere with, much less attempt to regulate or enforce. It permits society to arrange itself by its own volitions, and leaves the associations of its members to their respective elective affinities. It recognises no exclusive privileges, no selfish monopolies; but embraces all with indiscriminate protection. The democratic creed may be summed up in this brief formula. As little government as possible; that little emanating from, and controlled by, the people; and uniform in its application to all.

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PAPINEAU.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

"The charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of justice and benevolence too far,—further than a cautious policy would warrant; and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted."—EDMUND BURKE.

Ay! let the mean, the grov'ling, brand thy name!
'Twill swell thy lofty triumph. Such may bow
Like supple reed before the breath of power,
But though it whispered round thee bland and sweet,
Thou wouldst not heed the tempter.—Then it came
As with a tempest's rush on thee and thine,
But all unmoved thou didst abide the shock.
On honor's rock thy soul was rifted deep,
And storm might howl around, but ne'er o'erthrow.
Unwavering champion of thy country's cause,
Shrink never from thy high and glorious task,
Till free, self-governed, from the stranger's thrall
Released, a young Republic shall arise,
Star-crowned, amid the nations, and shall hail
With praise and blessing her tried patriot's name.
Still at the altar of blest Freedom stand,—
Fearless and spotless, its high minister,—
And tend the sacred fire thy hand hath lit,
Till it shall flame to heaven, that beacon-light,
Kindling with its own glow each patriot heart.
What though a cloud now hides it from the view
Of the proud "Sons of Liberty," still they feel
'Tis all undimm'd and pure, and yet shall guide
To free and equal rights.

That altar's fire!
Each patriot shall guard it—all who love
Justice and mercy press to heap the pile,—
And earth's nobility, who will not bow
Opinion's neck beneath the foot of power,
Shall stir the flame. And may it not be fann'd
By woman's feeble breath, since in her heart
Full many a chord thrills deeply at thy name!

ALBANY, 12*th February*, 1838.

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THAYENDANEGEA.*

PRE-EMINENT among the Indians of the United States, during the whole period of our colonial history, were the confederated tribes of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Senecas, by the French commonly called the Iroquois, and by the English the Five Nations, and afterwards, the Six Nations, in consequence of the accession of the Tuscaroras to the league.

When the French entered Canada, they found these Indians where Montreal now stands, and engaged in war with a neighboring tribe called the Adisondocs. This war continued, with sundry vicissitudes, until the Iroquois proved at length victorious, and the power of the Adisondocs was completely broken; but meanwhile the Iroquois saw fit, or perhaps were compelled by the operations of the French, to recede along the St. Lawrence towards Lake Ontario, by reason of which that part of the river St. Lawrence bore the name of *Iroquois*, preserved in the treaty of 1783, in the definition of the boundaries of the United States on the side of Canada. Establishing the seat of their power in the region of the Lakes Ontario and Erie, the Iroquois drove before them the less energetic, or less powerful bands which previously occupied the country, and spread themselves or their authority and influence south and west over an extensive territory, which now comprehends New York, Western Pennsylvania, and most of Ohio. This great movement of the Iroquois, displacing the tribes immediately in contact with them, which tribes again pressed upon, and displaced, others beyond, diffused far and wide a knowledge of the warlike bands whose advance originated the general disturbance of preëxisting relations. Among the remotest Indians of New England, the Mohawk was a name of terror. The fugitive Hurons and Ottowas bore the name and the fame of the Iroquois inland to the Sioux of the Upper Mississippi. But that, which above all other things distinguished the Five Nations, and which, probably, more than their superiority in courage and prowess, enabled them to overpower so many hostile tribes, was their political organization. In general, the Indians of North America have been so utterly savage as not to possess enough either of municipal or political organization to enable them to act together efficiently for any length of time, as tribes; and still less have their scattered bands been capable of as-

* Life of Joseph Brandt—Thayendanegea, including the Indian war of the American Revolution. By William L. Stone, 2 vols. 8vo. New York. Published by George Dearborn & Co. 1838.

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sociating together permanently in great masses, for objects either of defence or of conquest, in opposition to a common foe. Occasionally, and for temporary objects, they have been held in league awhile, by the talents of a Pontiac, or a Tecumseh; but these have been exceptions to the general rule. The Senecas, Onondagas, Mohawks, Oneidas, and Cayugas, on the contrary, exhibited the rudiments of a well constituted and stable confederacy, each tribe having its own separate usages and interior government, but all, for a long period, conducting great undertakings in concert, for the common good. From union they derived the strength and spirit by and through which they vanquished or overawed the other Indian tribes; and in the same way they secured and retained the respect of the Europeans of New York and of Canada, with whom, by their geographical position, they were perpetually brought in contact. At a very early date, they became the allies of the English of New York against their common enemy, the French of Canada; and were, of course, active in the border wars of the northern frontier; and thus they continued, until the war of independence, which divided their friends, divided them, and led to the dissolution, in effect, of their confederacy, and the downfall of their power.

Thayendanegea, by birth a Mohawk, and of the tribe which, by the custom of the Six Nations, usually furnished the war-chief, had borne arms in the French and Indian wars, and other frontier transactions prior to the Revolution; and when the war of the Revolution broke out, sided with the English, and served them efficiently in the numerous incursions and detached conflicts of which our northwestern settlements were the scene for nearly twenty years. We say *twenty* years; for neither the hostilities of the Indians, nor indeed those of Great Britain, ceased until Wayne's victory subdued and humbled the former, and compelled the latter to surrender the frontier posts which, in violation of the treaty of Paris, she had so long retained, and to desist for a while from open machinations against our peace. During this period, then, Thayendanegea, as principal chief of the Mohawks, and of such others of the Six Nations as adhered to the same cause, was the active and indefatigable ally of England, and enemy of the United States; and his name, coupled with so many reminiscences of savage cruelty, of which he was the real or supposed instigator and agent, has descended to our times invested with a bad eminence of peculiar infamy.

It is distinctive of the North American savages to follow usages of war at once cowardly and ferocious; to prowl around the solitary house, and massacre its defenceless inmates; to shun fair encounters in the open field; to burn, destroy, and lay waste, in sheer vindictiveness, or wanton malice; to slaughter women and children with unrelenting blood-thirstiness; and to glory in carrying off the

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scalps of sucking babes, equally as those of manful opponents won in the heat of battle. Now that these things have passed away from our own doors—from the immediate neighbourhood of so large a part of the population of the United States—much sickly sentimentality is wasted upon the men whose only pride is in the perpetration of such deeds; and whom, thus far, neither persuasion nor example has been able to reclaim from their inveterate habits of dissolute idleness in time of peace, and unmitigated barbarism in time of war.

As the leader of some of the fierce bands armed against us by Great Britain at that period, Thayendanegea, we repeat, by his English name of Brandt, has come down to us, in the histories of that day, and in the tales of border tradition, the object of execration, and of horror. Notoriously and unquestionably, he was a commissioned leader of the Indian auxiliaries of Great Britain, commanding a portion of those troops the mere employment of which at all was justly stigmatized then, and ever since, as deeply disgraceful to the mother country. He was known to have been present, as war-chief of the Mokawks, in numerous scenes of massacre and carnage. In his case, as in that of other commanders, common fame, whether rightfully or not, held him responsible for the savage acts of his savage followers. All the contemporaneous accounts concurred in imputing to him the traits of character common to his race and his position; or as Mr. Stone himself says: "In the meagre sketches of his life hitherto published, although an occasional redeeming virtue has been allowed by some, anecdotes of treachery and blood have been introduced, to sustain the imputed disposition of relentless ferocity;" and we may add, that with all the light that Mr. Stone, a most friendly biographer, and the family of the subject, have been able to throw upon the question, too many of those "anecdotes of treachery and blood" are, in point of fact, undenied, and undeniable. And Campbell, in the well remembered passage of Gertrude of Wyoming, has expressed the ideas concerning Thayendanegea, handed down to us by our fathers. Outalissi, the Oneida chief, speaks:

"'But this is not the time,'—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand,—
'This is no time to fill the joyous cup;—
'The Mammoth comes,—the foe, the monster Brandt,
'With all his howling, desolating, band;—
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine,
'Awake at once and silence half your land.—
'Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine:
'Awake, O wretch! to night, or see no morrow shine!
'Scorning to wield the hatchet for his tribe,
''Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
'Accursed Brandt!'"

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This notorious personage is the subject of Mr. Stone's work, or rather, in the execution of the original purpose of preserving the memory of the great number of interesting events, of which the Indian country of New York, and especially the valley of the Mohawk, was the theatre, Mr. Stone adopted the plan of associating the history of those events with an account of the life of Thayendanegea. Though called the 'Life of Joseph Brandt,' it is, therefore, a much more extensive and important work; including, in part, as the title page indicates, 'the border wars of the American Revolution, and sketches of the Indian campaigns of Generals Harman, St. Clair, and Wayne, and other matters connected with the Indian relations of the United States and Great Britain.' Indeed, these 'other matters'—other, that is, than the life of Brandt—occupy the chief part of the work, and are of the greatest value, and the more permanent historical interest; and we should have been better pleased with the work, if Thayendanegea had been a less prominent figure in the piece. He was, it is true, the most conspicuous Indian of that time, and that section of the country; he performed the acts of blood proper to such an auxiliary; but his condition was that of a simple captain, as he himself states, (vol. ii. pp. 408,) in the British service; he played a secondary and subordinate part in the great drama, of which he is here made the hero; and he is thus lifted into an apparent position of relative importance, altogether undeserved by him, or any other of the savage instruments of the vengeance of England against her revolted colonies.

We object, in general, to the posthumous canonization, which a misdirected sympathy, as we think, and erroneous impression of the facts, is so prone to bestow on every savage, who like Thayendanegea, or Oseola, happens to distinguish himself by peculiar ferocity or activity, against our own people, and our own blood. And, in the particular case before us, we see that the effect of making Thayendanegea the hero of a work of this magnitude, has been to seduce Mr. Stone into an over-estimate of the personal character of Brandt, and of his importance in history. Thus it is, we conceive, that much ingenuity and acuteness are expended, in several instances, in the attempt, on the one side, to disclose the mind, or the hand of Thayendanegea, and to do him honor, in connection with great affairs, wherein his participation is either purely conjectural or imaginary, and wholly subordinate; and, on the other, to free him from the generally received imputation of odium in reference to smaller events within his appropriate scope and sphere. This we think to have been a fault of arrangement or plan, which, though it may not impair the general interest of the work, and may, perhaps, add to it, is nevertheless a defect, because it is injurious to symmetry of design, and because it introduces questionable facts,

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and still more questionable conclusions, into a book whose value and attractiveness will give to it an extensive currency, and which, from the novelty and original sources of much of its contents, will possess great intrinsic historical importance.

At the same time, Mr. Stone has explored successfully, a rich and productive mine of facts. The valley of the Mohawk, and the contiguous country west of it, was the seat of the Five Nations. There the French and English so often met, negotiated, and made war. There it was that the Five Nations, the Romans of the new world, as Caldero grandiloquently calls them, displayed their eloquence and their bravery, elicited by the conflicting relations of their European neighbours of Canada and New York. There, in the long contest of the Revolution, and in the Indian wars which followed, were manifested all the traits of courage, hardihood, perseverance, enterprise, intelligence, and patriotism, which distinguished our own forefathers; and the sagacity, fortitude, physical endurance, fierceness, and blood-guiltiness, of the savages around them. Vindictive expeditions of the expatriated tories, wasting with fire and sword the country they had abandoned; operations of the inhabitants for the defence of their homes, and the support of their independence; and all the vicissitudes of battle, captivity, and thrilling adventure, belong to the local history of that region. In addition to which, during the Revolution, it was the scene of many, among the most remarkable acts and brilliant enterprises, on a large scale, of the national forces of England and of the United Colonies. All these things render the tract of country in question, peculiarly rich in historical incident. Mr. Stone having spent some of his early years in the valley of the Mohawk, in the midst of localities marked by such interesting events, and of those who had acted and suffered in them, was prompted, in the process of time, to conceive the idea of collecting and preserving the papers, letters, and fleeting recollections, appertaining to the past, ere they should pass into oblivion with the generation in whose possession, or memory, those original elements of history subsisted; and the present work, covering only the latter part of the period of his researches, is the result of that design; a life of Sir William Johnson, the celebrated English agent among the Indians of New York, being promised, which shall narrate the events of the former part of that period, anterior to the Revolutionary war.

In the prosecution of this task, the author, in addition to the matter previously in print, has had the use of a great mass of manuscript materials, consisting of journals, letters, and other papers, of many of the distinguished men of that day, including those of General James Clinton, of General Gansevoort, of Sir William Johnson, and of Brandt himself, preserved by his family in Canada.

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Connected with the local history, which Mr. Stone has derived from the sources indicated, or from the communications of living persons, he has introduced from time to time sketches of the general history of the Revolution. While the effect of this may have been to render the contents somewhat multifarious, it has given the work a more diversified interest, by means of the great variety of incident and of personal adventure which it brings to relieve the graver events of war and policy.

Without entering into all these topics, which the limits of an Article like the present forbid, and reserving the liberty of recurring again, in a future Second Article, to this interesting work, we will endeavour to throw together, in a continuous narrative, the principal traits in the life and character of Thayendanegea.

Mr. Stone labours to show that Thayendanegea was a full-blooded Mohawk, and the son of a Sachem; whose name, as communicated to him by the chief's family, was Teho-wagh-wen-ga-ragh-kwin. This reputed father is said to have died in the infancy of his son; and the mother having afterwards married an Indian called Brandt, her son grew up with the name of Joseph Brandt. The old popular tradition, however, made him a half-blood. His being the grandson of one of the Mohawk chiefs who visited England in 1710, proves nothing as to his father, because the chieftaincy in that tribe descends through the female exclusively. The point is not important except as bearing upon the capacity of the Indian for cultivation and improvement in the arts of civilized life; it being notorious that very many of those Indians, at the present time, who have risen above the mass are half-breeds. Who Teho-wagh-wen-ga-ragh-kwin was, does not distinctly appear. Mr. Stone *conjectures* that he may be the same person with a Mohawk Indian frequently mentioned in Sir William Johnson's papers, as an intimate of his, by the name of Nickus Brant; and yet he informs us that the tradition in the family of Thayendanegea corresponds with the received idea, that he derived the name of Brandt, not from his own father, but from his mother's second husband. On the whole, little on this point is certain, except that he was born in 1742, of a Mohawk woman, the daughter, perhaps, of a Sachem, and that his mother returned from a distant expedition among the Miamis and Wyandots of the Ohio, with two infant children, one of them Thayendanegea, and the other a daughter commonly called Molly Brandt, whom Sir William Johnson afterwards took into his family as his wife, though probably without a formal marriage. This connection laid the foundation of the fortunes of Thayendanegea. Sir William Johnson became his patron, employed him frequently in military and civil business among the Indians, caused him to be placed at the Moor charity school in Lebanon, Connecticut, under the charge of Dr. Wheelock, and thus prepared him, by education, employments, as-

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sociation with the English, and his own countenance, to rise in due time to be head chief of the Mohawks.

We first hear of Thayendanegea in the field, at the age of thirteen, under Sir William Johnson, at the battle of Lake George in 1755; and again, in the Niagara campaign in 1759. Between this time and the year 1762, but for how long precisely does not appear, he was at the Moor school in Lebanon. In 1762 we find him acting as interpreter, with Mr. Smith, a missionary among the Mohawks. In 1763, he accompanied an expedition against Pontiac, and the Indians of the upper lakes. During the long interval of peace which followed the conquest of Canada by the English, occasional notices occur of Thayendanegea, residing at Canajoharie, one of the castles of his tribe, and greatly esteemed by the missionaries and other English who visited the Mohawk country, for his comparative cultivation, his decent life, his adoption of christianity, and his endeavors to civilize and convert his countrymen. He continued, also, in frequent association with Sir William Johnson and his family; and after the death of Sir William, in 1774, he became the secretary of Colonel Guy Johnson, the son-in-law of Sir William, and his successor in the post of English superintendent of the Indians of New York.

When the troubles between Great Britain and the Colonies began, and the spirit of resistance to the measures of the mother country spread from Massachusetts to the other Colonies, the Whigs of western New York found themselves in a peculiar trying and critical position. They were surrounded by Indians, and in the midst of them were many loyalists, some of whom, the Johnsons especially, possessed great influence. Sir William had enjoyed much personal popularity as well as official power. His son, Sir John Johnson, his sons-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson and Colonel Daniel Claus, had succeeded to his estates, his rank, and his official employments; for while Guy Johnson was made Indian agent, Sir John obtained his father's commission of brigadier-general of the militia. They were actively supported by the Butlers, another family of great wealth and influence in their neighbourhood. Both parties, whigs and loyalists, looked with anxiety to the future movements of the Indians, and endeavoured to gain their good will. The Oneidas and Tuscaroras, it soon appeared, were favorably disposed towards the Colonies, under the influence of their celebrated missionary, Mr. Kirkland; or at least would not take up arms in behalf of England. But the Mohawks, part of which tribe lived in Canada, the Cayugas, and many others of the Indians of the Six Nations, sided with Great Britain. Among the circumstances, which led to this, the public relation of the Johnsons to the Indians, and the habitual deference they had thus acquired, was undoubtedly the principal one; but another was the alliance of the

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family with the Mohawks, through Molly Brandt, the wife of Sir William—in all but the forms of law—and through her brother, Thayendanegea. Aided by the latter, Colonel Johnson intrigued continually with the Indians, in anticipation of war, and when the war commenced, he, with Colonel John Butler, his son Walter N. Butler, and Thayendanegea, retired into Canada to raise forces. Thayendanegea assisted at several Indian councils in the course of this period; and finally, at a council held in Montreal, in July, 1775, at which Generals Carleton and Haldimand were present, he, at their instigation, together with a large number of chiefs and warriors who accompanied him, enlisted in good earnest in the war against the Colonies.

We pause a moment only to remark, that it was the anxious wish, and endeavour of the Continental Congress, as it was of the United States at a subsequent period, that neither English nor Americans should enlist the Indians in their contests. Congress exhorted the Indians to stand neuter, and to continue their ordinary pursuits, without engaging for, or against, either party. This humane purpose was defeated by England, who set the example of arousing the savages against us; and notwithstanding numerous efforts on our part to produce a different state of things, has persisted from that day to this in her unhallowed policy, to the destruction of the Indians themselves, and the perpetual dishonor of the English name.

Previously to actually taking the field, however, Thayendanegea visited England, early in the year 1776; but for what precise object, does not appear. Having returned, he was present, it would seem, at the affair of the Cedars, in May, 1776; for though he is not mentioned by any of the old books as active in that affair, yet he is known to have been of the party of Indians engaged there, because, after the surrender of Major Sherburne, he exerted himself to aid in saving the life of Captain McKinstry, one of the American prisoners. In the following year, Thayendanegea led a band of Indians across the country to the Susquehannah; and had an interview with General Herkimer, at Unadilla; but, without committing any serious hostilities, drew off his men to Oswego, where Sir John Johnson, and Colonel John Butler, were concentrating a force of Indians and Tories. This was an ominous conjunction. Neither the officers nor the men of the regular British army, had, in general, any inducement to carry on the contest otherwise than according to the ordinary usages of war. But the Indians employed by them were Indians still—savages, in spirit and conduct. And the refugee English, compelled to abandon their property and their homes, in consequence of their loyalty or their attachment to Great Britain, many of them irritated by insults as well

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as by losses and by exile, carried into the war the fierce passions of men seeking for personal vengeance.

The forces at Oswego were destined to advance upon the Mohawk country, under Colonel St. Leger, simultaneously with the march of General Burgoyne, by Lake Champlain, and to form a junction with the latter at Albany. Scouting parties of the Indians preceded St. Leger. The Six Nations were now divided, and in arms, some for one party, and some for the other, and the great council fire in the Onondaga country was extinguished. St. Leger laid siege to Fort Schuyler. The Provincials, upon learning the approach of the Royalists, prepared to meet them; and the consequence was the battle of Oriskany, fought on the sixth of August, 1777, in which, after a desperate engagement, the Provincials remained masters of the field, though with the loss of their brave commander, General Herkimer, and many of his followers. Thayendanegea commanded the Mohawk and other British Indians in this battle, and they suffered severely. Colonel St. Leger continued to press the siege of Fort Schuyler, however, for several weeks, when he was obliged, by intelligence of the alleged advance of a large body of troops, under General Arnold, to retreat from before Fort Schuyler, and endeavour to join the main army by another route.

While the defeat and surrender of General Burgoyne, in October, broke the power of the British on this side of the St. Lawrence and the lakes, and freed the country from hostile expeditions on a great scale, the inhabitants suffered the more from the partisan incursions of the vindictive Indians and Tories. During the residue of the war, Thayendanegea and his Indians, often, in conjunction with the Butlers, were, year after year, perpetually engaged in harassing the western settlements of New York and Pennsylvania. What Mr. Stone says of his operations in 1778, will apply to the subsequent years.

"Wherever a blow could be struck to any advantage, Joseph Brandt was sure to be there. Frequently, moreover, were there instances in which individuals, and even whole families in the outskirts of the settlements, disappeared, without any knowledge on the part of those who were left, that an enemy had been near them. The smoking ruins of their dwellings, the charred bones of the dead, were the only testimonials of the cause of the catastrophe, until the return of a captive, or the disclosures of some prisoner taken from the foe, furnished more definite information."

Mr. Stone adds: "But there is no good evidence that Brandt was himself a participator in secret murders, or attacks upon isolated individuals or families." This remark is a singular sequel to "the charred bones" and "the smoking ruins," and the other evidences of midnight massacre, just before described. If Thayendanegea is to have all the honors of being "The Great Captain of the Six Nations," and if, in that capacity, he for years *conducted* a

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war of massacre, private vengeance, and midnight pillage, it avails little to show that here and there, he rescued a prisoner from the hatchets of his Mohawks. Nor are we to abstain from condemning him, and wait until women and children, massacred in their beds, or burnt in the conflagration of their dwellings, shall arise from the grave to bear witness against their murderers, and to give "good evidence that Brandt was himself a participator." Our author himself says: "Wherever a blow could be struck to any advantage, Joseph Brandt was sure to be there." Very well. When did his Mohawks ever strike *any blow* voluntarily except from ambush, or in midnight surprises, with peaceful cultivators, and helpless women massacred or made captive, and burning hamlets and villages to mark the presence of the savage foe? Thayendanegea, we cheerfully admit, was superior to the rest of his tribe in cultivation, and in civilized tastes and tendencies, and various well authenticated instances of his humanity are adduced by Mr. Stone; but it is impossible for the "Captain of the Six Nations," their war-chief in all the operations of the war, to shake from his skirts the guilt of the long series of enormities perpetrated by them in New York and Pennsylvania.

We have not space to go over the particulars of all these frontier outrages, or do more, for the most part, than simply to enumerate them, dwelling only on two or three of the most important.

Early in 1778, Thayendanegea burned and wasted the settlement of Springfield, at the head of the Otsego Lake.

In July of the same year, Colonel John Butler led a band of Tories and Indians against the settlements in the Valley of Wyoming, beat the Provincial troops who opposed him, reduced Fort Wyoming, and, regardless of the articles of capitulation with the garrison, by which he stipulated to leave the settlers and their property unmolested, suffered the valley to be laid waste, the dwellings to be destroyed by fire, and the inhabitants, men, women, and children, such as escaped massacre, to be led into captivity, or driven off to perish miserably in the woods or swamps. This is the fearful tragedy of Wyoming, transmitted to us by history and poetry, as one of the most infamous and daring deeds of border warfare on record.

It is the generally received account, in all the books of history, British and American, that Brandt was associated in this affair with Colonel Butler, the ostensible leader of the expedition. This, however, Mr. Stone strenuously denies, affirming that "he was many miles distant at the time," in proof of which, he refers to the declaration of Thayendanegea himself, and "the uniform testimony of the British officers engaged in that expedition." We should have been glad to see this matter a little more fully explained. *Where* was Thayendanegea at the time? How engaged? Who

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are the British officers referred to by Mr. Stone, as the compurgators of Brandt? Only one of them, a Mr. Frey, is mentioned by name. John Brandt, a son of Joseph, visited England in 1822, and with honorable filial piety strove, in correspondence with Mr. Campbell, to vindicate the memory of his father from the imputations connected with this matter, which the poem of Gertrude of Wyoming had disseminated wherever the English language is read. It is singular that neither the letter of John Brant, nor the documents he laid before Mr. Campbell, are given to us. We discover their unsatisfactory nature from Mr. Campbell's reply. He says: "I rose from perusing the papers you submitted to me, certainly with an altered impression of his (Thayendanegea's) character. The evidence afforded induces me to believe that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. Lastly, *you affirm* that he was *not within many miles* of the spot *where the battle* which decided the fate of Wyoming *took place*, and, from *your offer of reference* to living witnesses, I cannot but admit the assertion." We ask again, how many miles off was he *when the battle was fought?* Where was he AFTER the battle was fought, the next and the following days, when the Indians and Tories ravaged the valley, and drove the inhabitants to perish in the mountains? Who are the "living witnesses" of his absence from the battle, even? When Gordon, Ramsay, Belsham, Adolphus, and, as Mr. Stone candidly admits, "every written history of this battle extant, not even excepting the last revised edition of the Life of Washington by Chief Justice Marshall;" when all these old accounts concur in representing Brandt to have accompanied this expedition, the evidence should be very full, and very circumstantial, to establish the contrary "in the face of every historical authority." We confess to be not very well satisfied as to the *whereabout* and the occupation of the Mohawk chief, the man always present "wherever a blow could be struck to advantage," on this occasion, when his Indians were reaping such a plentiful harvest of blood and plunder among the blazing rafters of Wyoming. We need to see more evidence on the subject.

However this may be, we find Thayendanegea, in the course of the same summer, actively engaged in ravaging the Mohawk valley, signalizing himself by the total destruction, especially, of the populous settlements of German Flats, though the inhabitants, receiving timely warning, fled before him, and took refuge in Forts Dayton and Herkimer. And in November of the same year, a party of Indians and Tories, led by Brandt and by Walter N. Butler, the son of Colonel John Butler, fell upon the settlement of Cherry Valley, and repeated, point for point, the tragedy of Wyoming. The village was burnt to the ground, whole families massacred in cold blood, and all who survived the tomahawk and the brand, were

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made captive, though most of the women and children were afterwards released. There is evidence that Brandt saved *one woman's life* in the course of the affair; but whether he or Butler is to be held chiefly accountable for the barbarities perpetrated by the Indians, was disputed between them. Butler's friends ascribed them to Brandt. Butler himself said, in a letter to General Schuyler, 'I have done every thing in my power to restrain the fury of the Indians from hurting women and children, or killing the prisoners who fell into our hands. I look upon it beneath the character of a soldier to wage a war with women and children.' Nay, in another letter, addressed to General Clinton, he undertakes to say that both he, and his father, Colonel John Butler, were innocent of the commission of any cruelties, *either at Wyoming, or Cherry Valley.*

The truth is, the employment of Indians in the war at all, was the fundamental wrong, for which the English Government is responsible to past and future generations. We may concede, for the argument's sake, that Brandt was as well disposed as the Butlers, Johnsons, and other refugees, his associates; and that is conceding much; for, in addition to being a refugee loyalist equally with them, he was an Indian, having the passions and sentiments of an Indian, how much soever humanized by long association with the English. And Mr. Stone himself relates that, in after life, when still more cultivated and refined by habits of peace and by society, Thayendanegea justified and defended the Indian usages of warfare. Why then seek to free him from responsibility for outrages which he led on the Indians to perform, and *which he thought it right to perform?*

To illustrate this, we shall give the next of Thayendanegea's achievements in Mr. Stone's own words. The village of Minisink being left without protection, except by its own people,

"Captain Brandt determined to make a descent upon it, for the purpose of taking both plunder and prisoners. Accordingly, on the twentieth of July, (1779,) or rather during the night of the nineteenth, *the crafty Mohawk stole upon the slumbering town*, &c. Such was the silence of their approach, that *several houses were already in flames when the inhabitants awoke to their situation.* Thus surprised, and wholly unprepared, all who could escape fled in consternation, leaving the invaders to riot upon the spoil, &c."

This attack upon, and destruction of, Minisink, professedly planned and carried through by Thayendanegea, differ in magnitude only, not in principle, from the affairs of Wyoming and Cherry Valley. It was followed, a few days afterwards, by a battle between the Indians and a party of militia from Goshen, in which the latter were defeated and nearly all killed, many in the fight, and many others in cold blood after it was over. Brandt tomahawked Colonel Wisner, one of the prisoners, with his own hand, for the purpose, as he himself has since explained it, of *putting the wounded officer out of pain*; which our author de-

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scribes as "a savage exhibition of humanity." We think it was a very savage way of manifesting benevolence.

In the same year, Thayendanegea was in the battle of Newtown, where General Sullivan defeated the British and their Indian allies, commanded by the Butlers and the Johnsons.

The ravages of the Indians continued in 1780. Thayendanegea himself fell upon, and destroyed, the village of Canajoharie; and later in the year accompanied Sir John Johnson in a robber's expedition against the Schoharie settlements.

But we sicken of all these horrors of savage rapacity and vengeance. From their winter-quarters at Niagara and Oswego, Brandt and his Indians, and the Tories, their worthy companions, continued their course of incursions into the back settlements of New York, burning, pillaging, and slaying, until the depopulation of the country, or their own losses, stayed their hands, and the approach of peace put an end, in that quarter, to their bloody vocation.

When the treaty of peace came out, the Mohawks, and other Indian allies of Great Britain, were disappointed to find that it contained no stipulation in their behalf. England had used them for her benefit, not for theirs. "Notwithstanding their constancy, their valor, the readiness with which they had spilt their blood, and the distinguished services of their great captain, Thayendanegea,"—that is, to say, notwithstanding the alacrity with which, at the instigation and under the orders of Great Britain, they had, for eight years, dedicated themselves to a life of robbery, massacre, and midnight conflagration,—notwithstanding "the distinguished services!" of Thayendanegea, as the "great captain" of a band of outlaws and assassins,—they discovered, as it was right they should, that they must either abandon their old homes, or remain at the mercy of the people whose habitations and kinsfolk they had plundered and murdered. Of course, the Mohawks gladly accepted permission to occupy a tract of country on the Grand River of Lake Erie, ready to be again employed by England, when occasion should arrive, in savage inroads, against the frontier settlements of the United States.

This concession of land was originally made by General Haldimand, immediately after the conclusion of the war. Brandt and his people contended that it was a grant in fee, and that the Mohawks were to be treated not only as the owners of the soil, but as an independent nation. This, of course, the Canadian Government could not, and did not, allow; it having been a fundamental policy of England, at all times, to consider the Indians as dependent tribes subject to their power, and as holding only a possessory use in the soil. Any other view of the subject would have been fatal to the peace and sovereignty of the country. But while England adhered to this policy in Canada, as she had always done in the

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other colonies before their separation, she spared no exertion to spirit on the Indians of the United States, especially those Indians of the Six Nations who remained in New York, and the various Indians of the northwest, to insist on having all the country northwest of the river Ohio yielded up to them in full sovereignty by the United States.

To accomplish this object, Great Britain, notwithstanding the treaty of peace, retained the frontier posts along the St. Lawrence, and the lakes, and thus had ample facilities to inflame the hostility of the Indians; and from the close of the revolutionary war, until Wayne's treaty of Greenville, a period of ten years, her intrigues among the Indians left no peace to our western settlements. Harmand's defeat, that of St. Clair, and Wayne's victory, are the great events which mark that sorrowful period. In the numerous councils of the confederated hostile Indians, Thayendanegea was generally present, sometimes the advocate of peace, at others of war, but contributing efficiently to keep alive the agitation of the Indians. In 1792, he visited Philadelphia, invited by our Government to a council there, in the hope that he might be persuaded to cease altogether from hostility to the United States, and even to quit the service of Great Britain. He was an object of curiosity and interest to our people, on his journey to the seat of Government, like Blackhawk, Oseola, and other Indians, in proportion to the injury they have done us; but the settlers in the Mohawk Valley could not so soon forget the wrongs they had suffered at his hands; and were with great difficulty withheld from taking his life. He rejected the overtures of our Government, except so far as to undertake a specific mission to the Miamis. Nay, though supposed, or professing, to be friendly to peace, he, and his Mohawks, it now appears on the testimony of his family, were actually in the field at the battle of the Miamis; or, as Mr. Stone says, "one of the master spirits against whom he (St. Clair) contended, and by whom he was signally defeated, was none other than Joseph Brandt." Indeed, his favorite object, for which, in part, he visited England in 1785, had been to combine all the northwestern Indians in a permanent confederacy, under the protection of the English Government.

We consider the facts and documents in relation to this period of our history, as among the most important parts of this work. It contains an abundance of authentic original evidence, of the most conclusive character, in illustration of the fact, so dishonorable to her, that England was secretly at the bottom of the Indian wars of that period. We have not space, as we wish we had, to exhibit the correspondence of Governor Simcoe, Major Matthews, Sir John Johnson, and other Canadian officers, bearing on this subject. We will adduce one thing only, as an example. In the spring of 1794, Governor Clinton, of New York, transmitted to General Washing-

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ton, an alleged speech of Lord Dorchester to the Indians, manifestly hostile to the United States, and totally incompatible with the neutral relations of the two nations. Chief Justice Marshall, in the Life of Washington, denies the authenticity of this speech; and Mr. Sparks seems to follow his opinion. Mr. Stone settles the question. He had in his possession, among the papers entrusted to him by Brandt's family, a certified manuscript copy of the speech, preserved by Brandt himself. Other facts of the same class, which his work contains, are invaluable, in their bearing upon our past and present relations with Great Britain.

With the defeat of the Indians by General Wayne, and the treaty of Greenville, the military career of Thayendanegea terminated. He passed the remaining twelve years of his life in Canada, excepting a second visit to the United States, in which, as before, he was pursued by the vengeance of those who had suffered in the Revolution by his followers, and narrowly escaped being the victim of their matured and well founded hatred. In Canada, he laboured for the civilization and improvement of his people; and his efforts to establish among them the institutions of religion deserve commendation. He himself procured much of the ordinary cultivation and acquirement belonging to civilized life, as evinced by his speeches, and by his letters. But notwithstanding his endeavours to civilize his people, nay, partly in consequence of his plans to introduce white settlers among them, he encountered some difficulties and complaints on their part. He was accused of peculation; but apparently without good cause. At one time his opponents succeeded, under the guidance and advice of the Seneca Chief, Red Jacket, in having him deposed from the chieftainship, by a council of the Six Nations. But he was afterwards restored at another and a fuller council; and on the whole, he seems to have retained, and deservedly, the respect of the Indians and Canadians, until the end of his life.

A few years before his death, Thayendanegea removed his own residence to the head of Lake Ontario, and died there in 1807, at the age of sixty-four, his third wife, Catharine Brandt, surviving him. In 1795, his eldest son, Isaac, a man of reckless and dissolute life, struck at his father in a fit of intoxication, and in the sudden heat of the affray Brandt drew his knife, and gave the son a blow on the head, of which he died. Though Brandt was acquitted, by the public opinion of the English, as well as of the Mohawks, of the guilt of premeditated murder, in this affair, yet the circumstances were characteristic of the spirit and the impulses of the Indian race. Other children survived him; and his youngest son, John Brandt, the correspondent of Mr. Campbell, was designated by his mother, herself the daughter of a head chief, to succeed his father as chieftain of the Mohawks. John Brandt was a

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well educated man, served actively in the war of 1812, in company with others of his family and tribe, and in 1832 was elected a member of the Parliament of Upper Canada. His election was disputed by his competitor, and set aside on the ground that many of the electors who held lands in the Mohawk country, under Indian leases, were not freeholders. And in the same year he died of the cholera, leaving the succession to an infant son of his sister, Mrs. Kerr.

Having, in the course of this Article, expressed our opinion of some of the leading traits in the life and conduct of Thayendanegea, we have a few words of general explanation to add. He was, undoubtedly, a person of very considerable natural abilities, cultivated by education and circumstances, superior to the rest of his tribe in all respects, a sagacious and brave partisan officer, a man of general intelligence and respectability, free from many of the vices of character which usually belong to those of his race, and possessed of many of the qualities which distinguish the civilized man. That he was Indian still, in the basis of his character, and that in those military events of the revolutionary times, which alone have given him celebrity, he carried on war as an Indian, we fully believe; and to a mere partisan officer, the captain of a band of savages, though in general spirit, or individual cases, he shewed himself more merciful than his followers, we cannot concede the honors of a great man or a hero, any more than to Sir John Johnson, John Butler, or Walter N. Butler, the companions of his marauding expeditions in New York and Pennsylvania.

If we regard him as an Indian, and compare him with such men as Pontiac or Tecumseh, we must place him on a lower scale of native intellectual eminence. If we compare him with English or Americans, we cannot perceive any cause to elevate him, as a man, above other military men of the same subordinate rank. The high-sounding names of chief, noble, and king, which are so liberally applied to the head men among the North American Indians, lead to most erroneous conceptions of the true relations of things. In 1763, the Mohawks were computed to muster one hundred and sixty warriors; in 1776, three hundred warriors, representing at most, one thousand, or fifteen hundred souls. We can readily estimate the political weight of the selectmen, or even the chief citizens, of a little village of fifteen hundred souls of our own race or people; and if he were a good man in his station we should honor him as such, and not otherwise. And why think better of the head man of a little Mohawk village or tribe? Again—if that chief citizen of one of our own towns rose to the rank of colonel of a regiment of six hundred, eight hundred, or one thousand men, and performed good service in that capacity according to his lights for eight years, it would be doing all possible (and more than true) justice to the

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character and services of Thayendanegea, to place the latter on the same level with the former.

We comprehend why an Indian is, by those unaccustomed to the sight, sought after as a spectacle, a rarity, a show; but when we sit down calmly to estimate the character of a man, we must measure him by the general standard of humanity, and not allow ourselves to fall into the error of imagining, that because he is of Indian blood, in part or in whole, he is therefore wiser or greater, than the men of our own nobler Anglo-Norman race. The general presumption is the reverse always. And instead of wondering that Thayendanegea, brought up from boyhood under the eye and favor of Sir William Johnson, and habitually associated with Englishmen for so many years, should have acquired a tincture of the knowledge and tastes of civilization, the marvel would have been if he had failed to acquire it, as the marvel now is, that the great body of the Indians have so long remained utterly impervious to all the elevating influences of christianity, and of the European arts and mind. Doubtless the Indians have suffered in contact with us; but they have suffered, because of their own inherent vices of character and condition, such as their obstinate idleness and apathy, and their want of, and revulsion from all political institutions,—infinitely the rather than by reason of any fault of ours. It is our misfortune, quite as well as theirs, that they cling so tenaciously to their native degradation.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend this work to the patronage of the reading public, as replete with entertainment and instruction, and entitled to a place in every well stored library.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm-tree's screen,
With pure and Attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene.
Most sweet, yet sad, it is,
Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
The voice of other days.

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For there, as many a year
Its varied chart unrolled
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old.
I called them, and they came,
Where vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine-clad summer-bower
Its temple-roof upreared.

Or where the o'er-arching grove
Spread forth its copses green,
While eye-bright, and asclepias reared
Their untrained stalks between,—
And the squirrel from the bough
Its broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds
Sang at his festival.

Yon old, forsaken nests
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin send
His greeting wild and clear,—
And from yon clustering vine
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming-bird's unresting wing,
Send forth a whirring sound,—

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire,
Fast by its snowy sister's side,
Or where, with wings of fire,
The kingly oriole glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread,—
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep,
What mother in my nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep;—

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Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger-babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you too, my plants,
And every parent-bird,
That here, among the nested boughs,
Above its young hath stirred,—
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream,—
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due,
To moss-cup, and to clover-leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leafed lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not,—
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks!—thanks!—may each returning year
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father God,—
High praise in solemn lay—
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away,—
And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden-home,
It long hath been to me.

HARTFORD, CONN., *Thursday, June 21st*, 1838.

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MEXICO AND TEXAS.*

THE publications at the bottom of this page, relative to the campaign in Texas, are from three of the most influential of the Mexican leaders on that memorable occasion, and appeared almost simultaneously. They are all calculated to throw a light upon the transactions of the period in question, and important on account of the various official documents by which they are illustrated; but there are circumstances that give to the first of these pamphlets a peculiar interest. This contains a plain, unvarnished, and soldier-like exposition of the events of the campaign, and, among others, of the massacre of Fanning and his unhappy companions in Goliad, the whole odium of which dark affair is shown to attach solely to Santa Anna. This aroused the hero of Tampico in his quiet retreat of Manga de Clavo, near Vera Cruz, which he characterizes in his pamphlet as "el termino di mi carrera publica" (the termination of his public career.) Some, however, there were, sceptic enough to doubt the sincerity of this declaration, and the appearance of General Urrea's Diary has shown the reasonableness of such a surmise. Had General Santa Anna really considered his public career as terminated, and been as philosophically indifferent to the future, as he has professed to be, Urrea's pamphlet would have raised no emotion in his bosom. Such, however, was not the case. No sooner did the publication make its appearance, than Santa Anna and his partisans make every effort to suppress it, and so effectually have they succeeded in doing it, that the copy before us was obtained only by a happy manœuvre. This fact will lead the reader to conclude that, in spite of all Santa Anna's protestations to the contrary, he is not so indifferent to public opinion, as he would fain have the world believe, and that, consequently, he may, as yet, be induced to recal the assertion, "that his public career is closed."

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* Diario Militar del General Jose Urrea, durante la Primera Campana de Tejas.—*Victoria de Durango*, 1838.

(Military Diary of General Jos. Urrea, during the first Texas Campaign.)

Manifesto que de sus Operaciones en la Campana de Tejas, y en su Cautiverio dirige a sus conciudadanos, el General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—*Vera Cruz*, 1837.

(Manifesto of operations in the Campaign in Texas, and of his captivity, addressed to his fellow-citizens by General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.)

Esposician de los operaciones en la Campana de Tejas, del General D. Vicente Filisola.—*Mejico*, 1837.

(Exposition of operations in the Campaign of Texas, by General D. Vincent Filisola.)

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Among other insinuations thrown out by that party against General Urrea, there was one calculated to cast considerable odium upon his character, and which he found himself called upon to repel. It was more than hinted, that he was, in a great measure, responsible for the massacre of Fanning and his followers in Goliad; and one of the principal objects of his pamphlet is to clear himself of this aspersion. With this view, the General has given a detailed and very candid account of this painful affair, of real value as materials of history. This part of his work will not fail to be regarded with deep interest, particularly by every American reader. By the production of these authentic documents a double act of justice is rendered,—to General Urrea, in the first place, and after him, to the Mexican soldiery, in general, whose character for honor and humanity was unsparingly visited at the time. In the simple and soldier-like statement here made, General Urrea will be found to have fully exculpated himself from any participation in this horrid affair, and to have satisfactorily shown that the whole odium of this most infamous and cold-blooded massacre falls upon Santa Anna.

We shall at once proceed to give such extracts from General Urrea's Diary as bear upon this subject, appending thereto the official papers, upon which depends the authentication of his statements. The work being, as remarked above, not accessible to the public, we are aware that the most copious extracts our limits will permit will prove acceptable to our readers, none of whom can fail to feel an interest more or less deep, in the subject to which they relate.

Early in January, 1835, General Urrea marched with his division from Durango, and joined the President and Commander-in-Chief, General Lopez de Santa Anna, at Saltillo. There arrangements were made for opening the campaign in Texas, and Urrea received orders to march upon Matamoros, and join some bodies of troops that were there awaiting him. On the first of February he reached that city, where he quartered till the eighteenth; when, receiving information that three hundred Texans were advancing to the banks of the Rio Bravo, he marched in the direction of the enemy, his forces consisting of three hundred and twenty foot, and three hundred and thirty horse, with one four-pounder. On the twentieth, he passed the Rio Colorado; as he advanced northward, the weather grew more severe; on the twenty-sixth, they were overtaken by a heavy hail-storm, and the night was so intensely cold, that six soldiers perished on the route. On the twenty-seventh, at three in the morning, they arrived at San Patricio. Here we must allow the General to tell his own story:

"At half-past three in the morning, an attack was made upon the enemy, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain; and though they defended themselves vigorously, the gate was forced, seventeen were found dead, and twenty-four made prisoners, and a standard, and ammunitions of different kinds, fell into our hands. Not a single one of the inhabitants suffered any detriment. At six in the morning, Captain Pretalia

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came in with eight prisoners; he had attacked a part of the enemy in their retreat, and left several dead on the field. I received information of the approach of a Dr. Grant, and sent out scouts to reconnoitre. I also learned that Colonel Fanning held the Fort of Goliad, with more than six hundred men, and nine pieces of artillery.

28 and 29. Halted in San Patricio without any thing remarkable occurring. State of the force under my command, one hundred and ninety foot, and one hundred and eighty-three horse.

March 1. Still in San Patricio, where information reached me, that Dr. Grant was on his way back from Rio Bravo, with a party of about fifty chosen riflemen. I started at night-fall, with eighty dragoons, in pursuit of him. A strong north-wind was blowing, and the cold excessive, I therefore determined to wait for the enemy at Aguadula, ten leagues distant from San Patricio, by which place he would necessarily pass. I divided my troop into ten parts, and placed them in ambush.

2. Between eight and nine in the morning, Grant came past and was attacked and routed by the parties, who were commanded by myself and Colonel Garay. Grant and forty-one of his riflemen remained dead on the field, and six men were taken prisoners, with their arms, amunition, and horses. I countermarched upon San Patricio, and sent off nine scouts in the direction of Goliad.

3 to 6. In San Patricio, receiving information from Goliad, and exercising the troops daily.

7. In San Patricio, where I was joined by the forces for which I had sent to Matamoros.

8. Had information that the enemy had put himself in motion to attack San Patricio, and marched in the night to meet him, with three hundred men, and the four-pounder. At ten leagues distance, upon the road to Goliad, I put myself in ambush, waiting the enemy.

9. In ambush, upon the stream De las Ratas.

10. Received notice that the enemy had changed their plan, and were preparing to march, with four hundred men, to succour those of their party besieged by our army, in the Fortress of the Alamo. Countermarched to San Patricio, and ordered the cavalry to attack the former on their march.

11. In San Patricio.

12. Received a reply from the General-in-Chief to my despatch, in which I had announced the taking of the said post, and the defeat of Grant.

13. Marched upon Goliad, and learned on the route, that the enemy had advanced a strong detachment to occupy the Port of Còpano, and that they had halted in the Mission of Refugio. Sent on Captain Pretalia with a company, with orders to form a diversion till my coming up. Chose out one hundred horse, and one hundred and eighty foot, and with the four-pounder, continued the march during the night, leaving the remainder of the troops encamped on the stream Aranzazu.

14. At daybreak, I arrived at the said Mission, where I found Captain Pretalia in face of the enemy, who had entrenched themselves in the church. The moment they observed me they set fire to the houses in the vicinity. I carefully reconnoitred the point, and being convinced that I must sacrifice many men, the place being capable of an effective defence, I immediately decided upon investing it, and upon harrassing the enemy all that day and the following night, in order to surprise them at the next break of day. But the startling accounts brought us by the inhabitants, of the robberies and outrages committed on their persons and property, excited the indignation of the officers and soldiers to such a degree, that, availing myself of an occasion in which eighty men were sent out to fetch water and forage, within gunshot of the parapets, I sent a party of foot, and another of horse, to keep up a running fire, in order to draw the rest of the enemy out of their entrenchment; but the eighty men immediately withdrew within their lines. My officers and soldiers showed the greatest eagerness to attack them, and wishing to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the moment, I at once decided, and ordered a column of infantry to charge, sustained by the fire of the cannon, which I had brought near enough to batter down

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the door of the church. With the cavalry on their flank, they advanced in such good order and with such success as to come within ten paces of the cemetery, without having one single man wounded. The enemy, though at first confounded by the movement, opened a lively fire upon our infantry, the greater part of whom being recruits from Yucatan, could not sustain it, and fell back, nor could my exertions avail to bring them forward again; and their native officers, who, a few moments before, had been all boasting and arrogance, disappeared in the most critical moment. These soldiers, with few exceptions, do not understand Spanish, and the officers, unacquainted with their *patois*, found it difficult to make them understand the word of command. The infantry having fallen back upon a house and court-yards situated at fifteen or twenty paces from the church, I ordered a part of the cavalry to alight, in order to inspirit them by their example; but all would not do. The cavalry, alone, was unequal to carry the place. The moment was urgent; and I ordered a retreat, which, however, could not be effected with the order that disciplined troops would have maintained. In the meantime, the four-pounder had been brought to within twenty paces of the door of the cemetery, and my valiant dragoons brought it off in safety. The night came on dark and rainy, and the enemy, unwilling to try the hazard of a second attack, left their entrenchments, and took the road to Goliad, under cover of the darkness. My troops were greatly fatigued; they had been on the march for several days in succession, and during the whole of this day had been without food.

15. At daybreak, I found the church deserted by the enemy, and took possession of the post; the enemy had left six of their wounded, and some families of settlers, as well as some Mexicans whom they had forced to join their ranks. I despatched the whole of my disposable cavalry in pursuit of the enemy, with whom they had a brisk skirmish, taking thirty-one prisoners, and leaving sixteen of their number dead on the field.

16. Leaving the wounded to the care of Colonel Vara, I marched, with two hundred foot and horse, upon Goliad, sending a reconnoitring party in advance, who took fourteen prisoners, and intercepted a courier from Fanning." [*See Document, No.* 1.]

The information contained in this intercepted letter determined General Urrea to make an effort to cut off the communication with Victoria; he spent the seventeenth and eighteenth in attempts to effect it, and on the nineteenth came up with Fanning's troop. He had received information of the approach of Colonel Morales from Bejar, with three pieces of artillery and five hundred men, to join him that day. Upon the strength of this assurance, he determined to attack Fanning, though in an advantageous position, and backed by nine pieces of artillery. At half-past one in the day the attack began, and was for a long time sustained with equal vigor on both sides. Fanning and his gallant crew fought with a spirit, bravery, and determination, worthy of a better fate, and poured in their grape and musket shot so effectually, as to baffle all the skill of the Mexican General, who, however, persevered in the attack, under hope of the opportune arrival of the reinforcement in question. But his hopes were disappointed; Morales had missed the track; and when on the point of sinking under the heavy fire of the Texans, Urrea, with great courage and address, threw himself into the front line, and ordered a general charge at the point of the bayonet, which was not without its effect, and served in part to turn the

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fortune of the day. Night closed in, and both parties retired within their lines, mutually worn out with the toils of the day. Thus ended the nineteenth of March. The events of the twentieth we must allow General Urrea himself to detail:

"*March* 20. At day break I reconnoitred the enemy's position, and found it the same as that of the night previous, having however, strengthened his entrenchments by several carts and wagons, as well as by the bodies of a number of dead horses and oxen. I gave orders to form, immediately after refreshing the troop; at half past six, the reinforcement, which, as I have said, had lost its way, came up and joined us; they had with them one twelve, and two four-pounders, as well as a howitzer, which I had directed to be brought. I formed a battery at a hundred and seventy paces from the enemy, supported by the companies of the Caçadores. I gave orders that the remainder of the infantry should form a column, which was to advance upon the left of our battery, the moment it opened fire. The instant the fire was opened, and the movement I had ordered was taking place, the enemy, without offering any resistance, raised the white flag. I immediately ordered the firing to cease, and despatched Lieutenant Colonel Holsinger, and my adjutant D. José Gonzales, to learn the enemy's intention. The former soon returned, stating that they proposed to capitulate. My reply simply was, that I could accede to nothing else than an unconditional surrender, and Señors Morales and Salas hastened to communicate the same to the enemy's commissioners, who had already come forth from their entrenchments. Some communications passed; but desirous to terminate the affair as promptly as possible, I repaired to the spot, and repeated to the head of the deputation the impossibility on my part, to accede to any other thing than a surrender on the terms I had already proposed, feeling obliged to refuse subscribing the capitulation in three articles, for which they asked. [*See Document, No.* 2.] Then turning to Fanning and his companions, in presence of Señors Morales, Salas, Holsinger and others, I definitely replied: "If you are willing to surrender at discretion, the thing is concluded; if otherwise, I will return to my post, and the attack shall continue." Painful to me as was this reply, and desirous as I might have felt to offer them the guaranties which humanity might have prescribed, it was not within the limit of my powers; had it been so, I should have guarantied their lives at least, on the spot. Fanning was a respectable man, and a man of courage, a quality reciprocally prized by soldiers in the field. His manners conciliated my esteem, and had it been in my power to save him, as well as his companions, I should have felt gratified in so doing. All the assurance I could make him was, that I would interpose in his behalf with the General-in-Chief, which I accordingly did in a letter from Guadalupe.

"After my ultimatum, the leaders of the enemy's forces conferred together, and the result of their deliberations was to surrender on the terms proposed. They at the same time gave orders to those under their command to come forth from their breast-work, and pile their arms. Nine pieces of artillery, three standards, more than a thousand muskets, a quantity of pistols, rifles, and dirks, of superior quality, a number of wagons, and a considerable quantity of provisions, together with about four hundred prisoners, remained in the hands of the army, among whom were ninety seven wounded, Fanning, and others of the leading men, being among the number. I gave orders that the whole of them, with their baggage, should march to Goliad, guarded by two hundred infantry, and that such of the wounded as were unable to proceed should be conveyed in carts, wagons, and other vehicles found in the enemy's camp. Twenty seven of their dead, of the day previous, were interred, together with eleven of our own. We had forty-nine soldiers wounded, and five officers, among whom was Captain Ballasteros, severely. By a communication from Col. Garay, I had learned that he had taken possession of Fort Goliad, where he found eight pieces of artillery, which the enemy had not been able to carry off. On quitting this place, they had set fire to the houses on their route, the more effectually to cover their retreat. Having arranged every thing for the safe conveyance of the prisoners to Goliad, I

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took up my march for Victoria, with the greatest part of the infantry, all the disposable cavalry, and one four-pounder. My object was to possess myself of it, as well as of Guadalupe, before the enemy should arrive there. I halted during the night at Coleto, ten miles distant from that post.

21. At daybreak I continued my march, and at seven o'clock took possession of Guadalupe Victoria.

22. I marched, with two hundred foot and fifty horse, to a mountain pass, called Las Juntas. Here I met with four men from Ward's company, who were in search of provisions, and from them I learned that the whole band was in ambush in a neighbouring wood. I immediately surrounded it, and sent in one of the prisoners to announce to his leader and companions, that unless they surrendered at discretion they would all be cut to pieces. Mr. Ward, known under the title of their colonel, desired to speak with me, and after a few minutes' conversation, he, with his troop of one hundred men, surrendered at discretion. I passed the night on the spot, and on the following morning proceeded with the prisoners, their arms and a quantity of provisions, to Victoria.

23. In this place I received advice that eighty-two of the enemy had surrendered in Còpano, with all their arms, ammunition and provisions.

24. 27. These days were passed in necessary regulations, in refitting the troops, and in the care of the sick and wounded. On the twenty-fifth, I sent Ward and his companions to Goliad. On the twenty-seventh between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, I received a communication from Lieut. Col. Portilla, military commandant of Goliad, informing me that he had received an order from His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, to shoot all the prisoners there, and that he had resolved to comply with the same. The order in question was received by Portilla at seven o'clock on the evening of the twenty-sixth; he communicated it to me the same date, but necessarily it only came to my knowledge after the execution had taken place. Every individual in my division was confounded at the news; all was amazement and consternation. I was no less struck to the heart than my companions in arms, who stood there the witnesses of my sorrow: let one of those present at that painful moment deny the fact. More than a hundred and fifty of those who fortunately remained with me, escaped this catastrophe, consisting of those who had surrendered at Còpano, together with the surgeons and young men whom I had placed to tend on the hospitals, whose services, as well as those of many others of the prisoners, were very important to the army.

The melancholy event of which I here speak has caused a more than ordinary sensation, not only among my own countrymen, but among strangers the most distant from us. Nor have those been wanting who would fix the fearful responsibility upon me, although nothing could be more clear and unequivocal than my conduct in regard to this horrid transaction.

The subjoined Documents [*See No.* 3.] contain the orders sent me by the General-in-Chief relative to the fate reserved for the prisoners; orders which always appeared to me harsh and overstrained, even though they were the forced result of the barbarous and atrocious decree which declared those to be pirates whom at the same time it sought to subdue as citizens of the republic: strange contradiction! the fruit of that disorder by which this epoch is characterized.

I was anxious to avoid so serious a responsibility, and with this view I delivered various orders to Lieutenant Colonel Portilla, empowering him to employ the prisoners in the rebuilding of Goliad, and from that time I proposed to augment their number, hoping that such augmentation might lead to the saving of the whole; not, however, that I ever dreamed, that in cold blood, and without any urgent necessity, the dreadful spectacle would be exhibited of a massacre, repugnant to the laws of war, and an outrage to the enlightened character of the age. Nothing could be more painful to me than the idea of sacrificing so many gallant men, and particularly the amiable, spirited, and soldier-like Fanning. They certainly surrendered in the full confidence that Mexican generosity would not be sterile in their regard; they assuredly did so,

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or otherwise they would have resisted to the last, and sold their lives as dearly as possible. I was alive to all the horror and disgrace of such a sacrifice, and did not fail to exert all my influence with the General-in-Chief to engage him to save them from the threatened carnage, and more especially Fanning; but all I obtained from his Excellency was a serious reply, stating that a cruel sense of duty compelled him to follow out the orders of the Government, and ratifying his previous orders. [*See Documents, Nos.* 5 *and* 6.] Thinking no doubt that I should compromise between my feelings and my sense of duty, and that I should thereby expose him to the accusations of his enemies, he communicated these orders directly to the Commandant of Goliad, inclosing me the contents of his letter [*See Document No.*4.]: What was done by the Commandant will appear by an extract which is given from his Diary [*See No.* 5, *below*]; in this, as well as in his communications [*See No.* 6. *and* 7.], the reasons are given that determined him in the painful position in which he was straitened, and the conflicting feelings with which he had to contend. And yet, even after the lamentable occurrence, I received a letter from the General-in-Chief, of the date of the twenty-sixth, in which he says: "I say nothing with respect to your prisoners, having already stated my opinion as to the fate they ought to undergo, having been taken with arms in their hands."

According to the exposition here given, and bearing in mind that while this tragic scene was enacting in Goliad, I was in Guadalupe Victoria, where I received notice of the same, what could I do to prevent it? and more especially as the fatal order for carrying it into effect was communicated directly to the commandant of the place? To require me to have arrested the fatal blow would be to exact an impossibility, and, at all events, an act of intrepid insubordination, which the stoutest-hearted among us are not always in a situation, and in a tone of mind, to run the risk of committing.

Should an attempt be made to convict me in another quarter, by asking, why I did not guarantee the lives of those unhappy men, when it was in my power, by granting them a capitulation, when they surrendered to me in Perdido? My reply would be, that it was not within the scope of my powers to do so, nor would it have been honorable to the arms of the nation, or to myself. Again, I should have rendered myself liable to a court-martial, for so doing, inasmuch as having, on that day, the advantage of the enemy, both in numbers and position, I could admit of no other proposition than that of surrendering at discretion, or trying the fortune of the field. I feel conscious of having acted, in this affair, in such a manner as duty demanded, and of which the result was not in my power. As to those who have presumed to say that I offered guarantees to the party surrendering to me, they have said so without any knowledge of the facts.

NOTE BY GENERAL URREA.—Since writing the above, the "Manifesto" of General Santa Anna has fallen into my hands. A very important error, in page 49, has surprised me not a little. In my official account of the surrender of Fanning, I had these words—"Lo está igualmente el gefe, Fanning, sus compañeros, y mas de trescientos soldados, *que se titulaban*" [there also is the leader, Fanning, his companions, and more than three hundred soldiers, *as they style themselves*:] instead of the words, *que se titulaban*, it stands, in the General's pamphlet "QUE CAPITULARON"—*who capitulated.* This error is singular, as giving an entire new character to the transaction, and I feel myself called upon to clear it up, as otherwise it would be naturally inferred from the tenor of the words, that I had actually made a capitulation with the prisoners at Perdido. I am willing to believe that there was no bad faith in the alteration of the phrase, and that it was a mere blunder, either of the copyist, or the compositor.

The perusal of the above extracts, and of the documents by which they are accompanied, will, we think, serve to convince every impartial reader, that on Santa Anna, and on him alone, devolves the odium of the massacre of Fanning and his companions

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in arms. A curiosity will naturally be felt to see Santa Anna's own explanation of the affair, and we are happy to be able to give it in his own words, from his 'Manifesto,' which now lies before us, dated from his country-seat, Manga de Clavo, near Vera Cruz. It is not our wish to prejudice the mind of the reader, but were we called upon to state our impression of the grounds on which he has rested his justification, we should say that they are any thing but satisfactory. But let the reader judge for himself:

"This last event [the surrender and execution of Fanning and his followers] has been productive of much evil to myself, and it is, therefore, necessary that I should make a short digression respecting it. To avoid repetition, I make this observation once for all—the war of Texas was not only just on the part of Mexico, but imperatively called for by the undisguised character of the hostility which provoked it. It is notorious that the soldiers of Travis in the Alamo, those of Fanning in Perdido, the riflemen of Dr. Grant, and Houston himself and the troops of San Jacinto, came, with very few exceptions, from New Orleans, and other points of the neighbouring Republic, exclusively to support the rebellion in Texas, having had no previous relation with the colonists or their enterprises.

"Certain Mexicans, partisans of the former system, were led honestly to believe that the sole result of lighting the flames of war in the Texas would be a political change, in unison with their own opinions: a terrible lesson, and a subject of eternal remorse to those whom ambition led to so deplorable a result as that of perilling the integrity of their country's territory!

"This country was soon invaded, not by a nation recognized as such, coming to vindicate rights positive or supposed, nor yet by Mexicans, led away by a political fanaticism to defend or attack the public administration of their country; no, it was invaded by men hurried on by the lust of conquest, with rights far less apparent and plausible than those of Cortes and Pizarro. As for those who raised the standard of revolt throughout the immense space which Mexico possesses from Bejar to the Sabine, what name shall I give them, how treat them? The laws, ever in vigor, and whose strict observance the Government earnestly enforces, term them pirates and banditti; and the nations of the world would never have forgiven Mexico, had she treated such men with the respect which is due only to the honorable, the upright, the respecters of the rights of nations. Till then I had enjoyed among my fellow-citizens the reputation preferable in my mind to that of a brave man—the reputation of being humane after victories won. So completely unfortunate was I destined to become, that even the solitary virtue which my bitterest enemies never denied me, is now disputed. I am represented as more ferocious than the tiger, I who was ambitious to be distinguished by nothing so much as by my clemency, in a country that yields to no other in humane and generous feeling. The execution of Fanning and his followers is the ground on which they accuse me of having been barbarous and sanguinary. I would appeal to such of my fellow-citizens as have exercised the office of judges in criminal matters; they will bear witness how often my convulsed and faltering hand has signed the sentence of death, while my tears have blotted the paper. The law commands, and to the magistrate belongs not its examination, but its execution; and if in the application of the civil code a philosophical indulgence can never be admitted, how much less can it be allowed to mingle in the councils of a General in the field! The prisoners at Goliad stood condemned by the law, by a universal law, by the right of self-protection, which every nation and every individual enjoys. They did not surrender under the form of capitulation, as General Urrea has shown, how then could I turn the sword of justice from their heads, without directing it against my own? Let it be said (though I confess that such is not my opinion) that the law is unjust; yet to impute the homicide to the mere instrument, and not to the hand that directs it, can there be a greater blind-

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ness? The prisoners were in the highest degree embarrassing to the commandant of Goliad; before taking to flight they had set fire to the place; nothing was left us but the church in which to house the sick and wounded; the sole security of the garrison consisted in perpetual vigilance, being greatly inferior in number to the prisoners; our provisions were barely sufficient for our own people; we were without cavalry to conduct them as far as Matamoros. All these considerations urged by the commandant of the place weighed heavily on my mind, and tended to bias my resolution. Perhaps for these considerations alone, these prisoners would have been led to execution by the armies of more civilized Europe, and in a war of nation against nation; nor would it have been the first example of a sacrifice of this stamp to the imperious laws of necessity and self-preservation. Should I have balanced between my duty and my inclination, and have pardoned those unhappy men, what should I have done but trample upon the law, arrogating to myself the invidious attribute of sovereignty, and at the same time exposing that detachment to a ready surprise, which, in their desperation, these prisoners might have attempted. But then the death of those unfortunate men cannot be excused. It has been said that a capitulation was made; and although the conduct of General Urrea contradicts the assertion, I addressed the Supreme Government on the subject, begging that an inquiry might be instituted, to show that neither officially nor confidentially was any knowledge of the same communicated to me; that had such been the case, though General Urrea had no power to grant it, I should have been induced, on the score of humanity, to appeal to the sovereign pity of Congress, to deliver Fanning and his soldiers from death. With less motive, and taking advantage of their medical skill, several doctors were saved from death, as well as forty prisoners who were employed in the construction of different useful things. In fine, eighty-six men taken in Cópano, were saved, I having drawn up a statement, that it appeared certain that they never made use of their arms, nor had commited any depredation, though taken with arms in their hands; and having submitted the same to Congress, I entreated their clemency. It has also been asserted that those prisoners were executed in a cruel manner; on this point I have also requested that an inquiry should be made; as for myself, I cannot be responsible for the manner in which the commandant at Goliad executed the law. One thing is certain, that in my prison I was guarded by some of those who had escaped from the firing, which was directed without order or concert, and that I was cruelly treated by them, and that on more than one occasion they proceeded so far as to threaten to assassinate me; as it was, they excited against me the most ferocious feeling, and were once on the point of hurrying me away to be executed on the same spot in Goliad where the others suffered. What contributed to influence this bad feeling, were the pamphlets circulated in the capital, some apparently worthy of belief, in which it was affirmed as a fact, that Fanning had effected a capitulation, which was violated by my orders. I rely entirely upon the good sense and good feeling of my fellow-citizens, and feel assured that, as heretofore they have always seen me humane and generous, they will not change their opinion on account of an order with which I could not dispense, without trampling on a law, the observance of which the Government had just inculcated by a definitive circular. From a desire to lessen, if possible, what might have been regarded as harsh in that law, I wrote to consult with the Government; the answer to which fall into the hands of the enemy, thus obliging me to adopt a course the more painful to me, as I have always had a horror against blood spilt out of battle."

The above is the only extract from Santa Anna's 'Manifesto,' of which our present limits will admit; but his exposition of the motives that led him to Washington is so remarkable in itself, and the results of that visit so nearly concern us, and form so curious a chapter in the history of the Texan affair, that we are induced to make it the subject of another article. We know from the very

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best authority, that Santa Anna did not rush unadvisedly upon the evil, which he labours, but with so little effect, to explain away. He was remonstrated with by his principal officers, but more particularly by his friend and relative, General Cos, who, in return for his frankness, was repaid with insolence and abuse. They represented to him all the consequences of the cruel, strange, and most impolitic step he was about to take. They endeavoured to show him, that, though the Government had, in the first instance, put forth a manifesto strongly worded and highly colored, in order to meet the exigencies of the time, and act as an argument *in terrorem*, yet that it must necessarily have contemplated such modifications as were suited to new circumstances that might arise; and they besought him to consult the Government before he proceeded to extremities. It has been observed that "when the mind is made up, any argument will suffice;" and acting under such a bias, Santa Anna endeavoured to silence all remonstrance by an appeal to the letter of the manifesto, by urging the plea of a scarcity of provisions, and insisting on the risk of leaving so considerable body of men in his rear, guarded only by a handful of men, whose services were required for other objects; in a word, by affecting to regard 'the insurgents' as beyond the pale of all civilized institutions.

The general conduct of Sr. Portilla, under the trying circumstances in which he was placed, claims the attention of every friend of humanity; but there is one circumstance in particular which should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. The reader will not have failed to observe the very general and indefinite character of the order sent to him by Santa Anna, as given below [*No. IV.*] It is so indefinite indeed, that the good Commandant of Goliad is uncertain what to do, he hesitates for a moment, and at last decides according to the humane dictates of his heart; but so very uncertain is he as to the tenor and spirit of the order of his Commander-in-Chief, that he still feels it prudent to call upon Gen. Urrea to save his responsibility in the affair. Nothing can more strongly bespeak the recklessness of Santa Anna in this dark affair, than the above fact. So intent is he upon avenging the wrongs of his country upon "these detestable delinquents," as he qualifies the prisoners of Goliad, and so strongly does he identify them with the objects of his personal vengeance, that he stops to make no discrimination, no distinction between men taken in arms and prisoners who surrendered unarmed; and a literal interpretation of his sweeping orders would have hurried into eternity nearly a hundred human beings more, in addition to the four hundred and forty-five victims massacred in cold blood! A subordinate officer has actually to calculate the extent and qualify the meaning of an order from his Commander-in-Chief; on his interpretation of the document, and the discretion exercised by him, depend the lives of nearly a hundred Americans. Happily,

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however, he has a heart more humanized than his superior, and the humanity of the man triumphs over the sterner duty of the soldier.

We make a closing remark. The perpetrator of the foul deed in question journeyed from the scene of his guilt in the Texas, through our southern States, to the city of Washington. He passed through portions of the Union, not the most immaculate in their reputation, as far as a love of good order and a reverence for the laws are concerned, and yet his progress was unmarked not only by any act of outrage, but by any marked violation of propriety. The reflections to which this fact will naturally give rise may not be flattering to the ci-devant hero of Tampico, but they will be very grateful to the heart of every American who loves his country, and who augurs in this good spirit an advance of civilization, and a natural and indwelling spirit of humanity, which no untoward circumstances can destroy.

DOCUMENTS REFERRED TO IN GENERAL URREA'S DIARY.

No. I.

Intercepted dispatch of Fanning to Col. Haton.

From Strong Defiance, *March* 14, 1836.

To Col. A. C. Haton: Yours of yesterday I received late in the evening. Join me as early as possible with your two hundred men. In spite of every obstacle, I shall immediately march upon Victoria, in compliance with the orders of General Houston. Bring with you all the cattle, horses, mules, and other things you can. If we are not attacked here, we may be on our march. Never will we be wanting to the honor of the Texian arms, which have been so brilliantly wielded by the hands of those who have fallen voluntary victims in her cause. Send this very night the wagons and baggage of which I stand in need. Remain firm to the principles that have led us to Texas. Be our war-cry, Texas and Liberty—victory or death—Travis and his rescue! Yours most truly,

W. Fanning.

No. II.

Surrender of the forces found in Goliad, under the orders of Mr. J. W. Fanning.

Article 1. The Mexican troops having planted their artillery at the distance of one hundred and seventy paces, and having opened their fire, we raised the white flag, and instantly there came Colonels Morales and Holzinger, and to them we proposed to surrender at discretion, on the terms they should judge suitable.

Article 2. That the wounded, and that the commander, Fanning, be treated with all possible consideration, it being proposed that we should lay down our arms.

Article 3. That all the detachment shall be treated as prisoners of war, and placed at the disposal of the Supreme Government.

The Plain on the Colete, between Guadalupe and Bahia, March 20, 1836.

B. C. Wallace More, *Colonel.*
J. M. Chadwick, *Adjutant.*

Approved: J. W. Fanning, *Commander.*

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Added by General Urrea.

"When the enemy raised the white flag, I sent to inform their leader that I could admit of no other terms than those of surrendering at discretion, without any modification whatever, as agreed upon through the medium of those gentlemen, leaders of the party, therein named; nor can the other requests made by the subscribers to that surrender be received. Such was the declaration I before made, which must be complied with, since neither can I, nor ought I, to grant any other thing."

JOSE URREA."

—

No. III.

In a series of orders from the Commander-in-Chief, is the following:

"In respect to the prisoners of whom you speak in your last communication, you must not fail to bear in mind the circular of the Supreme Government, in which it is declared, that foreigners invading the Republic, and taken with arms in their hands, shall be judged and treated as pirates; and as, in my view of the matter, every Mexican guilty of the crime of joining these adventurers loses the rights of a citizen by his unnatural conduct, the five Mexican prisoners whom you have taken ought also to suffer as traitors.

GENERAL QUARTERS, BEJAR, *March 3d*, 1836.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To GENERAL URREA, *Commander of the Division of Operations upon Goliad.*

In a private letter, of the same date, addressed to me by the same, is the following paragraph:

"In regard to the foreigners who make war, and those unnatural Mexicans who have joined their cause, you will remark that what I have stated to you officially is in accordance with the former provisions of the Supreme Government. An example is necessary, in order that those adventurers may be duly warned, and the nation be delivered from the ills she is daily doomed to suffer.

—

No. IV.

ARMY OF OPERATIONS.

Under date of the present, I have stated to the commandant of the post of Goliad, as follows:

By a communication made to me by Col. D. F. Garay, of that place, I am informed that there have been sent to you by General Urrea two hundred and thirty-four prisoners, taken in the action of Encinal del Perdido, on the nineteenth and twentieth of the present month; and as the Supreme Government has ordered that foreigners taken with arms in their hands, making war upon the nation, shall be treated as pirates, I have been surprised that the circular of the said Supreme Government has not been fully complied with in this particular: I, therefore, order that you should give immediate effect to the said ordinance in respect to all those foreigners who have yielded to the force of arms, having had the audacity to come and insult the Republic, to devastate with fire and sword, as has been the case in Goliad, causing vast detriment to our citizens; in a word, shedding the precious blood of Mexican citizens whose only crime has been their fidelity to their country. I trust that, in reply to this, you will inform me that public vengeance has been satisfied by the punishment of such detestable delinquents. I transcribe the said decree of the Government for your guidance, and that you may strictly fulfil the same, in the zealous hope that, for the future, the provisions of the Supreme Government will not, for a moment, be infringed.

HEAD QUARTERS, BEJAR, *March* 23, 1836.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

To GENERAL URREA, *&c., &c.*

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No. V.

Extract from the Diary of Lieutenant Colonel Portilla.

March 24, 1836.—In compliance with the orders of General Urrea, I set about rebuilding the place, beginning with the barracks, the prisoners working all day, those excepted who bear the character of officers. Their leader, Fanning, took his meal with me to-day, (beef and a bottle of wine.) He drank to the health of General Urrea. I returned him my thanks, and responded to his toast by drinking "The Country of the Mexicans." This same day arrived Colonel De La Vara, with twenty dragoons and thirty foot, of Yucatan, bringing in eighty prisoners, who had disembarked at Còpano, and were made prisoners.

March 26.—At seven in the evening, arrived a courier extraordinary from Bejar, from his Excellency General Santa Anna, notifying to me that the whole of the prisoners who had surrendered by force of arms were immediately to be shot, [*en el momento se pasen por las armas*] with regulations as to the manner in which it was to be executed. (The original of this communication I have preserved.) I deferred it, for both myself and Col. Garay, to whom I communicated it, thought of nothing less than of such a thing. At eight the same evening, came a courier extraordinary from Guadalupe, from General Urrea, who said to me, among other things, "treat the prisoners with consideration, and particularly their leader, Fanning. Let them be employed in repairing the houses, and in erecting quarters, and serve out to them a portion of the rations which you will receive from the Mission of Refugio." How cruel is my state of uncertainty, my mind vacillating between these conflicting orders! I passed the whole night restless and uneasy in mind.

March 27.—At daybreak I came to a determination to fulfil the orders of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, considering him as the superior I ought to obey. I gave orders for the whole garrison to form, and awaken the prisoners, (four hundred and forty-five in number) who were still asleep. (I ordered the eighty of this class who had come from Còpano, to be separated from the rest, inasmuch as their fate demanded consideration, because, when invading our territory, they were not taken with arms in their hands.) We formed ourselves into three divisions—the first, under the orders of the First Adjutant, D. Augustin Alcerrica; the second, under those of Captain Luis Balderas; and the third, of Captain Antonio Ramirez; to these officers I entrusted the execution of the order of the Supreme Government, and of the General-in-Chief. It was executed. A great struggle of feelings among the officers and soldiers—a profound silence! Sad at heart, I wrote to Gen. Urrea, expressing my regret at having been concerned in so painful an affair. I also sent off an official account of what I had done, to the General-in-Chief. The eighty prisoners of Còpano are still alive, and I asked for instructions from the General-in-Chief as to what was to be done with them."

Division of Operations, *District of Goliad.*

In compliance with the definitive orders of his Excellency the General-in-Chief, which I received direct, to-morrow morning, at four o'clock, the prisoners sent by you to this fortress will be shot. I have not ventured to execute the same sentence on those who surrendered to Colonel Vara, at Còpano, being unacquainted with the particular circumstances of their surrender; and I trust you will be pleased to take upon yourself to save my responsibility in this regard, by informing me what I am to do with them.

Goliad, *March* 26, 1836. J. N. de Portilla.

To D. Jose Urrea, *General of Division.*

—

Goliad, *March* 27.

My Dear General: I feel very much distressed at what has occurred here; a scene enacted in cold blood having passed before my eyes, which has filled me with

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horror. All I can say is, that my duty as a soldier, and what I owe to my country, must be my guarantee. My dear General, by you was I sent here; you thought proper so to do, and I remain here in entire conformity to your wishes. I came, as you know, voluntarily with these poor Indians to coöperate, to the best of my humble means, for my country's good. No man is required to do more than is within the scope of his abilities; and both they and myself have doubtless been placed here as competent to the purposes you had in view. I repeat it, that I am perfectly willing to do any thing, save and excepting the work of a public executioner, by receiving orders to put more persons to death. And yet, being but a subordinate officer, it is my duty to do what is commanded me, even though repugnant to my feelings.

I am, General, your devoted and sincere friend,

To General D. José Urrea. J. N. de la Portilla.

SONG.

MY GALLANT STEED.

Away, my gallant steed, away,
Freer and fleeter still thy spring!
A mood that may not brook delay
Thy master's breast is fevering.
Of spur to urge thy panting side
Thou hast in sooth but little need,
Or rein the rapid way to guide
Thou 'st sped so oft, my gallant steed!

That bosom's every thought and prayer,
Full well thou know'st where still they dwell—
Lightly as winged thing of air,
Good steed, oh, thither bear him well!
A spirit still impels him on,
Be swift as spirit's flight thy speed,—
And well, thy loyal service done,
Shalt thou repose, my gallant steed!

No moonbeam on our lonely path
Sheds gently down her silvery light,
And dark the tempest's howling wrath
O'erclouds the star-gemmed brow of night:
But little or of chill or storm
Hath that fond bosom thought or heed,
While still the flame can light and warm,
That burns within, my gallant steed!

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ALL THE TALENTS.

A PETER-PINDARIC ODE.

Our worthy friends, the Fed-
-Erals, Whigs, Natives, Nationals, or Biddle men,
Or whatsoever other name
May enter in the head
Of W-bb, or Philip H-ne, their latest sponsors,
As worth their while to claim,
As giving them another chance to diddle men,
With the belief,
From time to time, that they are not the same
As they were once, sirs,
But that they have turned over a new leaf,
And have entirely done, sirs,
With all their old ideas of aristocracy;
And if the dear democracy,
Whom they are sorry they so oft have cheated,
Will but forget how they 've before been treated,
And just consent,
Good-naturedly to give their votes
To the old wolves in their new sheepskin coats,
Believing them sincerely penitent,
And take them once more into favor,
To try them on their new behaviour,—
Indeed upon
Their word of hon-
-Or, they shall ne'er have reason to repent.

I'm no great stickler
For titles, nor disposed to be particular,
And if it please all
To be their own godfathers and godmothers,
They may be whale or weazle,
Webb-footed bird or beast, *Wise*-acre, Whig,
Or any others
Beginning with W
Little or big.
When you enjoy the perfume of the rose,
You needn't let it trouble you,
That it were called a stinkweed if it chose.
Nor if a ———
Should happen to get drunk,
And undertake to call itself a civet,
And on its affidavit swear,
With as unblushing a complexion
As a Whig challenged vote at an election,

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It was entirely changed in form and feature,
And by that name smelled marvellously sweeter,
Are you bound to believe it!

A truce, though, with such 'odorous comparisons,'
And to return to where our Ode begins,——
These modest "Outs"
—I trust that that generic name will cover all,
Whether they're Webster's, Clay's, or Harrison's,
Stretching like one wide blanket over all
Those oddly mixed bed-fellows—(I've my doubts
Whether, with all their knack at turning,
They'll ever turn *that* name to that of "Ins,"
For which they've been so long and fondly yearning)
These modest *Outs*, I say,
Will not be satisfied, Sir,
With claiming all the piety,
Decency, learning, money, and sobriety,
Of which it is well known they've the monopoly,
But they insist besides, Sir,
That by the grace of God, they properly,
With an inalienable right and title,
Or a possession which they chose to call so,
Own, very nearly, if not quite, "All
The Talents" also!

There's an old saw in the democratic creed,
That *honesty's the only policy*—
It oft has served us well in hour of need!
And if the Whigs would but reflect a minute,
They, also, might the folly see,
Of any other principle;
But still, somehow, the deuce is in it!
All their experience has not made them sensible
Of this plain proposition.
For, whether from obliquity of vision,
Or love of opposition
To any thing a democrat may say,
—Although I grieve to hurt, in
The least, their feelings—it is very certain
They never have been able yet to see
This simple truth exactly in that way;
But giving it just the reversing twist,
They always will insist,
That *policy's the only honesty!*
But as, however,
We still profess to stand by the old maxim,
In the old-fashioned way, and to endeavour
To prove it, too, our acts in;
We must at least be honest, as I've said, it
Being in the long run
The only horse it 's safe to bet upon.

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And therefore we should fairly give them credit
For that superiority
Of 'talents' which they really do possess,
And in a very high degree.
We give the very D—— his due,
And therefore I must honestly confess,
I cannot see
Why we should not to Whiggery too!

'Tis undeniable, then,
And I've no disposition to deny 't,
They do exhibit every day,
'*Talents*' to which we can make no pretension,
Nor urge a shadow of a claim or right
Of competition with them in that way;—
This we must frankly yield without contention.
Indeed were I to claim
A little for our party to the same,
I should be liable, then,
To the unpleasant charge of being a stretcher, in
My statements,—in one word, of Fletchering.
And though that is a name that 's toasted
At Whig carousals with much flat-
-Tering honor, yet, such is the odd notion, Sir,
That from the ninth commandment I have got,
I 'd just as lief be roasted,
Or jump into the ocean, Sir,
When 'boiling like a pot,'
As have my name associated with that!

Imprimis, then, there 's no denying
The marvellous 'talent' that they have for *lying!*
For certainly the fact is,
That this accomplishment they daily practise
Upon a scale that 's really quite sublime;
And so exhaustless the variety
Of their newspaper lies is,
—Lies of all shapes, complexions, sorts, and sizes,
New-vamped and polished up from time to time—
That they would stuff
The stomach of an ostrich to satiety,
And sometimes fairly turn it—they 're so tough!
Though it is said to be so fond
Of flints, knives, nails, and such like bagatelles.
And then as for their speeches,—from a B-ll's,
Down to the dirty dribblings of a B-nd,
I dare not undertake to speak!
'Twould take a week,
Nor would a volume be enough,
To do them justice in this point of view,
Which I should feel in honor bound to do.
To tell a handsome thumper

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Requires some genius, I would have you know,
Nailing it neatly with a second plumper,
—Which is the rule,
When challenged on the first one (if you go
To Mr. Fl-tch-r, he will tell you so.)
But just to speak the simple, stupid truth,
Why, that, forsooth,
Any mere Pottawottamie* or fool
Can do, without ever having been to school.
To exercise this 'talent,' then, with spirit
Is the Whig politician's greatest merit.

Kindred to this are several minor ones,—
Such as the 'talent' they display for *puffing*;
Making their shallowest speakers finer ones
Than all the greatest names of ancient story;
Forever vaunting
Each of their 'youthful prodigies,'
Who haply may display
Some fluent 'talent' in the H. R. for *ranting*,
With due proportion mixed with that of *canting*,
(Unconscious of the silly figure he
Is cutting) as the new Demosthenes
Of our blest land and day,
The glory and the pride of Whiggery.
The poor '*youth*' stuffing
With such absurd conceit of his own glory,
That on the first occasion
He gets a little flurried at a dinner,
Or Champagne celebration,
The unlucky sinner
Before high heaven such tricks fantastic plays
With his unruly tongue,
And through his lion's skin so loudly brays,
As to become excessively ridiculous;
Makes his own friends ashamed a whole month after,
And furnishes material to tickle us
With Loco-Foco laughter
For twice as long.

Such, too, their well-known 'talent,' Sir, for *bragging*,
Which they display
In fifty ways—from Mr. Cl—,
On all occasions dragging
In, by the head and shoulders, some bold boast,
(Even at the courteous table,
Where one should be a gentleman, if able,
Coolly condoling with his host,
That he so soon must look
For other lodging-rooms at K-nd-rh-k,

* The latest Whig name for a 'huge-pawed' democratic farmer.

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While *he* will rule the roast
In the White House by fair Potomac's side,)
From bold bluff Harry of Kentucky,
Whose gallant skill at "*Brag*"'s his highest pride,
(In which I hope he is more lucky,
Besides not playing off the same 'odd tricks'
As in the gambling of his politics)
Down to the puniest whipster of the press,
In his report
Of every election "VICTORY!"
And matters of that sort,
This 'talent' also we must needs confess,
In a remarkable degree,
They certainly possess.

Nor ought I to omit their 'talent,'
Drawn from the same illustrious example,
For *swearing*,—in a style so bluff and gallant,
When they would be particularly polite,
'Tis really charming quite!
I dare not give a sample,
For fear that it might shock the Muse's ear,
Who does not often hear
Such 'winged words' by Helicon's old mountain,
Nor fair Castalia's fountain,
Where she is wont to roam.
She might indeed be scared away,
And not return to me for many a day,
Were she to hear me say,
"G—— d—— you, Ma'am, go home!"

And *à-propos* of swearing—there's no saying
What are the limits to their versatility,
For they possess no less ability
In the congenial 'talent,' too, of *praying*.
'Tis said that Mr. Cl—, at the next session,
Intends to run for chaplain; should he try it, he
Will surely be elected, for in piety
—We can't refuse in candor the confession—
His speeches beat the parson's prayers all hollow,
—To make up for their plent-
-Iful deficiency of argument.
And then he may,
Oh, happy Mr. Cl—!
Repeat his prayers in public every day;
And for variety,
"G—— d——" the Speaker in the H. R. one day,
And preach a sermon there the next, if Sunday
Should chance to follow.
Besides having many an occasion,
Well worth the trying,

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Over the woes of this benighted nation,
To whom it will be very edifying,
Of showing off his 'talent,' too, for *crying*.
So, therefore, worthy Mr. Slicer,
On next "First Monday,"
You'll not attempt to be,
A candidate for your old chaplaincy,
If you take my advice, Sir.

Among their other 'talents' is
Another yet in which the balance is,
Beyond dispute, all on their side,
—I mean in *fisticuffing*,
In which they justly take a gentlemanly pride.
Witness, oh B-ddl-, D—n-ng, B-ll, and C-mpb-ll,
And M—ry, who didst get thy *quantum suff:* in
Less than no time,—
Or, (if from Mr. Cl— it be no crime
An 'elegant extract' just for once to borrow)
In good plain English, didst get pummelled d—— well.
I hope thou hast recovered from thy bruises,
And that no longer, man,
(The Muse yet weeps at the sad tale of sorrow!)
Thy countenance of twenty different hues is!
Being a stronger man,
(Strong, I should think, as half a dozen oxen)
And clearly, too, a better hand at boxing,
Thy brother Whig, in mauling thee so sadly,
Did use thee very badly,
—Especially as Sunday morning
Upon the "Honorable" House was dawning—
And though a Loco-Foco I would gladly
Have seen him put the stocks in.

Nor with the fist
Alone are they accomplished thus in dealing,—
They have an equal 'talent' with the *Pist-*
-ol, when they can
Inflame their chivalry with the safe feeling
That 'tis an unarmed man
With whom they have to do,
—Especially if he's gray-headed too—
Oh, then these gallant Hotspurs of young Whiggery
Can bring him up before them in Commit-
-Tee— sitting as his judges—
Call him a rascal, knave, and rogue, Sir—
Ill treat him
In style which I must really call atrocity—
And if a hair's-breadth more than they'll permit,
—So quick are they upon the trigger—he
His elbow nudges,
They'll shoot him like a dog, Sir,—

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And such the ardor of their brave ferocity,
I shouldn't be surprised if then they'd eat him!

In fact, Sir, this is,
A favorite 'talent,' that of *bullying*,
Which they do sometimes truly in
A very gallant style—when fortune sends
One who will meekly bear it
In the true Christian spirit
Which when one cheek is smote the other lends.
But if the attempt, Sir, misses,
And he turns round with unexpected spunk, and
Treats them as Gh-ls-n did, or D-nc-n,
Oh, then the word "quick, march—right about face!" is,
—For circumstances vastly alter cases.

And now I'm thinking,
It cannot to the Whigs be quite agreeable
(And they are not a few
That take delight in the Democratic Review)
To listen thus to their own praises
Presented in so many different phases,
Which must, if any thing could be able,
Tinge with a blush of modesty their phizzes,—
I say, I'm thinking,
That after covering them with so much glory
As she has done already, this is
A fit place for the Muse to fold her wing.
And therefore she will close the category
Of 'talents' which she has essayed to sing,
(Unworthily I know, though *con amore*)
With one which—there's no blinking
The sad acknowledgment—they beat us hollow in,
—I mean in *drinking*.
Why, some of their late feats in swallowing
Were done on so magnificent a scale,
I know the Muse would wholly fail
Were she to dare the high attempt of following
Out the sublimity of the "great occasion,"
Whether in lyric song or prose narration,
And therefore she knocks under,
Quite overpowered with admiring wonder,
With this advice by way of peroration—
When you invite a set to dine
Of pious pilgrims who have such a nice sense
Of conscience for the temperance of the people,
As to forbid the issuing of a licence
On a small scale to tipple,—
Provide your wine
—If you would not be drunk, Sir, out of house and
Home—by the *thousand!*

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THE INDIAN SUMMER.

To a resident in New England the very name of Indian Summer calls up so many essentially poetic images, that it is difficult to approach the subject without permitting the thoughts to run riot over the fairy scenes which that season presents; and we marvel not that it has suggested to the muse of America some of her most brilliant effusions: for it would require no great effort of the imagination to perceive in its balmy and buoyant air a portion of that *divinus afflatus* of which the old poets spake.

But it is our object at present to describe the Indian Summer in sober prose, for the benefit of those readers, both in the Old World and the New, whose good fortune it has never been to become eye-witnesses of its beauties; and we must therefore strive, like the Cumæan Sybil,

—Magnum pectore excussisse deum—

and confine ourselves as far as may be to plain matters of fact.

The temperature of the last two years, owing to the proximity of Halley's Comet, or to some other cause not yet explained, has differed so materially from the average of previous observations, that the meteorological tables published during that time, supply us with no accurate data for our present investigation. It will be sufficient therefore to state in general terms, that from the end of August to the end of September, the thermometer announces a gradual and constant diminution of heat; but that in the early part of October a strange interruption occurs to the progressive fall of the mercury, and when in the natural course of events we should be led to anticipate a still farther increase of cold, we are surprised to perceive, that for two or three weeks successively, with a few slight exceptions, an elevation of temperature is experienced, to a degree greater in many cases than the average of the first week of September,—sometimes as great as the mean of the month of August.

This seeming anomaly of Nature is not peculiar to the American continent. A brief season of heat immediately preceding the rigors of winter is observed in all, or nearly all, the northern countries of Europe and Asia, variously designated as "the latter" or "second summer," the "after-heat," the "summer-close," and many other like terms in which the same idea is embodied, differing only with the idioms of the various languages in which they occur. In America, however, that season is marked with features so distinct from those which characterize it in other countries, as to entitle it to a separate consideration. In the Old World indeed it is accompanied

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with few distinguishing phenomena, beyond the mildness and softness of the air, which from the gradually increasing obliquity of the sun's rays at that period of the year we should so little expect to occur. But with us the "after-heat" is attended with circumstances of no common interest and beauty. In New England especially it is a rich and glorious season, in which Nature would seem struggling to withdraw attention from the decay which is stealing upon her, by the increased gorgeousness of her apparel, and the spring-like youthfulness of her voice and air; hiding moreover those defects which she cannot otherwise conceal, by a thin veil of mild and smoky haze, which

> "——Softens down the hoar austerity
> Of rugged desolation, and fills up
> Anew the gaps——"

which increasing infirmity has begun to reveal upon her countenance.

The most peculiar characteristic of this Second Summer consists in the wonderful and beautiful change which takes place in the forest. This feature, however, though it continues throughout the whole of the Indian Summer's brief reign, begins, strictly speaking, to develope itself at an earlier period. The first sharp frosts which occur about the latter end of September, or the beginning of October, are the agents by which this change is effected, and it is not uncommon to behold the leaves of a whole forest, with the exception of the Evergreens, passing in a single night from their natural color to every possible shade of yellow, brown and crimson. The sap becomes frozen during the night, generally by a deposite of hoar frost on the leaves, but the alteration of color does not take place until the following morning, when, as the sun rises, the frozen sap is melted. The dense white vapor which rolls lazily away from the forest, as the morning advances, reveals the sudden change. At the withdrawing of that curtain the Oak shows its deeply lobed leaves transmuted to a pale brown, a chocolate brown, or a deep crimson, inclining to what painters term Indian red. The Birch and the Willow appear of a pale straw color, sometimes mingled with a slight tinge of brown, and sometimes retaining a mixture of the original green. The Wild Poplar—the Aspen—exhibits its unquiet leaves of a yellow tint, approaching occasionally to orange, and fawn color. The Elm, bright yellow, or pale brown. The Sycamore changes to a clear, bright brown. But perhaps the Maple contributes more largely to the dying glories of the forest, than any other of its children. Its broad leaves flash forth upon the sight robed in every intermediate hue, from bright orange to the deepest scarlet; while the clustering berries of the Ash, of a paler shade of red, and the crimson leaves of the Shumach and some other trees, blend, with a fine middle tint, the Oak's more sombre pink, and the Maple's brilliant hues. These many colors, mixed up with the dif-

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ferent shades of green which the extensive family of Evergreens display, present a coup-d'œil which must be seen to be fully appreciated. On canvass it is impossible, though the attempt has frequently been made, to convey a correct idea of such a scene; and the most glowing verbal description does not, and cannot, succeed in placing it, in all its strange beauty, before the mental eye of one who has not looked upon the reality.

Where the forest occupies a gently ascending slope, revealing to the eye the tops of the various trees rising above each other in almost imperceptible gradation, this display of Nature's handy-work is beheld in the greatest perfection. The effect is still further heightened if the sun is just beginning to sink behind the hill which is covered by the forest. His oblique rays, passing through the differently tinted leaves, wonderfully enhance their brilliancy, and the spectator is startled at times, as the more gaudily colored trees rustle and quiver in the light wind, with the idea that the forest is on fire.

This change of the leaf occurs, as we have already stated, about the latter end of September or the beginning of October. The consequent beauty of the forest continues, however, until the early part of November, though the leaves are liable to fall from the first moment that the frost has affected them, and many do indeed fall daily, especially from the more isolated trees. Where the forest is dense they are more protected from the wind, and the progress of destruction is consequently slower, but by the middle of November almost all the deciduous trees are dismantled, and stand, if we may misquote the poet,

With all their *fading* honors thick *around* them.

The Oak, however, is an exception. Sturdily does he resist the spoliation of the wintry blasts, and retains his leaves until the winter is far advanced. In fact, it is not unusual to behold "the monarch of the woods" respectably clothed in a suit of sober brown as late as March or April,—emblem of the decayed gentleman struggling against the blasts of adverse fortune, and supporting, almost to the last, a decent exterior.

It is generally admitted that this beautiful feature of the autumn landscape is peculiar to the American continent, and several reasons are given to account for the fact. The frost undoubtedly acts upon the forests in other northern countries as it does in this, inasmuch as those forests, like our own, undergo "the change of leaf." But the European trees do not exhibit, in their change, that almost infinite and gaudy variety of tint which is so remarkable in America. In England, and probably throughout the continent of Europe, a sombre brown and yellow are the prevailing colors; the Oak, the Chesnut, and the Beech, assuming the former tinge, and nearly all the other forest trees fading to a pale, or a brownish yellow, after

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the frost has attacked their leaves. The American forest is principally indebted to the presence of the Oak and the Maple for its distinctive feature, and it is probable that these two children of the woods are of a different species from the European. The English poet who so minutely describes every change and characteristic of the varied year, makes no allusion to any other than a gloomy and sombre change of the leaf, and thus speaks of the universal *brownness* of the autumn in England:

> "But see, the fading, many-coloured woods,
> Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
> Imbrown, a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
> Of every hue, from wan-declining green
> To sooty dark."—

It is evident that such a description would present a very incorrect idea of the American forests during the continuance of the Indian Summer. With us the brighter hues predominate; yellow, orange, crimson, and scarlet, blend beautifully into each other, the brown merely serving as the medium, or half tint, to make the harmony of color complete.

Scarcely has nature become enveloped in this gorgeous winding sheet, when the other characteristics of the Indian Summer begin to develope themselves. The temperature of the atmosphere during the hours of sunshine becomes milder than it has been for weeks before. There is a balmy and voluptuous softness and stillness in the air, resembling the early days of June. There is not wind enough to shake from the trees the leaves which hang from their branches by so feeble a tenure. A thin, smoky haze floats over the whole face of nature, softening and blending distant objects, and, combined with the tints of the neighbouring forests, giving a warmth of tone and coloring to the whole landscape. The surface of the ground also partakes of the hues of the woods. The fallen leaves, scattered about in rich profusion, as thickly as those "which strew the brooks in Valombrosa," form, in spots where the wind which showered them down was thrown into eddies, a variegated robe to conceal the withered grass and the decaying flowers. The sun, though pale in the meridian height, at his setting is tinged with a ruby gleam, which is reflected from the windows, and which suffuses every object on which it is thrown. The moon also wears a blush as she rises, and the planets which hang in the flushing west wear a more golden aspect than is their wont.

During this brief return of a genial and serene atmosphere, if a few mild nights successively occur, it is not unusual to behold the young Birch trees, which are amongst the first to yield up their leafy treasures, bursting their newly formed buds, and making a second, though fruitless, effort to clothe themselves with green. It

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rarely happens, however, that more than three or four nights pass consecutively without frost, so that the young and tender leaves can only just unfold themselves and die. The first cold night breeze nips the untimely birth, and they fall upon the decaying remains of their predecessors.

It would seem that the soft, hazy calm which characterizes our late autumn, or Indian Summer, is not altogether unknown in Europe. Thompson, in describing those phenomena which, as he says, "give the season in its *latest* view," seems to allude to such a feature in the English autumn:

> Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
> Fleeces unbounded ether, whose least wave
> Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
> The gentle current, while illumined wide
> The dewy skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
> And through their lucid veil his softened force
> Shed o'er the peaceful world."

From the description of the season we turn to the question, what are the causes which produce this phenomenon? We believe that no satisfactory reason has ever been advanced to account for the existence of the Indian Summer, and until we have made further advances in Natural Science, it is to be feared that the subject must remain amongst the "res incognitæ." The most probable hypothesis which has yet been hazarded is to the following effect. It is well known that water, when passing into the form of ice, gives out a large quantity of its latent heat. In the high northern latitudes visited by Parry and Ross it appears that the winter commences in the beginning of September, and that throughout the whole of that month the process of congelation proceeds with great activity. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, from the immense amount of ice formed during that period, that the quantity of heat thrown into the atmosphere during the month of September must be sufficient to exert a very powerful and perceptible effect upon the temperature of the air in countries lying south of the Arctic Circle, especially as the northerly winds prevail at that season.

The only objection which can be argued against such an hypothesis is drawn from the fact that heated air always has a tendency to ascend, whilst the colder and heavier air rushes in to supply its place. It is argued, therefore, that the heat arising from the formation of northern ice would rise to the upper regions of the atmosphere, before it could reach the latitude of the United States. Yet this objection is not so forcible as it may at first sight appear. Even supposing that the heat given out in the process of congelation in the north frigid zone does rise, still it is not lost, nor can it rise to any great height, because the more elevated strata of the atmosphere are always intensely cold; and ere the warm air which rises

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from the surface of the earth can mingle with that above it, it must part with its heat to the lower strata of air through which it passes, so that the greatest degree of heat must always remain in the middle or under currents of the atmosphere, and must therefore be capable of affecting the temperature of the countries over which it floats.

But besides this there is always a tide of heated air rising from the equatorial regions, and flowing North and South. If, then, during the month of September there be a similar tide rising from the North Polar Sea, and flowing towards the equator, these tides must meet somewhere near the forty-fifth parallel of latitude; and at that point there would be a pressure and condensation of the air above, which must cause a part at least of the heat to descend; and this pressure of the upper strata of the atmosphere, whilst it would afford a partial solution to the increase of heat during the Indian Summer, would also account for the calmness, the softness, and the dryness of the air so prevalent at that season.

In connection with the hypothesis above referred to, we may adduce another fact which will perhaps aid us in investigating the causes which produce the Indian Summer. From observations made on the thermometer in mines, it appears that there is a periodical revolution of temperature at a depth of thirty or forty feet beneath the surface of the earth; the maximum of heat occurring about the middle of October, and the minimum about the middle of April. Earth being a bad conductor of heat, especially when it is dry, the process by which the maximum is attained at that depth must necessarily be very slow. The direct action of the sun's rays, in warming the earth, does not probably extend to more than four or five feet; but the upper stratum being once warmed communicates its temperature slowly to that which lies immediately beneath it, and that to the next, and so on progressively. The upper surface of the soil is kept at a high temperature by the immediate influence of the sun, probably until the end of August, though the process of transmitting the heat from the higher to the lower strata is still going on below, and continues until the middle of October, even after the surface of the ground has become quite cool to the depth of a foot or more. During the month of September it is probable that the temperature of the soil at the surface remains stationary, or nearly so; but after that period—that is, when the air becomes colder than the ground—there must be a gradual giving out of this accumulated heat into the atmosphere, during the month of October, and in fact until the snow and the ice prevent its further disengagement. This must, to a certain degree, have the effect of rendering the air at that period of the year warmer than it would be without such a counterbalancing provision of nature; and although it is avowedly insufficient to produce all the elevation of

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temperature experienced during the Indian Summer, it may still be a powerful auxiliary with other causes in producing that phenomenon.

Other causes doubtless exist; but those to which we have adverted in this paper are the most probable that we are yet acquainted with. The subject does not admit of demonstration, and in this case, perhaps, he is the most scientific who can give the keenest guess. The true origin of the season which we have attempted to describe, like that of the aboriginal race whose name it bears, will, in all likelihood, ever remain in obscurity.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE DOOR OF A GAMING HOUSE.

Il est trois portes à cet autre,
  L'Espoir, l'Infamie, et la Mort.
Par la première on y entre,
  Par les deux autres on en sort.

IMITATION.

Here fickle Fortune holds her court,
And to the mansion crowds resort,
  Her golden smile to win;
One gate admits the eager bands,
And Hope, the portress, smiling stands,
  To let the strangers in.

To lead them forth two gates appear,
But say! what forms are stationed there,
  The purpose to attend!
At one Dishonor still abides,
And at the other Death presides,
  The gamester's only friend.

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SONNETS.

I.

THE COTTAGE BIBLE.*

I stood beneath a humblest hovel's roof,
Though scarce a shelter from the sudden storm,—
Wretched and cold and frail, and far aloof
From human dwelling; nor did other form
Of life appear, save one old withered crone,
Childless and friendless there who dwelt alone,—
Alone with Squalor and pale Misery,
While Hunger gaunt looked forth from her dim eye.
"Good mother, fate hath hardly dealt with thee!"
"Oh, no!"—and pointing to a sheltered nook,
Before unnoticed,—"I have still that Book!"
Upon my cheek then might that old crone see
A blush and tear of penitence and shame,—
—I went a humbler man, and wiser, than I came.

II.

TO MY MOTHER.

Purest and loveliest of earthly mould—
Again to that dear bosom am I press'd
That gave me life! Blessed be thou, thrice-bless'd!
While thus thy shielding arms thy child enfold,
I feel as in some sanctuary shrine,
Where nought of ill or sorrow may have power
To vex this passion-wasted heart of mine,
Or mar the holy peace of this sweet hour.
Nor life alone to thee my being owes,—
For thou hast been an angel-guide from heaven
To my weak spirit,—and whate'er it knows
Of beauty, truth, or good, from thine was given!
Oh, let the sacred tears these lines that blot
Speak the deep language which my feeble words may not!

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* A recent incident.

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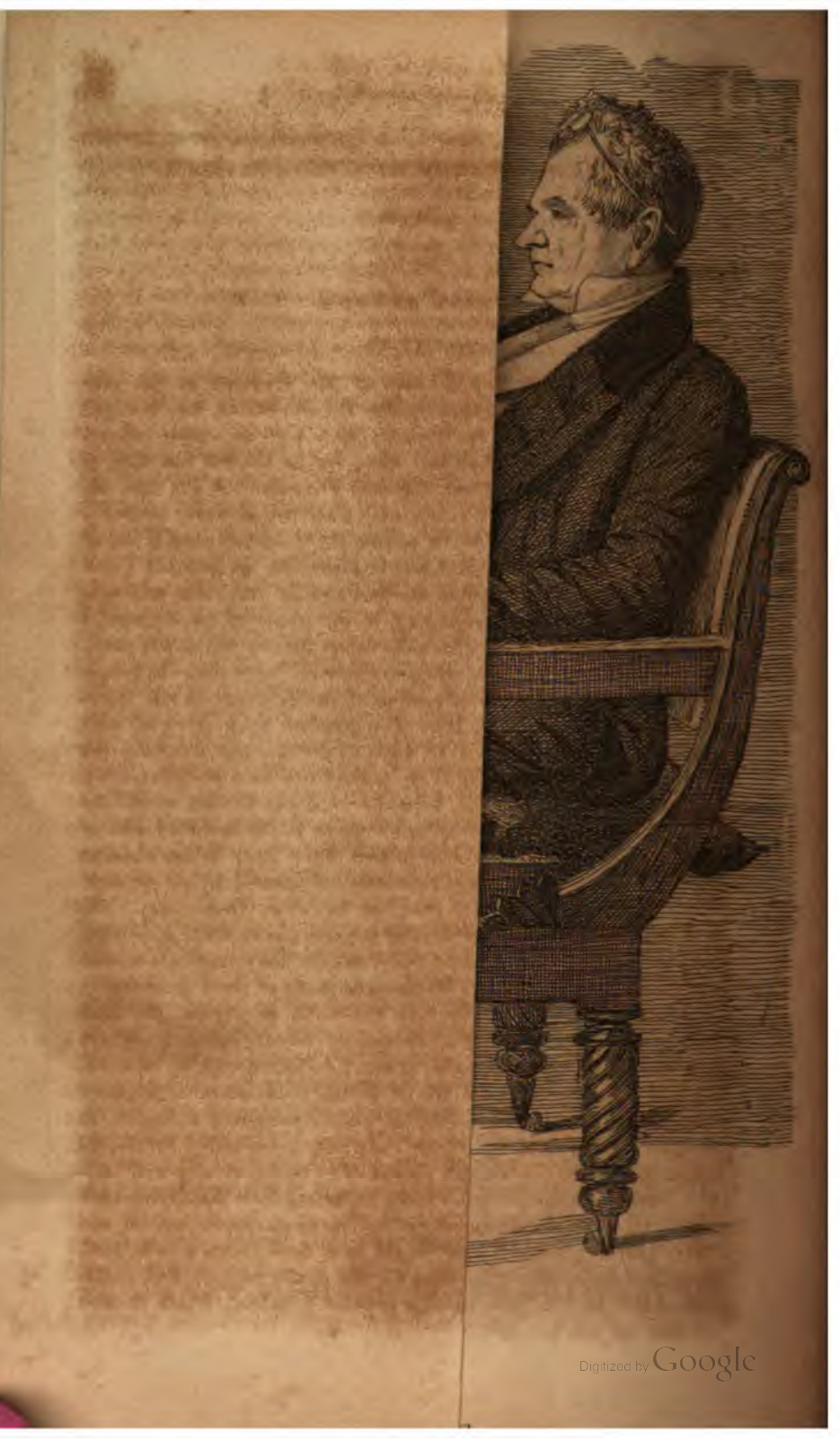

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

(No. X.)

FELIX GRUNDY.

Though the recent appointment of Mr. Grundy to the eminent post of Attorney General of the United States, has brought him prominently before the country, as a high executive officer, and a distinguished professional man, yet he needed not that to place him in the series of our Political Portraits. A life now advanced beyond three-score years, with a reputation never sullied—a consistency so marked as to secure the constant confidence of those with whom he has acted, and to make him an honored guide as well as trusted champion of the Democratic cause—an unflinching support, while war was raging, of the honor of his country, a never tiring exertion to procure and sustain the success of her arms, and a ready and cordial eloquence to cheer on the patriot—in peace, constantly turning the opportunities of public place to the introduction and promotion of laws distinguished by a spirit of wise philanthropy, or calculated to extend, diffuse, and equalize, the benefit of our institutions in every part of our vast confederacy—these acts, and such conduct, long observed and known, would entitle him, without any distinction of place, to be included among those men on the incidents of whose lives their fellow-citizens love to dwell. A regard for consistent and faithful public servants is one of the most striking traits of American Democracy. Of the fickleness attributed to popular approbation in other countries, we have assuredly experienced but little, and the occasion is scarcely to be found, in which the Democratic party of the United States has deserted those who have been true to its principles. In most instances—perhaps without an exception, in every instance—where those have lost its support who at one time stood high in its confidence, the change is to be traced to the recantation of declared opinions, to the ardor of ill-timed and importunate ambition, to the false calculations of vanity unwisely over-rating individual importance, or to the foolish freaks of personal rivalry and jealousy. Such causes have too often separated from the Democratic party some of its ablest members, and justly deprived them of the honors they coveted. These would have been easily won by consistent and disinterested exertion for the public welfare, and a forbearing and quiet reliance on that popular approval, which is sure

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to be cheerfully conferred, sooner or later, on those by whom it is deserved. The truth of this is established by our political history from the earliest times of the Republic down to the present—from the days of Jefferson to those of the subject of this notice—and it ought, if properly weighed, to impress on the mind and conduct of every public man a useful lesson of forbearance, consistency, and ready but not selfish devotion in the service of his country.

Felix Grundy is a native of Virginia, having been born among the mountains of Berkley county, on the eleventh of September, 1777. His father had settled in that remote region, which was still subject to the ravages of the Indians, shortly after his emigration from England. Not long after the birth of this son, he penetrated yet farther to the West, and finally fixed his residence, about the year 1780, in Kentucky. This State which then formed the western portion of Virginia, was suffering under all the severities of Indian hostility; and during the closing years of the Revolutionary war, there were few of the brave settlers in its scarcely penetrated forests, who had not witnessed the uplifted and bloody tomahawk of the savage. It was not till the end of 1782 that the cessation of hostilities with England allowed an effective force to be sent to the western country. This, with the rapid increase of population, soon enabled the hardy pioneers to check the outrages of their wily foe. "I was too young," said Mr. Grundy, in an eloquent speech delivered in the Senate not long since, when some observations recalled the early history of western adventure—"I was too young to participate in these dangers and difficulties, but I can remember when death was in almost every bush, and every thicket concealed an ambuscade. If I am asked to trace my memory back and name the first indelible impression it received, it would be the sight of my eldest brother bleeding and dying under the wounds inflicted by the tomahawk and scalping knife. Another, and another, went in the same way! I have seen a widowed mother plundered of her whole property in a single night; from affluence and ease reduced to poverty in a moment, and compelled to labor with her own hands to support and educate her last and favorite son—him who now addresses you!" "Sir," said Mr. Grundy, addressing the Vice-President, in the course of the same speech, and looking round upon his associates in the Senate, "Sir, the ancient sufferings of the West were great. I know it. I need turn to no document to teach me what they were. They are written upon my memory—a part of them upon my heart. Those of us who are here are but the remnant—the wreck of large families lost in effecting the early settlement of the West. As I look around, I see the monuments of former suffering and woe—ask my colleague (General Desha) what he remembers? He will tell you that while his father was in pursuit of one party of Indians, another

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band came and murdered two of his brothers. Inquire of yonder gentleman from Arkansas (Governor Pope) what became of his brother-in-law, Oldham? He will tell you that he went out to battle but never returned. Ask that Representative from Kentucky, (Mr. Wickliffe) where is his uncle, the gallant Hardin? He will answer that he was intrepid enough to carry a flag of truce to the hostile savages; they would not recognize the protection which the flag of peace threw around him, and he was slain. If I turn to my old classmate and friend, (Mr. Rowan) now a grave and potent Senator, I am reminded of a mother's courage and intrepidity, in the son whom she rescued from savage hands, when in the very grasp of death."

Among the hardships and sufferings of a school like this, bravery, independence, self-reliance, caution and wisdom, are imbibed, even in boyish days. From these harsh but useful lessons, were derived the traits which have since continued to characterize the man. A desire strongly displayed, as youth grew upon him, for instruction of a kind less rude—a marked fondness for books and study—was with difficulty gratified by his widowed mother. Her own slender resources, added to the few means of education which Kentucky could then afford, obliged her to become herself the principal instructor of her child in his earlier years; and not until the establishment of a school at Bardstown, by Dr. James Priestley, could she secure the liberal education which she so ardently wished him to enjoy. Among his fellow students were several persons who have since become eminently distinguished in the West, both in professional and political life. No one of these surpassed, and but few equalled him in the literary standing he attained.

The first intention of Mr. Grundy's mother was that he should be educated for the medical profession, but a talent for debate, evinced when at school, and his own subsequent wishes, ultimately led to the selection of the law. He pursued his legal studies under the direction of George Nicholas, then the most celebrated counsellor in Kentucky, and a statesman whose name is connected with the vigorous support of Democratic measures and principles—especially on the permanent division between the two great parties which took place shortly after. A personal friendship was cemented by similarity of opinion on public measures—*idem velle et sentire de republica*—and until the death of his venerable preceptor, Mr. Grundy enjoyed the benefit of his wisdom, and participated in his warmest affections. His admission to the Kentucky bar occurred about 1797.

His entrance on a professional career was speedily followed by his appearance in political life. In 1799 a Convention was called for the purpose of revising the Constitution of Kentucky. To this body he was elected a delegate from Washington county,

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where he resided. He was a frequent, and proved himself to be, an able debater. The principal point towards which his exertions were directed, was the establishment, by the fundamental law, of a system of circuit courts throughout the State. It was not, however, deemed an advisable measure at that time, by the Convention, but the Legislature were authorized by a clause in the Constitution to establish such courts, subordinate to the supreme appellate tribunal, as they should in future deem expedient.

With the adjournment of the Convention, Mr. Grundy's public services did not terminate. He was soon after elected a representative in the General Assembly, and continued to be a member of that body by successive reëlections until November, 1806. The measure he principally exerted himself to carry, was the establishment of the circuit court system which he had failed to induce the Convention to adopt. He was satisfied that this was the only plan for securing uniformity of judicial decision and practice, bringing justice promptly and frequently to every man's door, and giving to all the citizens equal participation in the learning and ability of the principal judges. For several sessions he pursued his favorite measure with various but never complete success, until in the year 1802 it was adopted by a large vote of both Houses. Even this, however, proved insufficient. It was negatived by the Governor, and returned to the Legislature with the reasons of his disapproval. These were again discussed; but the views of Mr. Grundy were ultimately sustained, and the measure became a law by a constitutional majority of both Houses. Another subject which occupied his attention, as much almost as the previous one, and during the greater part of time when he was in the Assembly, was the protection of actual settlers who had purchased public lands from the State. The system of sales on credit, the injurious consequences of which, both to those who bought and those who sold, had not at that time been fully developed, had been adopted in Kentucky. The necessary result was, that there were numbers of settlers who, having devoted their means to reclaiming their lands from the wilderness, were unable to meet the payments due to the State, and were thus subjected to the loss of their hard-earned property. Frequent efforts to enforce the forfeiture of these lands were opposed by Mr. Grundy, and he was mainly instrumental in the adoption of a course of judicious and liberal indulgence. The year 1802 was marked by an interesting occurrence in his legislative career. He was engaged for several days in a debate conducted with great animation and ability, almost exclusively between Mr. Clay and himself. A law had been passed to incorporate an insurance company, of which the avowed object was to insure boats and cargoes on the Ohio and Mississippi. Into this law a clause was introduced which, after authorizing the corporation to receive and assign bonds, bills, and notes, in the course

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of its business, declared that "such notes as were payable to bearer might be assigned by delivery." Under this provision, the company assumed the right to exercise banking powers. As soon as this assumption was known, Mr. Grundy introduced a bill to repeal the law; it became the subject of a warm debate between him and Mr. Clay; and finally, after six days discussion, passed the House and subsequently the Senate. The Governor, however, refusing his approval, it was returned to the House, where it again passed, after renewed debate. It failed in the Senate, the second time, for want of a constitutional majority. In this indirect manner was the first bank established in Kentucky.

In the autumn of 1806 Mr. Grundy was appointed a judge of the Court of Appeals; and in March following, on the removal of Judge Todd to the Supreme Court of the United States, he became his successor as Chief Justice of the State. The inadequate salary of the office, however, and the little attention he had been able to give to his professional business or private affairs, while engaged in the pursuits of public life, induced him, in the year 1808, to resign his office and to devote himself exclusively to his profession. Believing that he could do this with more success in Tennessee, and especially that absence from Kentucky would effectually withdraw him from public life, he removed to Nashville, which became from that time the place of his permanent residence. In his professional exertions he met with the distinguished success due to his ability and legal acquirements. His practice became lucrative and extensive. His services were constantly demanded in the adjoining States; and he stood, by general consent, among the most prominent members of the Western bar. The love of political life was not, however, extinguished. The controversy, rapidly tending to a war, between America and England, enlisted his patriotic feelings, and roused his scarcely dormant desire again to participate in public affairs. When, therefore, in 1811, his Democratic fellow-citizens selected him as a candidate for Congress, he did not refuse the offer, which resulted in his almost unanimous election.

Mr. Grundy took his seat in the House of Representatives on the fourth of November, 1811, being the commencement of the first session of the twelfth Congress. It was a proof of the high reputation which he brought with him to Washington, that he was immediately placed by the Speaker on the Committee of Foreign Relations—a body to whom, it was well known, would be peculiarly intrusted the consideration of the vital topics then pending between this country and Great Britain, and which, in fact, seemed already to involve the question of peace or war. His feelings on that subject were candidly and fully made known. He seized an early occasion, and in his first speech declared, that unless Great Britain would rescind or satisfactorily modify her Orders in Council,

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and abandon entirely the impressment of American seamen, he was in favor of a declaration of war. These opinions, boldly avowed, and sustained with his usual and impressive eloquence, were cheerfully hailed by those who believed the time for decisive measures had arrived, as assuring in their support the hearty coöperation of the West. But they drew down upon him, in a corresponding degree, the displeasure of those who were opposed to such a course; and he was soon selected as a special object of abuse and calumny by the Federal newspapers. He had not, however, been trained in that hardy school of public service through which we have seen him pass, to be affected by such attacks. Finding, from day to day, that no mode of redress was left but "to oppose force to force in defence of our national rights," he strenuously advocated, both in the Committee and in the House, at an early period of the session, the bill, which eventually passed, to raise an additional military force. When, on the first of June, 1812, the Message of the President recommending war was referred to the Committee of Foreign Relations, he cordially united in the able report by which that recommendation was justified; and during the sessions with closed doors, in which it was for several days warmly, and even violently, discussed, he was among the principal of those by whom it was eloquently and successfully vindicated. He met with a just reward in the feelings of his constituents. They sustained him, not only with the voice of unanimous approbation, but by their prompt and gallant actions. They proved themselves ready on the instant to uphold with their arms the measures of which their representative was the advocate.

Mr. Grundy continued in Congress during the three following sessions, embracing the principal portion of the war. The absorbing topics of discussion throughout this period, were the various bills of necessity, introduced to raise funds by loans and taxation, for its prosecution, and to increase and strengthen the Army and Navy. There was scarcely a debate on these subjects in which he did not participate. He had voted for the war, as, in his opinion, just and indispensable to the honor of the country. He was, therefore, in favor of prosecuting it with vigor. Every matured measure of offence or defence found in him a willing, ready, and able friend; and when it became necessary to resort to extensive taxation, he, without hestitation, voted for and advocated, the whole system as proposed by the Committee of Ways and Means. It was against measures such as these that the partisan spirit of the Federal Opposition was principally directed. They knew that without men and money the war could not be successfully maintained. They believed that its failure must overwhelm its champions with popular indignation and disgrace. There were those among them with whom the love of country was a feeling

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less strong than dislike to those in place. Partisans so reckless deemed it no disgrace to adopt every measure in their power to prevent the enlistment of men, or the filling of government loans. Actuated by this spirit, they did not hesitate, in some portions of the Union, to proclaim as foes to their country all who lent their money at this time of need to the National Treasury; and instances were not wanting of their being denounced from the sacred desk as enemies of God and man. Mr. Grundy, in one of his speeches, while advocating the justice of the war, took occasion, especially, to notice this highly unpatriotic conduct. After reviewing the series of measures, adopted for the avowed purpose of discouraging enlistments and preventing loans to the Government, he exposed, in forcible language, the real guilt of such proceedings. "They," said he, in concluding his remarks, "who discourage enlistments, or use their influence to prevent loans to the Government, are, in my judgment, guilty of *moral treason*. By such conduct they are weakening the arm of their country and strengthening that of the enemy, more effectually than if they were at once to pass over and place themselves in his ranks to fight against their countrymen. It is true, the Constitution and laws will not punish them, but they must, and will receive the decided condemnation of every patriot." Language such as this drew down upon him the undivided odium of those who had pursued the course he so unequivocally reprobated. He became the constant theme of their anathemas, and it may not be uninteresting to record one, from among the many specimens that might be found, of the manner in which his manly exposition of their covert hostility to their country was denounced.

"What," writes one of these reckless partisans, "if we now lend them money? They will not make peace. They will still hanker for Canada. They will still assemble forces and shed blood on our western frontier. Mere pride, if nothing else, would make them do it. The motives which first brought on the war will still continue it, if money can be had. But some say—will you let the country become bankrupt? No, the country will never become bankrupt. But pray do not prevent the abusers of their trust becoming bankrupt. Do not prevent them from becoming odious to the public and replaced by better men. Any Federalist who lends money to Government must go and shake hands with JAMES MADISON, and claim fellowship with FELIX GRUNDY. Let him no more call himself a Federalist and friend to his country. HE WILL BE CALLED BY OTHERS INFAMOUS."

Against language such as this Mr. Grundy found an ample shield in the increased affection and confidence which he obtained among his Republican friends, but especially among his own high-spirited constituents. The latter had been from the first the brave and

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gallant supporters of the war. The army was filled with volunteers from among them, and it was in allusion to their readiness every where to serve their country that he remarked in reply to an assertion of the right of the militia not to pass beyond the limits of the United States, "that his constituents had never studied geographical boundaries when contending against the enemies of their country; and that it was enough for them to know where the foe was to be found, in order to assert their constitutional right to meet him."

From the time Mr. Grundy left Congress until the year 1829, he took no direct part in public affairs with the exception of serving for a few sessions as a member of the Legislature of Tennessee. He was indeed occasionally employed in temporary official trusts in which his services were sought on account of his ability and high integrity; and among these, ought to be particularly mentioned, the settlement he effected of the boundary line with Kentucky, which had long been a subject of fierce and threatening controversy and repeated though unsuccessful negotiation. But during these fifteen years his professional duties and the nurture and education of his children formed his principal and favorite employment; and he had every reason to be gratified in the high legal reputation and successful practice he continued to enjoy—and not less in the happiness and freedom from misfortune which attended his domestic life.

In 1829, on the resignation of Mr. Eaton as a Senator in Congress, Mr. Grundy was elected his successor and took his seat in the Senate on the seventh of December. His term expiring on the fourth of March, 1833, he was reëlected for the succeeding six years; and has continued a member of that body until lately placed by Mr. Van Buren in his cabinet, as Attorney General of the United States. Throughout this period he held a distinguished rank as an able debater and judicious counsellor. To the firm support which his strong and unchanged Democratic opinions would naturally have induced him to give to the administration of General Jackson, he added that confidence in his wisdom, and that warm personal regard, which had grown up and were cemented by an intimate association of more than twenty years. When the Senate rung with the fierce denunciations of his political foes and rivals, upon the removal of the public money from the Bank of the United States, Mr. Grundy not only supported that measure by unanswerable views of its policy and justice, but vindicated the motives and character of the President with all the warmth and spirit of ancient friendship.

Few debates involving important public principles occurred, during the nine years he was in the Senate, without his participation in them. He sustained the right of the Executive to remove persons from office, as one founded on a fair construction of the Constitution, and practised without question for forty years; but in so

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doing he did not recognise a mere difference of political opinions, unaccompanied by the abuse of official power or influence, as affording a just ground for its exercise. In the repeated discussions to which the tariff of 1828 gave rise, he seized every occasion to express his opposition to that measure. His opinion was, that the power to impose duties on imports could not be rightfully used for the purpose of protecting domestic manufactures, except to the extent of the selection of particular objects for taxation within the limits of the revenue actually necessary for legitimate purposes. When the events connected with this subject assumed their serious aspect in 1833, he used all means to effect the passage of the Compromise Bill, was a member of the committee by whom it was remodelled, and was among those who were most instrumental in warding off the shock threatened by a conflict between the general confederacy and a single State. Upon all measures connected with the abolition of slavery he has acted with the same republican spirit, and evinced the same anxious desire to preserve unimpaired the well settled compromises of the Constitution.

While in the Senate Mr. Grundy successively held the prominent posts of Chairman of the Committees on Post Offices and on the Judiciary. The former proved to be a place of great labor and responsibility, and required an examination into the whole history and business of the Post Office Department, accompanied with elaborate and voluminous reports. That branch of the Executive had never been previously organized on the principles of strict accountability which existed in the others; and the result of these investigations was, to place it upon the same footing, by a law matured in 1836, of equal benefit to the Department and the community. As Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, he introduced and carried through many important bills. Two of them particularly deserve notice. The first, was to extend to the new States the circuit courts of which they had never yet enjoyed the advantages, and thus give to their laws, institutions and practice, the consideration in the decisions of the Supreme Court, only to be obtained by having their own judges on its bench. The other, was a bill violently resisted, but successfully vindicated and at last triumphantly carried, of which the object was to prevent institutions chartered by Congress from issuing notes after their charter had expired; it was intended not only to prevent such an abuse of trust for the future, but to stop, as it effectually did, the unjustifiable conduct of the Bank of the United States chartered by Pennsylvania, in flooding the country with irresponsible notes originally made on the faith and under the guarantee of an act of Congress.

The close of Mr. Grundy's legislative career was marked by a philanthropic act whose usefulness, it is to be hoped, will be widely felt; he introduced, at the late session of Congress, a bill which

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was subsequently passed, with little alteration, to secure the lives of passengers on board of steamboats; its provisions were carefully considered and it cannot be doubted that, if properly carried into effect, they will tend to check the great and apparently increasing disregard for the security of human lives from this cause.

On the first of September, 1838, he became Attorney General of the United States, being the first time he ever received an appointment under the General Government; and, with the exception of his very brief term on the bench of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, the only occasion in a long course of public life, on which he has held an office not derived immediately from the suffrages of his constituents.

In person Mr. Grundy is of the usual height, and his countenance though marked by a mild and bland expression, is full of intelligence. His conversation is characterized by easy humor and his manners are simple and unaffected. Though not of a disposition to permit difference in political sentiments to affect his private intercourse, he is yet remarkable for his own consistency and firmness in adhering to those principles which he adopted in the outset of public life. Commencing as a Republican of the old school he has so continued without deviation; and no circumstances, however trying, have induced him to waver from his early faith. As a Senator he always felt that pride of place, justifiable in one who had so entirely achieved a prominent position by his own exertions, and although in wit and sarcasm he had no superior, yet he has never been found to indulge in remarks unsuited to the high theatre in which he acted so conspicuous a part. Never did he degrade the elevated body of which he was a member by language that could not fail to lower it in public estimation. He eloquently and conclusively vindicated, on more than one occasion, the majority of which he was a part, from the imputation of a disregard for its independence and honor; and he defended the Senate itself from the charge that it could be ever lost to the manly assertion of its own rights. It was during one of these debates that he concluded a very able speech, of which unfortunately there is no report, by the following language illustrative of these opinions—which we quote, by the way, rather as the sentiment of the speaker, than as exactly our own opinion. "If," said he, "the time shall come when the Goddess of Liberty can find no resting place in the Executive mansion; when the spirit of faction shall expel her from the other end of the Capitol—yet she will still linger about this chamber unwilling to be gone; and if at last, she shall be compelled to take her final flight, the parting impress of her feet will be found upon that dome which overshadows the American Senate."

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THE EXILE.

As, wearily, upon a lonely strand,
Whose rugged front the ocean billow laves,
Wanders an Exile from a distant land,—
Far o'er that wild infinity of waves
Sending his soul's sad flight, as though its wing,
Dove-like, some leaf of hope back to its ark might bring;—

As on that orb which, setting now to him,
Sheds on his own loved home its dawning ray,
Through the thick film of tears his eyes that dim,
His yearning gaze still lingers—ah, who may
Measure or tell the gathered griefs of years
From the heart's bitterest depth o'erflowing in those tears!

No voice comes to him o'er the waste of waves,
But the wild dashing of the unresting surge,
And that dim moan from ocean's mystic caves
Forever echoing like a solemn dirge,
As though of thousand spirit-voices swelling,
Far down below, to chaunt the drowning seaman's knelling.

No voice like those dear tones, by love's lip spoken,
Whose memories yet murmur on his ear,—
No imaged word or smile—no sign—no token—
With one bright beam that aching gloom to cheer—
How like an angel's visit might it bless,
To soothe and nerve his spirit's fainting weariness!

Nor voice nor sign!—and is he then forgot,
So soon, so utterly, so lightly, there
Whither 'mid all the anguish of its lot,
As to the heaven of mortal hope and prayer,
His faithful heart still sends its deep, sad yearning,—
Like a slow fire within his wasted bosom burning!

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The breeze which round his throbbing brow is playing,
As it would gently cool its aching fever,
Late round that heart's far, blessed home was straying,
Where still its thoughts, its prayers, are hovering ever—
Does not the Spirit of the Zephyr bring
One thought, one prayer, for him, upon its viewless wing?

He may not know—and what is hope's frail trust,
For human heart on it alone to lean!
For aye too often, trampled in the dust,
Bleeding and pierced, hath such fond heart been seen,
Which rested for its very life, alas,
Upon that quivering reed—that trembling spear of glass!

Mightiest and frailest thing of mortal birth
Art thou, oh Love!—for though thou oft canst scorn
Like the proud oak the blast that shakes the earth,
Too oft the flower whose loveliness the morn
Hath smiled upon—whose blight eve weeps to see,
In gentlest tears of dew—were fitter type of thee.

The absent—the proscribed—the unmentioned—how
Should woman's tempted heart yet cling to him,
Unfettered in its faith by bond or vow!
For, ah, time hath a subtle power to dim
Those hues of fancy which the fair young Hours
Of love's communion weave from summer's brightest flowers.

Peace, murmurer!—nor let one wild doubt dare
Blaspheme the holiness of woman's love,—
Which when most tried and tempted most can bear,
Its immortality of truth to prove,—
Brightest the glow-worm's ray in darkest night,
And shall the cloud e'er quench the star's heav'n-kindled light!

Yet still, ah, who can chide, that many an hour
His weary spirit flag and faint—surrendered,
As in a nightmare spell, to the dark power
Of that despair of hope deferred engendered,—
And as through dreary mists his sad steps go,
The lamp that guides their way burn sometime dim and low!

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Not ever thus—ofttimes it flames on high,
All earth and heaven with its own glory flushing,
As the young dawn, from its far-radiant eye,
O'er darkest cloud can shed its own bright blushing,—
Oh, not of earth that light—and ever may
The etherial love that fired, still feed the sacred ray!

Oh, fearless then and free his spirit goes,
Proudly as soars the eagle toward the sun,
And o'er its own earth-sullied darkness glows
A glory from the light it looks upon;
Fair smiles its hope, and nerves its flagging will,
Its weary lot to bear, unbent, unbroken still.

A power art thou of more than mortal birth,
—I know thee now—oh Love!—that canst inspire
Thus gloriously a spirit of the earth,
As with the breathing of a heavenly fire,
With thine own essence—gentle, fair, and pure,
Fearless to dare and trust, and mighty to endure.

Thine is a power, within the torpid spirit,
To quicken into life each slumbering seed
That from its heaven-birth it doth inherit,
Bidding it spring to glorious word and deed,—
And aye in proud aspiring fix its eye
On all that's great and good, true, beautiful, and high.

Thine, like a scroll to bid the darkness flee,
O'er the fair face of earth and nature dwelling,—
Each gloomy doubt, each low despondency,
Each base desire, each demon passion, quelling,—
And to the heav'n-touched eye all things disclosing
Bright in the light of love and harmony reposing.

Thus as despair or hope alternate sway
The hours of that sad Exile slow and long,
In low wild wailings breathes his lyre's lay,
Or proud and soaring swells its loftier song—
Ah, when to its loved home shall fate restore
That banished heart, and sadness sway the lyre no more!

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THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.*

M. De Montbel's life of the younger Napoleon is certainly one of the curiosities of literature. That a minister of Charles the Tenth, exiled with that unlucky monarch from his native country, should employ the leisure of his banishment in Austria in composing a memoir of *the Son of the Man* who raised his towering empire on the overthrow of the Bourbon kingdom, is one of those curious results of the vicissitudes of fortune which are continually proving that history is more incredible than romance. With familiarity unrestrained, indeed encouraged, and with access to the best and most authentic sources and materials of information, M. De Montbel also had a subject rich in the sympathies, the glories, and the mysterious realities, of the extraordinary offspring of the most wonderful man and marriage of modern times. And he handles his subject with a fervor, delicacy, and pathos, that heighten its intrinsic attractions. Of the regal and Austrian coloring of his portrait we may beware, while it is difficult to resist the touches of domestic love and goodness that abound in it. But making due allowances for the influences under which he compiled this highly interesting memoir, it is but justice to acknowledge, that the well-beloved object of so much tenderness, hope, and panegyric, was one of the most remarkable and promising youths of any age or country. With such principles, personal merits, education, family, and popular alliances, it is difficult to imagine what might have been his destiny, had but health and a good constitution been united with his other preëminent advantages. Whether a frail body was undermined and consumed by the workings of an imprisoned spirit, that cancer of the soul, even while surrounded and sustained by the utmost personal kindness and affection, it is impossible to say. But we may conceive how a youth of ambitious and thoughtful temper, passionately alive to his immense father's overwhelming renown, yet conscientious, dutiful, and grateful to his Austrian kindred,—while burning to distinguish his devotion to Napoleon's memory, languishing and dying on the very proscenium of the vast theatre of his utmost triumphs,—we may well conceive that the susceptibilities of such a son, so situated, might wear and waste and wither a stouter frame, and bring the ill-starred Duke of Reichstadt's young hairs with sorrow to a premature grave.

The French Revolution of 1830, could not fail to stir up every drop of French blood in the body of a youth just then of an age for romantic enthusiasm, noble action, and love of country. We

* Le Duc de Reichstadt, par M. de Montbel, ancien ministre du Roi Charles X. Paris, 1832.

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all know how it excited even the sober and thinking people of this remote region. It reached America in the beginning of September, and must needs have roused the long dormant hopes of the surviving male head of the Bonaparte family (having resided for fifteen years, in philosophical retirement, on the banks of the Delaware) to see it restored if not to the throne, at least to the country of the French, with the heir of Napoleon at their head, and his respectable uncle the protector of the young Astyanax,—as his father called him on the memorable occasion of his leaving Paris. But on the twentieth of the same month, the tidings of the Revolution were followed by accounts of the proclamation of the Duke of Orleans as King of the French. Joseph Bonaparte's letter to the Chamber of Deputies was nevertheless sent to France, reclaiming the right of his nephew to the crown; and there is no doubt that young Napoleon himself, his grandfather the Emperor of Austria, and Prince Metternich, as is sufficiently disclosed in M. De Montbel's work, contemplated with solicitude the reëstablishment of the Duke of Reichstadt, not only as the rightful, but the most acceptable and desirable occupant, by whatever title, of the vacant supreme authority of France. There was a strong Bonaparte party then, much more so than is supposed; and the Republicans were ready to act with them for the restoration of Napoleon the Second. General Lafayette's great influence was exerted with Louis Philippe so far, at least, as to prevail on him to recall the Bonaparte family to their homes and possessions in France, which Louis Philippe promised to do, so soon as it could be settled with the several foreign powers with whom the banishment of the Bonapartes was stipulated by treaties. To this effect we believe General Lafayette wrote to the Count of Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte,) with many expressions of kindness and goodwill. The General vindicated his agency in the choice of the Duke of Orleans; but he wrote in the strongest terms of respect for Joseph. It was the opinion of many Americans, as well as French, having good opportunities, and well qualified to form a correct judgment, that if he would, as guardian of his nephew, without any claim of personal right, throw himself on the grateful recollections of the French, they would sustain the young Napoleon's claims to the French throne, and hold it for him till the Austrian Government permitted him to seek it in person; which it was believed the Emperor and Prince Metternich would allow, if it could be undertaken with probability of success. M. De Montbel gives the Austrian version of this affair in the fifth chapter of his work; a version composed after the exigency. But there is a French version, too, and perhaps even a transatlantic one. A personage visited Vienna, M. De Montbel informs us, whose name, celebrated in the annals of the Revolution and of the Empire, is blended with all the epochs of the history of French political

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convulsions, commissioned with positive propositions in favor of the Duke of Reichstadt, under cover of a totally different mission; and his communications were listened to, but with a cool composure which disconcerted his projects. Prince Metternich asked for guaranties, and so forth. It matters little now to develope this intervention, since the object of it is no more, and was not then put forward with French alacrity, but held back with German procrastination, till too late.

There can be no doubt that Joseph Bonaparte was much urged and encouraged to make the attempt, by credible representations which impressed on him the *duty* of affording those who were anxious to restore his family an opportunity of doing so. The Orleanists were then considered the weakest party in France; the Napoleonists the strongest; and the Henriquists the next strong:—the Republicans, with very little force, owing to the fears of a reign of terror, and, moreover, willing to unite with the Napoleonists. It was deemed best by the opponents of the Orleans dynasty, to suffer the movement to be purely popular and spontaneous, to avoid all conspiracy and secret contrivance, and leave to events their natural developement.

On the twentieth July, 1832, Joseph Bonaparte sailed from Philadelphia for England, where he arrived on the sixteenth August. Two days after his departure, the Duke of Reichstadt died, and tidings of his death was the first intelligence his uncle received on landing at Liverpool. After three years residence in England, he returned to America, arriving at Philadelphia on the eighteenth October, 1835. On the first July, 1836, he sailed from New York on his return to England; and has resided in or near London ever since,—but intending, however, it is understood, to reëstablish himself finally, this winter, at his estate, called Point Breeze, on the Delaware, near Bordentown, New Jersey. It is said that Napoleon, after his last abdication, when contemplating America as his place of retreat, (before he gave himself up to the English), designated to his brother, on the map, this spot, as that which he (the Emperor) would prefer in this country,—between the two principal cities, on a large river, in the midst of every rural, and near every city, accommodation. There, surrounded by the memorials of his much cherished brother, the Count of Survilliers, has long lived with all the gratification of respect in philosophical retirement.

From the time Napoleon united the imperial diadem of France to the iron crown of Italy, three memorable campaigns saw him triumph successively in the capitals of Austria and Prussia. The victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, of Jena and Friedland, of Eckmuhl and Wagram, dictated the treaties of Tilsit, Presburg, and Vienna. Austria and Prussia were forced, trembling, to submit to the mutilation of their territories, and the terrible alliance of the

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conqueror. After a thousand years existence, the ancient Germanic Empire was utterly crushed; Napoleon distributed the fragments among kings of his own creation, princes henceforward his vassals, his tributaries, and whom he subdued entirely to his will, by creating himself protector of the Confederation of the Rhine. Mediator of the Confederation of Switzerland, he stripped her of her liberty, her resources, and her soldiers. His brothers, adorned with the title of kings, served him as prefects to govern Spain, Naples, Westphalia, Holland. He recalled kings and kingdoms at pleasure. His immense empire, extending from the shores of the Baltic to the Pyrenees, numbered among its towns, Rome, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Amsterdam. Forty-two millions of men bore the name of Frenchmen; an equal number obeyed his sword. An heir was wanting to this formidable inheritance. Born of a Revolution whose whole religion consisted in hatred of kings, the triumphant soldier demanded the daughter of the Czars, and his pride presented Maria Louisa to France as the most splendid, the noblest of his trophies. The Revolution also was conquered.

At her accession to the throne of Napoleon, the young Empress was received with acclamation and homage; sumptuous and brilliant festivals succeeded one another; when their splendor was obscured and suddenly interrupted by one of those sinister accidents which, like the mysterious and terrible characters at the feast of Belshazzar, reveal the truth of a frightful future to the fears of nations.

A rapid fire devours the brilliant but fragile edifice in which the Prince of Schwarzenberg had surrounded the newly married couple with all Austria and Europe furnished of illustrious—all France had that was powerful. The joyous music of the dance is suddenly interrupted by cries of terror, of anguish, and despair. A female torn from the flames throws herself into them again—a mother seeking her daughter among the numerous victims,—the edifice falls to the earth—Pauline De Schwarzenberg is no more: young, amiable, beautiful, she is snatched from the tenderness of her noble husband, of her young family, of that cherished daughter for whom she had sacrificed herself, in striving to save her from a danger she no longer suffered.

People again saw those fatal omens of a terrible conclusion which darkened the nuptials of Marie Antoinette; they seemed to foresee the still more awful conflagration which, setting fire to the world, would break out between France and Austria. Napoleon and Schwarzenberg would meet, but henceforward elsewhere than at festivals. This passing impression, however, was soon effaced in the great movement of prosperity and power. How, indeed, could they believe in catastrophes? What struggle was to be feared at the sight of such power? What enemy were they to dread?

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Besides, of what could Napoleon be ambitious? What did there remain for him to ask of fortune?

The confinement of Maria Louisa was extremely painful. It might be said that the child was averse to entering a world where he was only to appear for an instant to surrender his young destiny to all the caprices of fortune.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; a hundred and one guns announced tumultuously to the capital that an heir was born to the ruler of Europe; couriers set off in every direction to announce this great event to the cities of the Empire, and to all the foreign courts. With a rapidity till then unexampled, four days after the birth of the King of Rome, M. de Tettenborn, aid-de-camp to the Prince of Schwarzenberg, arrived at Vienna, bearing the news to the Emperor.

Napoleon, in the exultation of his joy, hastened to show his son to the Princes of his family, to the Ministers of the Powers, to the Dignitaries of the Crown, to the State Corporations, admitted to present their homage to him.

On this solemn occasion the Senate neglected not to renew the oft repeated assurances of its immoveable fidelity to Napoleon; and its President might believe in the truth of the predictions which he addressed to the Prince in the following words:

"Your people salute, with unanimous acclamation, this new star which has just risen in the horizon of France, and whose first ray dissipates the very last of the shadows of future darkness. Providence, sire, who has so visibly conducted your high destinies in giving us this first-born of the Empire, desires to teach the world that there will descend from you a race of heroes not less lasting than the glory of your name and the institutions of your genius.

"Suffer, sire, that on this day the Senate mingle its dearest sentiments with the first of its duties, and that we separate not our respectful tenderness for the son of the great Napoleon, from the holy obligations which attach us to the heirs of the monarchy; as also that, in the homage we have just presented to your majesty, we do not sever the humble offering of our love for your sacred person, from the tribute of our profound respect and our immoveable fidelity."

Such were some of the pompous, the imposing, and the ominous circumstances that attended the birth of young Napoleon.

From this abridgment of M. de Montbel's rather florid preface, we proceed to lay before the reader a biographical and characteristic outline, formed by merely translated detachments of his work, in such arrangements as may serve to depict the noble youth whose birth, character, habits, principles, life, and death, it is our object to present,—omitting the great events of his father's career, with some of whose closing scenes M. de Montbel enlarges his biography

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of the son. Familiar as they are to every one, we need not repeat them, nor suffer more than a mere transient view of the mother to intercept the picture of the son, whom we wish to exhibit by himself. America has this remarkable local interest in the Bonaparte and Bourbon epics and episodes. The reigning King of the French, with his two brothers, was here some time. The British Government agreed with Bonaparte, in 1802, to send Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, and all their family and followers, to Canada, and keep them there. Napoleon's plan, in 1815, was to make this country his residence; and his brother, coming here at that time, has been among us almost ever since.

On the fifth of September the Emperor was on the confines of Moscow making preparations for the battle of Borodino, giving orders for that great action which was to begin at daybreak,—surrounded by the chiefs of his army, who were receiving his instructions. Suddenly Count Bausset, prefect of the palace, arrives at the camp, sent there by Maria Louisa to deliver to him the portrait of the King of Rome. At this news all preparations are suspended. In the impatience of his joy he orders the picture to be unpacked and placed without delay in his tent.

It was painted with great talent by Gerard,—the young prince represented reclining in his cradle,—a sceptre and the globe for his rattle. Napoleon contemplated with transport the features of his son. He called the officers of his household and the generals who awaited his orders, that they might share the satisfaction which filled his heart. "Do you believe, gentlemen," said he, "if my son were fifteen there would be nothing but his likeness among so many brave men?" A moment afterwards he added, "this portrait is really admirable;—I am charmed with it!"

He would have it placed outside of his tent on a chair, that all the officers and soldiers of his guard might look at it, and find in it further motives for renewed inspirations of courage for the great action that was to take place the next day. The portrait remained thus all day exposed to the eager looks of the soldiers. It was afterwards placed in Napoleon's chamber in the Kremlin.

We pass now to Napoleon's abdication and the departure of the Empress and her son for Austria.

The twenty-ninth of March Maria Louisa left the Tuileries to repair to Rambouillet, a royal castle destined to witness other misfortunes. When they attempted to take the young prince to his mother, who was waiting for him, to set out, he made unusual resistance, cried, screamed, his little hands seized the draperies of his apartment—"I will not," said he, "leave the palace!" Mr. de Canisi, the officer on duty, had to help Madame de Montesquieu carry him to the carriage. An instinct of repugnance to this jour-

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ney, the funeral of his political death, seemed to be revealed to the young prince.

After this he was established at Vienna. The time had come when his already active intelligence demanded the care of a connected, methodical, and gradually developed education. The Emperor of Austria was to confide this education, so delicate in many respects, to a man whose existence and character would justify the wisdom of his choice. At Maria Louisa's request he designated Count Maurice de Dietrichstein, of one of the most illustrious families of the Empire, and who united great nobleness of sentiments, and the elevation of a truly loyal character, with extensive and various information. By his high social position, and universally acknowledged qualities, Count Dietrichstein merited the confidence of the monarch. Such a choice proved the importance the Emperor attached to the trust he thought he could only place in such worthy hands.

M. Welli, together with M. Boos, head gardener at Schœnbrunn, was chosen to accompany the commission to St. Helena. M. Welli was a scholar versed in the natural sciences, diligent in his labors, and consequently quite incapable of intriguing. At the moment of departure, however, M. Boos, the friend of Madame Marchand, mother of the first valet-de-chambre of Napoleon, and attached to the immediate service of the young prince, charged Welli with a letter and small package directed to her son. The package inclosed, she said, a lock of his hair, which she begged him to give privately to Marchand, lest he should be deprived by the Governor's severity of this remembrance of his mother's tenderness.

When the expedition was within view of St. Helena, Baron Stürmer gave advice and orders to his suite conformably to the instructions he had received: he warned them that no letter or package was to be given directly to the French on the Island; that every thing was to be trusted to him, to be sent through the indispensable mediation of the Governor. He consequently ordered them to tell of every thing they had in their possession. Welli, fearing to disoblige M. Boos by breaking his promise, was silent, and when landed easily succeeded in giving Marchand the package which his mother sent him; on which occasion the Emperor Napoleon had another fête like that of the picture.

The intimacy immediately established between the Emperor of Austria and the young prince was touching. A secret instinct seemed to inform the child that his whole future existence was to be sheltered under the protection of his grandfather. The Emperor experienced the deep interest which a being so near to him must necessarily inspire, who though so young was the sport of an inconceivable destiny; they never left one another. A play-

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house, suited to the child's age, was fixed in the Emperor's apartment, who witnessed with delight the skill, the agility, and the transports of his merriment. The young duke penetrated even to the cabinet, where a monarch, one of the most skilful lawyers of his kingdom, was in the practice of himself determining, after careful and considerate examination, the petitions his subjects presented to him, at audiences granted, without difficulty, to the humblest inhabitants of the Empire. The presence of the young prince was a relief amid these grave labors. His conversation interested his grandfather. The child spoke with entire confidence, for he was sure of receiving answers adapted to his understanding, and explanations made with that benevolent feeling which gives them so much attraction for all auditors.

No difference was made between the Duke of Reichstadt and the young Archdukes of the family; he received the same care and the same proofs of tenderness; at court the same honours were paid him.

Besides the signs of intelligence that the young prince gave, he manifested also steadiness and skill, as was remarked in several instances. The Italian General, Pino, had given the Emperor a young lion, recently taken from its dam. Too weak to be dangerous, it used to play with the goats in one of the parks of the menagerie of Schœnbrunn, and drew public attention. People went to see and caress it like a playful dog. One day the Emperor, accompanied by his children and the young prince, went to see it; the youngest of the Archduchesses seemed alarmed, not at this animal, but at one of the goats which ran towards her in a threatening manner. "Do'nt be afraid," said the child, skilfully seizing the goat by the horns, "I will prevent its approaching." "See," said the Emperor, smiling, "he is very young, but he already knows how to take hold of a dilemma."

In the year 1819, the Persian Ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan Chan, made his entry into Vienna, and placed at the feet of the Emperor and Empress the presents his sovereign sent them. Among these precious objects, which consisted mostly of cashmeres, was the picture of a Persian Monarch richly framed with a greenish Chinese stone, a voluminous manuscript of the poet Feth Ali, composed of forty thousand distichs, and entitled the *Book of the King of Kings*, in imitation of the famous poem of Ferdussi; and above all the scimitar of Timur, celebrated in Europe under the name of Tamerlane. Abul Hassan, then Ambassador, now Prime Minister, of Persia, was a man of intelligence and information, but having many peculiarities of behaviour, and especially an extreme assurance. He had visited several European Courts. At London, Lawrence had taken his picture for the King of England; finding that painter at Vienna, he hastened to visit him at his workshop, accom-

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panied by M. de Hammer, the Court Interpreter. The Duke of Reichstadt being curious to see the Persian, went to Lawrence's at the same time. Abul Hassan was presented to him, and immediately began to converse in English with Count Dietrichstein, giving vent to all the petulant vivacity of his character. Struck by his strange and noisy manner, the young duke, who was then eight years old, said very gravely :—"That is a lively Persian; my presence does not seem to impose the least restraint on him."

At this age the child was remarkably handsome; he spoke with ease and with the accent peculiar to Parisians. We delighted to hear him express in the *naif* language of his age very just thoughts and observations. It was necessary he should be early accustomed to the German tongue: he would hear it constantly spoken around him; he ought to understand what was said in his presence, and profit by such means of instruction. But when we tried to make him pronounce some German words he made determined and desperate resistance; as if in speaking that language, he feared he was abdicating his title of Frenchman. Considering his age he kept for a long time to this resolution, which, however, eventually yielded; when he learnt German with wonderful facility, and soon spoke it in the Imperial family. It was truly a pleasure to superintend the ready labor of his young imagination. His very faults showed quick intelligence and deep reflection. He reasoned by analogy and ingenious etymological observations. There was very early in his young head a reasoning power highly interesting to perceive.

From this time he manifested his different characteristics—kind to inferiors, amiable to his governors, but without much display of attachment. He obeyed from conviction, but always began by trying resistance. He liked to be striking.

It was evident he generally thought much more than he said. A temper which might have rendered him deceitful was to be subdued, and we succeeded by dint of assiduous care and with difficulty. He received our reprimands with firmness; but whatever displeasure they gave him, never bore any ill-will. He always finished by agreeing to the justice of what was represented to him. When during the day there had been a coolness between us, owing to some severe lesson, that evening on taking leave he was always the first to offer a friendly hand, begging us to pardon him, and forget his faults.

There was one distinct feature in his character; he could not bear to be deceived; he likewise disliked tales and fables. Morality could not persuade him in that way; he was invincible to such narration: it is false, he would say, what then can it be good for?

His extreme curiosity as to his past situation, his father's history, his actual existence, and the causes of his fall, embarrassed us every

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day: evasive answers could not satisfy him, while it was a punishment for us; at last the Emperor arrived. We hastened to impart to him the questions the child constantly put to us, begging him to give orders respecting them. The Emperor answered:—"Truth is to be the basis of the prince's education; you are to answer freely all his questions; that is the best and the only way to quiet his imagination, and inspire him with that confidence which you require in order to guide him." At first he interrogated us with eargerness and surprising affluence of ideas. Being authorized to answer him, we did it with great freedom. As the Emperor had foreseen, after a few days he was satisfied with this kind of conversation, and then he became calmer and more reserved on the subject. What seems incredible is, that at no age, and under no circumstances, did we ever hear him express a regret as to his former situation; but, as already said, his words were far from revealing all the secrets of his soul. Afterwards we saw that he appreciated the faults his father committed, but never uttered one word about them.

The news of the death of Napoleon was brought to Vienna by a courier of Messrs. Rothschild. Count Dietrichstein had been obliged to go to Wurtzburg. The Emperor commissioned me to announce this mournful event to the young prince, who had just attained his tenth year. It was on the twenty-second of July, at Schœnbrunn; in the same place, on the same day, where he himself, eleven years after, expired, that I informed him of the close of his father's existence; he wept bitterly, and his grief lasted several days. M. de Foresti, said he to me, my father, when he died, little thought that I should receive from you such affectionate care and so many proofs of attachment. The prince alluded to a circumstance in my life which I had related to him, in the campaign of 1809. Being taken prisoner at Ratisbon, I was conducted, with several other Austrian officers, into the Emperor Napoleon's presence, when he was on horseback surrounded by his numerous staff, among whom were several marshals, and he was very much agitated.

We continued to occupy the prince with the study of modern languages and literature. He had during sometime a skilful professor, Mr. Podevin, of whom death robbed us before the close of this part of his education. With him he studied deeply the French classics, analyzed and appreciated them in their most perfect works. He had cultivated his memory by learning many fragments of the Henriad, the tragedies of Racine and Corneille. The masculine genius of Corneille struck him, though in general he was insensible to the charms of poetry. He loved nothing but truth and elevated thoughts; and could not understand the merit of mere harmony of expression, or the powerful attraction of a well turned rhyme.

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Among French authors he preferred La Bruyère, whose Characteristics he read and pondered much, admiring the depth of his observations, which predilection belonged essentially to the tone of his mind. Distrustful, perhaps because of his position, which he judged with discernment, he scrutinized men, he knew how to interrogate and examine them. His opinions were generally severe; but we were often obliged to acknowledge the truth and justness of his remarks. The prince also occupied himself attentively and successfully with German literature. Among the poets, he preferred Gœthe and Schiller. His taste led him to read with interest the voluminous writings of Schmidt, Müller, and our celebrated historians.

Endowed with great dexterity in bodily exercises he was active and skilful in all games with children of his age, especially the young Archduke Francis, who was his usual companion. He was accustomed, when very young, to ride on horseback, and acquired great skill in that exercise, of which he was very fond.

His decided taste for a military life induced his grandfather to yield to his wish to wear a uniform; even before he attained his seventh year he wore the dress of a soldier. He studied tactics with zeal and application; and when to reward him for his good conduct and exactness in evolutions, the insignia of the rank of sergeant was bestowed on him, his joy was excessive, he ran and boasted to his young friends of the promotion he had gained by his merit, and he afterwards passed through the grades of the military hierarchy and learnt in them the minutest details of service.

He was always averse to being treated like a child. I remember to have heard an anecdote on this subject that shows his disposition. Every spring the Emperor gave a fête in the magnificent greenhouses he had built near his palace. Here in the midst of all the riches of the vegetable world, tables were spread around at which were seated the Empress and the ladies she had invited, the men moving about on the space that separated them from the flowers by which they were surrounded. The Duke of Reichstadt had just attained his twelfth year. The remarkable growth which proved so fatal to him had not appeared; but the beauty of his features was distinguished. The Empress called him to her, and caressing him desired to place him among the ladies, but he blushed and refused to sit down, saying very gravely, "my place should be among the men."

He was always so remarkable for thought, that properly speaking he had no childhood. Living with persons older than himself, he seemed to take pleasure in their conversation. Without being at all extraordinary in early youth, his intelligence was nevertheless precocious; his repartee was as quick as it was just; he expressed himself with precision, and in terms remarkable for their propriety

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and elegance. Thoroughly acquainted with the theories of the French and German languages, he wrote generally with purity and finish, but sometimes in a negligent style that affected even his orthography, and which was in direct contradiction to his real information and extensive and assiduous reading.

The Emperor, busied with the moral developement of his grandson, confided the care of initiating him into the policy and philosophy of history to the man, who, by his long experience, elevated station, and great information, was best calculated to fulfil the wishes of the monarch. Prince de Metternich was charged to give to the Duke of Reichstadt an exact and complete history of Napoleon.

He was at all times surrounded by numerous and active conspiracies. It was therefore necessary to keep him from contact with persons whose intentions were suspicious. This watchfulness, of which he was aware, and the motives for which he fully appreciated, was necessary for many reasons. Otherwise we may suppose how many intriguing men would have profited by such facility to display for their own advantage their officious zeal and crooked counsels. What is not allowed to any prince, could not be tolerated for the Duke of Reichstadt. In several instances when talking of the great memory of Napoleon, his personal situation, his future existence, and the efforts that would be made to draw him into political parties and movements, he said to the Emperor and Prince Metternich,—"The aim of my life is, not to be unworthy of my father's glory. I shall consider that I attain this high aim if, as much as in me lies, I succeed in appropriating to myself some of his fine qualities, endeavouring to avoid the rocks on which they wrecked him. I should fail in the duties which his memory imposes on me, if I become the sport of faction, and the tool of intriguers,—the son of Napoleon can never condescend to play the part of an adventurer."

The first impression this wonderful young man made on me greatly surpassed the favorable idea which, according to common opinion I had formed of his capacity. I did not expect to find, in such extreme youth, penetration and solidity of character in so great a degree. It was my happiness to inspire him with as much confidence as he created interest and attachment in me; in talking to me, he seemed to wish to open his heart, and he explained his present feeling by saying, that I was the man of his choice. From the beginning of our relationship I endeavoured to give him frank and sincere advice, and afterwards lost no opportunity of telling him of his faults. I reproached him with levity, as opposed to his usual severe sense of right,—a common want of application to things of which he did not think. I told him that one of the most useful and indispensable studies for him, was early to accustom himself to conquer his desires, and that he should remove all obstacles that

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might impede the complete developement of his intellectual faculties. He was grateful to me for this advice, and seemed disposed to profit by it.

"What remembrance have they of my father in Egypt?" said he to me.

"They think of him as a meteor that passed dazzlingly over the country."

"I can suppose such an opinion on the part of Ibrahim and Mehemet Ali, whose elevated mind was capable of forming such a judgment,—but the people who had to support the miseries of war are they not resentful?"

"Since then the enmity to Napoleon has given way to other enmities: there only remains a great admiration for his memory. The hatred between the Turks and Arabs is so active that present suffering has quite destroyed the memory of what was undergone at another time."

"I can understand that explanation; but in general the multitude considers a great man as it looks at a fine picture, without being able to give an account of what constitutes its merit; consequently the traces left in their memory are quickly effaced. It is only superior minds that can judge, appreciate and remember great men."

The habitual topic of our conversation was his military studies. Plutarch was a favorite author; he had thought of his writings, and loved to talk to me of the great men of antiquity, whom he judged with remarkable discernment. The solid and creative talent of Cæsar he preferred to the dazzling triumphs of Alexander; but of all great captains he most admired Hannibal.

"You have," said I to him, "a noble course before you. Austria is your adopted country, you may by your talents prepare yourself to be of great future service to her." He answered in these remarkable words. "I know it as well as you: I must not think of troubling France; I will not be an adventurer; I am not to be the tool and sport of liberalism. To tread in the footsteps of Prince Eugene of Savoy, would be a noble ambition for me; but how prepare myself for such a part? how attain such a height?—I wish to have around me men whose talents and experience will furnish me the means of completing such an honorable course."

The Revolution of 1830 had a great effect on the Duke of Reichstadt, and created in his mind an agitation and ferment that it was difficult for him to overcome. At the moment when recent and confused news of events at Paris left the result doubtful, and allowed us to believe in the possibility of the revolution, his first impulse was to say with vivacity, "I wish the Emperor would allow me to march with troops to the aid of King Charles X." I have this fact from two persons nearly related to the Prince, both in an elevated social position, holding, nevertheless, directly opposite political

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opinions. But in the position and at the age of the Duke of Reichstadt, his opinions on this subject would not be consistent; they changed and succeeded one another with a rapidity that saddened and exhausted him.

The warlike preparations to which the Revolution had every where given rise, the conversation of military men who expected soon to enter upon a campaign, the newspapers and public speakers assuming from day to day a more threatening aspect, acted strongly upon his youthful imagination. Desire to take an active part in an approaching war was a passion which, increasing with the fluctuations of his mind, brought him often to a state of the most painful distraction.

"To be a soldier, and inactive whilst all around me is in motion, that," said he, "would be a shocking situation; on the other hand to take part in a war of aggression against France! what would be thought of me? But victory alone settles men's opinions; success is the essential condition of popularity as well as glory. I will only bear arms in case France attacks Austria; my duty would then be to defend my adopted country." A moment afterward, he said to me with great emotion,—"and yet the will of my father imposes on me a duty that must govern all the actions of my life."

In the private circles and at the court balls he was regarded with great interest. His situation attracted general notice, his wit, his easy conversation, the vivacity of his repartees, the elegance of his dress and manners, his graceful figure, the beauty of his features, secured him marked success. The women towards whom in general he was amiable and gallant, were always attentive to him. He confided to me that his heart was prepossessed with the charms and lively intelligence of a young and beautiful woman, the Countess ———, whom he had met several times at court, whose conversation had interested him, and who appeared flattered by his attentions. I saw how dangerous for him was a passion which would not only distract him from his labors and his duties, but might expose him to a reputation for levity which it was important to prevent. I told him so; he listened with interest; and after several relapses, of which he frankly told me, he completely conquered a passion which might have placed him in a mortifying and embarrassing situation, and in many respects could not fail of being fatal to him.

Marshal Marmont being at Vienna towards the end of the year 1830, Count Dietrichstein informed him of the Prince's wish to see him, and that he might meet him that evening at a ball at the English Ambassador's. The Marshal went there, and saw the Duke, who was eagerly seeking him. Count Dietrichstein told the Marshal he would present him to the Prince, whom they approached immediately.

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"Marshal," said the Duke of Reichstadt, "I cannot tell you what pleasure it gives me to see one of the most illustrious generals who fought under my father's orders; you particularly, who were his aid-de-camp in his first campaigns; you were with him in Italy, you followed him to Egypt and Germany. I have studied his history with deep attention, and have many questions to ask you, concerning facts about which I wish to be enlightened." "I am at your orders, my Lord," replied the Marshal. During this time every eye was attentive, all wishing to listen to a conversation they could not overhear, but in which the Prince appeared very animated, and the Marshal much moved. Curiosity was roused from the beginning; every one desired to witness the public meeting between the son of Napoleon and one of the most distinguished officers of his army, and what effect the conversation of the ancient companion in arms of his father would have on the young Prince.

Taking advantage of a movement in the ball room, the Marshal left the Duke for an instant, and approaching Prince Metternich, informed him of his question, saying that, before he answered, he wanted to be sure that he complied with the wishes of the Emperor.

"Marshal," said the Prince to him, "the wishes of the Emperor are, that the Duke of Reichstadt should know the truth; to conceal it from him would be impolitic, and, I think, even criminal."

At the Prince's request the Marshal's conversations were changed into lectures on the military theory of Napoleon's campaigns. They took place regularly, and without interruption, for three months. The youth listened to them with lively interest, his eyes sparkling with intelligence; in his penetrating look the Marshal discovered the eyes and soul of Napoleon. He followed him with insatiable avidity. His remarks were just and concise, his questions showed a quick apprehension, but he made them rarely, for he avoided interrupting instructions which absorbed all his faculties. Whenever an appeal was made to his memory it was found infallible, as well as his judgment. His correctness attached him particularly to the first campaigns of Napoleon, which also served as the foundation for the Marshal's lessons.

According to the custom of the members of the Imperial family, who devote themselves to military service, the Duke of Reichstadt had passed through all the lower ranks; he had thus learnt all military details with a zeal it was constantly necessary to moderate, that it might not be hurtful to his studies.

The fifteenth June, 1831, he was named Lieutenant-Colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, of Giulay, then in garrison at Vienna. He entered on his new duties with great ardor. Polite, kind, anticipating the officers' wishes, behaving to them more like their companion than their Prince, he soon exercised over them an influence which he knew how to gain over all

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who surrounded him. His whole life passed in the study of theories, manœuvring in the field and in the barracks.

I admire his military passion and intelligence, said Count Hartmann to me; but from the fourth day of his command his voice was hoarse, at which I was not surprised, for that effect is common on all who are not in the habit of commanding a long line, even the most robust. Consequently I did not think I ought to prevent his continuing in the service. At this time there were no perceptible signs of disease, though undoubtedly even then he bore the germs of the terrible malady under which he finally sunk. Some slight and frequent attacks of cough, the continuation of his hoarseness and weakness after fatigue, seemed to me evident signs of a constitution that required attentive watching and constant care; but the Prince persisted in attributing his debility to not being accustomed to much bodily exercise. Activity alone, said he, can cure the evil caused by too long and uninterrupted application to sedentary pursuits. With incredible strength of character, he carefully concealed every indication of phthisical indisposition, so much did he fear that the knowledge of his real situation would decide his return to a peaceful and quiet life.

In the spring of 1831 the Prince entered on his military career. From that time he rejected all my advice; I was only the spectator of an unmeasured zeal and unlimited eagerness for his new pursuits. From that time he thought he was only to listen to the passion which dragged on his feeble body through privations and labors entirely beyond his strength. He would have thought it disgraceful and cowardly to complain when under arms. Besides, in his eyes I had wronged him by retarding his military career. He feared my observations might again interrupt it. And though in all our social relations he treated me with extreme kindness, as his physician he never told me a word of truth. I could not induce him to try again the muriatic baths and mineral waters, that had been so useful to him the year before. He had not time, he said.

Several times I found him in his barracks overcome with fatigue. One day particularly, I found him lying on a sofa exhausted, almost fainting, and unable then to deny the distressing state to which he was reduced. "I owe a grudge," said he, "to this miserable body that cannot follow the will of my soul." "It is, indeed, unfortunate," said I, "that your Highness cannot change your body as you do your horses when they are fatigued. But I implore you, my Lord, to remember that you have an iron soul in a crystal body, and that a wilful abuse of it cannot fail of being fatal to you."

His life then was wasting away. He slept scarcely four hours, though naturally he required much sleep; he eat scarcely any thing, His whole existence was centred in riding and military exercise. He took no rest. His height increased; he became gradually

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thinner, and his complexion of a livid hue. To my questions he always answered "I am perfectly well."

One day we were talking on the important subject of religion; he spoke of it in a touching manner. The sophistry of certain works, and the conduct of some individuals, had cast a shadow of doubt over his mind; but his soul was religious. If he spoke of his doubts it was as a man who feels the necessity of attacking and conquering them. I had published an account of my travels in the Holy Land. He grew warm while talking of these biblical remembrances, and his heart, usually so firm, seemed like metal in a state of fusion, which becomes malleable against its nature.

"My reading," said he,—"and some examples I have had under my eyes,—have thrown me into uncertainty. The sight of minute practice carried to excess, sometimes to superstition, and moreover at variance in the same individuals with their moral conduct, has had an unhappy effect on me. But my father, after the example of every legislator who preceded him, has loudly proclaimed that religion is the indispensable foundation of every social edifice. What is so necessary to human society must be right. This appealed to my reason: and what an appeal to my heart, when religious reflections are continually in my intimate acquaintance with the Emperor! With him religion is not merely a word on his lips, but a thought in his soul. It is the vital principle, the effect of which is constantly seen. Whether he prays, or speaks, or acts, I always find in him the same deeply religious man. This constant sight has happily spoken to me in a way I understand. I have understood, I have felt, all that is sublime in religion being able to enlighten one amidst the uncertainty and darkness that surround him."

M. de Prokesch told me that on the thirteenth of January, 1832, he found him agitated; he had been invited to a ball at Marshal Maison's, and was vexed about it. "I have asked the Emperor," said he, "if it is necessary I should go: he allows me to do as I please. I have no reason to complain of the Marshal, but it is impossible that decently I should be at Louis Philippe's Ambassador's, at the very time when he is issuing against me a decree of exile and proscription. There would be an inconsistency in such a situation which might shock all who witnessed it, and which undoubtedly would injure me seriously."

The Duke of Reichstadt, vexed at being deprived of his military avocations, tried to conceal his sufferings; he was firmly resolved not to be sick, and though he had entire confidence in the talents of Doctor Malfettis, and honored him with his affections, he endeavoured by his answers to get rid of his attentions, and refused to submit to the prescriptions that had been so salutary to him."

The doctor, in his vexation, said to him one day, "as a good and and amiable Prince, I have for you the truest affection, but I do not

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like you as a patient." "And I," said the Prince, "love you as a man of learning and intelligence, but you know I hate physic."

The Princes of the Imperial family are obliged to receive the viaticum in the presence of the Court. It was feared to inform the Duke of Reichstadt that the time had come for him to fulfil this last duty. The Court prelate Michel Wagner, who had instructed him while a child, did not feel able to propose it to him. The Archduchess Sophia, who had given the young Prince so many proofs of tender and affectionate interest, took upon herself to conceal this terrible truth from him by persuading him to unite their prayers, he for his cure, she for her approaching accouchement. The ceremony was performed in the midst of a sad and numerous assembly, who were present at the sacrifice, though the Prince was not aware of it. What a sight! the union of these two members of the Imperial family at the foot of the altar; one pale, exhausted, almost expiring, receiving the sacrament of death when hardly on the threshold of life; the Archduchess, in all the brilliancy of beauty, youth, and maternity, preparing herself by this religious act to consecrate the birth of her second child. It was of a deeply touching character, the reflection which thus united in one prayer life and death, the cradle and the tomb.

The Prince grew perceptibly weaker and worse every day; he was sometimes carried to an enclosure in the gardens of Schœnbrunn, and there placed on a balcony that projected from his apartment, that he might enjoy the air which his lacerated breast now breathed with great difficulty. Soon he could not leave his bed. He was in that state fluctuating between hope and despair, which is the characteristic symptom of his complaint; but when he spoke to us of his approaching death, it was with the immoveable firmness of a brave man.

On the evening of the twenty-first of July, Doctor Malfettis informed us that he feared the worst the following night. Baron Moll never left his chamber, but unknown to him, for he could not bear any one should stay with him at night. For some time he seemed to be dying. Towards half past three he raised himself on his couch, and exclaimed, "I am sinking! I am sinking!" (Ich gehe unter) Baron Moll and his valet de chambre took him in their arms, and tried to calm him. "Mother! mother!" were his last words. Hoping that it was only a passing weakness, Baron Moll hesitated to send for the Archduchess; but when he saw the Prince's feature becoming fixed and deathlike, he trusted him to the valet, and ran to call the grandmaitresse of Maria Louise and the Archduke Francis, whom the Prince had asked to be with him in his last moments. Maria Louise thought herself able to stand by her expiring son, but she fell kneeling at his bedside. The Duke of Reichstadt could not speak; his dimmed eye fixed on his mother

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tried to express to her the feelings his lips had not life to utter. The prelate then pointing towards Heaven, he raised his eyes in answer to the thought. At eight minutes past five he expired without a struggle, in the same chamber which the triumphant Napoleon had occupied, in the same place where, for the last time dictating peace as a conqueror, he slept amid all the illusions of victory, promising himself a glorious marriage and the eternity of his dynasty. It was the twenty-second July the anniversary of the act which had given to the Duke of Reichstadt his last name and title, the anniversary of the day on which the Prince learnt at Schœnbrunn the death of Napoleon.

On the coffin was the following inscription:

"To the memory of Joseph François Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and of the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria, born at Paris, twentieth March, 1812, saluted in his cradle by the title of King of Rome. In the flower of his youth, and endowed with every fine quality of mind and body, of an imposing stature, noble and agreeable features, elegant in his language, remarkable for his military information and aptitude, he was attacked with a phthisis and died in the Emperor's castle at Schœnbrunn near Vienna, the twenty-second July, 1832."

Unfortunate Prince, when in agony you slowly approached the tomb, you exclaimed, "so young alas! must I end a useless and obscure life? My birth and my death—they are my history." Ah! your life did not close without fame, though deprived of the perilous honors of power, the terrible brilliancy of battles, without great events, but not great qualities. Your existence furnishes, by its contrast with the prodigious life of your father, one of the most eloquent pages of history, perhaps the most worthy of our meditations. That being is not extinguished without glory which learns how to conquer the love and regrets of the Imperial family, and of a people whom the author of your being crushed under the power of his victories. The lamentations of the people of Vienna escorting to the tomb of the Czars the coffin of the son of Napoleon, is a noble funeral oration. The tears shed at your funeral are preferable to those drawn by victory: for victory draws more than tears.

If, to give the world one of its sublimest lessons, heaven chose that your premature end should be the termination of a great sacrifice, at least it took care to adorn the victim with such high qualities and precious gifts, as rendered him worthy of the oblation, and consecrated him forever in the memory of mankind.

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THE

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THE CREDIT SYSTEM.*

Among the phrases which within a year or two past have been resounded through the community by partizan zeal, for the purpose of disturbing the reflection and judgment of our fellow-citizens, none perhaps has been the subject of so much senseless declamation as that at the head of the present article. If reliance is to be placed upon the evidence furnished by newspaper paragraphs, dinner orations, and Congress speeches, "the Credit System," is the veritable horn of plenty from which all the bounties bestowed upon our favored land have been poured forth. The extent and fertility of our territory—the variety and value of its staple productions—the indomitable energy of our citizens and the habits of industry and thrift so widely diffused among them—the security furnished by our system of self-government against improper restraints upon individual enterprise—and the protection for the acquisitions of diligence and economy, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States in its golden provision that nothing but a sound and equal currency shall ever be made a legal tender for the payment of debts—these are all nothing compared with the Credit System in promoting the prosperity of the country.

The phrase in question denotes something wholly distinct from that mutual confidence and good faith among men, which are the most essential elements of the prosperity and happiness of all communities. These fundamentals of well ordered society require to be preserved equally from violent outrage and fraudulent cupidity. The principal object for surrendering a portion of our natural liberty, and submitting to the restraints of any form of Government, is to afford this protection by placing every individual, however different with regard to strength, cunning, talent, and wealth, equally under the broad ægis of the law.

But is the artificial policy, dignified with the name of the "Credit

* The credit system of France, Great Britain, and the United States. By H. C. Carey, author of the Principles of Political Economy. Philadelphia. 1838.

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System" as organized in England, and for which such omnipotent control over the right and privileges of every class of citizens has been claimed in this country, intended to promote this security? Not at all. On the other hand, its direct tendency is to subvert that equality of rights which is the foundation of our forms of Government—to sacrifice the physical comfort and the moral welfare of the many, upon the altar of Mammon for the advantage of the few—to bestow inordinate power upon the mere shadow of wealth at the expense of permanent general prosperity—to invest combinations of irresponsible individuals with the monopoly of an artificial measure of value, by which arbitrary control over the subsistence of all other classes is conferred upon them, and they are enabled to modify, pervert, and break down, with impunity, all laws which interfere with their cupidity. By means of secret and concerted arrangements, these soulless combinations are able to practice acts of injustice, vitally affecting the most important interests of those who are unable to resist their power, which no individual could venture to perpetrate without becoming obnoxious to the penal laws. Hence the manifold advantages of capital loaned upon credit for the encouragement of industry and enterprise, are diminished by the increase of risk. Confounding two things wholly distinct in their effects upon the community—the loan of mere credit and the loan of actual capital—the modern "Credit System," has deeply impaired integrity and good faith, and nearly destroyed mercantile stability.

The publication which has more immediately drawn our attention to this subject at the present time, is obviously a *piece justicatif* to the famous letter of Mr. Nicholas Biddle, addressed through the public newspapers to Ex-President Adams, on the fifth of April last. That notable document spoke for itself in terms so explicit as to require neither comment nor explanation. All the discreet supporters of the Bank of the United States in every section of the Union were struck with dismay at its promulgation—while the people at large, rejoiced that the Coryphœus of the "Credit System" in this country, had cast aside the tricks, pretences, and newspaper puffery, under which its management had been previously veiled, and presented its policy boldly before the world as an antagonist power to the principles of Government, established by the Constitution of the United States. Every feeling of indignation which the insolence of the language was calculated to excite, was smothered by the ludicrous spectacle presented by an aspiring clerk employed by a few capitalists abroad, and speculators at home, strutting forth from behind his desk with his pen behind his ear, and dictating to the Legislature of the State of New York, and to the people of the Union at large, in such a pompous style of military grandiloquence. No great period of time had elapsed, before it was discovered, that this flourish of belligerent phrases, concluding with

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the delicate parallel between the position of Mr. Biddle himself—posted in his broker's office contriving schemes politically subversive of the best interests of the community, in order to bring profit to his employers, and odium on the Government,—and that of the patriot Jackson before New Orleans fighting the embattled enemies of his country—was a sad blunder. His doctrines on the currency were found also, on examination by some of his friends, to be so much at variance with all honesty and fair dealing, as to threaten more injury to the "Credit System" than the most powerful attack upon it from whatever quarter. Under these circumstances the publication in question was made by Mr. Carey for the evident purpose of justifying and expounding the leading views of this unfortunate letter. By whom its principal materials were furnished, or under whose direction they were strung together, cannot concern the public in the slightest degree. In offering to the consideration of our readers some general views upon the "Credit System" we do not propose to follow the details of Mr. Carey's book. The character of his facts, a great portion of which appear to have been made to order, will be seen by the samples we shall furnish in the sequel.

The credit system of England, of which our own is an humble attempt at imitation, is regarded by many as the most beneficial invention of modern times. The unalloyed advantages derived from its operation in the extent of her commerce and manufactures, and the vast wealth of many of her great proprietors and capitalists, are continually held forth to our admiration. Many active and influential individuals, from views that are not difficult of comprehension, are constantly insisting before the American people, that the highest welfare of the community at large will be promoted, by extending this system greatly beyond the principles which have been adopted by England. This sentiment appears to be the staple of the publication in question, as well as of the document to which it is evidently a subsidiary.

Like most imitators, these advocates of the English system seem to be more deeply enamoured with faults and defects, become incurable by the course of events, than with any of its real advantages. Because England during the long and bloody wars of the French revolution, legalized the suspension of specie payments, this country according to these high authorities, ought to have pursued the same course in a period of profound peace and universal commercial intercourse, for the purpose of enabling a few gamblers on a large scale, to realize their unrighteous profits—and after the suspension had been effected, to continue it longer than otherwise would have been done, by their profligate management. Contracts which had been entered into under the faith and confidence that they would be fairly liquidated, were discharged by a depreciated medium, worth in the market from one-tenth to one-fourth part of the currency

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in view of which they had been made, by which all calculation, foresight, and economy, on the part of the community at large, were frustrated through the overpowering influence of the banks. The plentifulness of paper currency, and the facility of obtaining accommodations had led to vast numbers of improvident engagements. A sudden contraction of issues rendered it impossible to fulfil them. The misfortunes and consequent distress of thousands upon thousands of meritorious individuals, whose property and means of livelihood, had been suddenly swept away by these flagitious expansions and contractions of the currency, issued and controlled by the banks, were flippantly ascribed to the hostility of the Government! The results of the *experiment* of the English government upon the prosperity of her people, were of course, kept out of view. What they were, one of her most enlightened and distinguished statesmen, has informed us. In 1828, Mr. Huskisson stated in the House of Commons in the debate on the national debt bill, that "the bank restriction of 1797, which had continued for a quarter of a century, had produced more calamitous consequences—more confusion—more moral and political evils, than any other measure Parliament had ever sanctioned." In this opinion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of that time, Mr. Goulborn, who entertained different views from those of Mr. Huskisson on most questions of general policy, immediately expressed his entire concurrence. That they were both abundantly justified by the state of things actually produced by this favorite feature of the "Credit System," will be shown in the proper place.

As to the wealth and prosperity which this system is represented to have poured forth upon the English nation—the fact, that its operation has concentrated the whole property in the kingdom into a few hands, while the mass of the population have been gradually reduced to a condition of poverty and dependence, is wholly overlooked. But as a matter of example to the free, prosperous, and independent citizens of the United States, this is by far the most important consequence of the "Credit System." That such has been the effect of its operation, we have only to refer our readers to a work of the highest authority—MARSHALL'S STATISTICS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Among the exhibits contained in the seventh volume, may be found a statement, which elucidates this point more conclusively than could be done by any quantity of argumentative deduction. By a careful analysis of the latest population returns, it is shown that all the inhabitants of the three kingdoms amounting to twenty-four million three hundred and six thousand seven hundred and nineteen, are devoted to a condition of laborious and unremitting exertion for their subsistence, excepting two hundred and seventy-five thousand two hundred and four individuals belonging to the higher classes—consisting of nobility, capitalists, bank-

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ers &c. Of these exclusive favorites of the "Credit System," one hundred and seventy-nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty-three, reside in England proper, five thousand, two hundred and four, in Wales; twenty-nine thousand, two hundred and three, in Scotland; and sixty-one thousand, five hundred and fourteen, in Ireland. Taking the whole together, the result of the artificial state of things brought about by this system is, that nearly one hundred individuals have been brought down to a state of permanent servitude—we will not use the offensive term slavery—in order to maintain each of these unproductive consumers in affluence and splendor! The details for each county in the three kingdoms, are furnished in the volume in question, showing the number of persons employed in agriculture, in each of the handicraft trades, in manufactures &c. How well justified was John Taylor of Caroline—one of the most sagacious of the great men of Virginia, during her brightest era of intellectual power, in declaring that the operation of the banking system must inevitably produce a more universal and degrading condition of dependence, than the feudal system was ever able to effect! In his masterly performance, the "Inquiry into the principles and policy of the Government of the United States," Mr. Taylor distinctly portrays the conflict between the principles of the Credit System, and those upon which the vital interests of the people of any free country are based. In precise accordance with his explanations of these consequences, the population of Great Britain and Ireland, are now reduced to a condition far more deplorable than the serfs of Poland and Russia, since the general diffusion of knowledge only serves to render the former sensible of their entanglement in the political spider's web wound about them by the Credit System, and to convince them that nothing short of revolution can extricate them, by breaking at once these artificial restraints upon their means of comfort. Mr. Marshall has condensed the results of the Credit System of England, into a single sentence at the close of the introductory remarks, prefixed to the sixth volume of his work, published at the commencement of the present year. He observes that—"the progressively increasing privation and degradation of a great portion of the population amid a progressive accumulation of capital; ascendency of money influence and consequent display of luxury; an unparalleled extension of mechanical power, and increased facility of intercourse; successive alternations of seeming prosperity and extreme depression; progressively increasing pauperism, and its concomitant crime; and threatened change of long established institutions—are all circumstances which call imperiously for the most profound consideration and regard of all the friends of social order and integrity of interests."

In full view of such a picture, drawn by a person of great ability and high character, who has devoted many years of his life to the

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collection and arrangement of the facts to which it refers; we find in our principal cities, a voluble, bustling class of individuals, who constantly employ their powers of persuasion to convince the citizens of this free country, that the principles of currency and finance which have led to these results in the land of our origin, is of all others, best suited to ourselves. Their arguments generally remind us of La Fontaine's fable of the Man and the wild Horse. The convenience and advantages of riding, on the part of the former are sufficiently obvious; but those of being ridden, are, to reflecting minds not quite so satisfactory, however plausibly and ingeniously set forth.

So much pains have been taken to satisfy the people of the United States, that the policy of England on the subject of currency, are based upon just and true principles, that it seems necessary to remind our readers of the source and progress of the modern "Credit System." Sensible and judicious individuals are often led to adopt extravagant opinions from the want of sufficient materials for forming general and consequential views. The various circumstances which have gradually brought about the corruption of the very life-blood, which nourishes the body of the community, under which England now labors, (and to produce a similar result, unwearied efforts have been made in our own country,) is not only deeply interesting to every reflecting mind, but a brief narrative showing the principal stages by which this system has reached its present magnificence, will serve to explain the condition of English society developed by Mr. Marshall more distinctly than any other course.

All who are conversant with the History of England, are aware of the leading circumstances attending the most important occurrence which has befallen that monarchy in modern times—the Revolution of 1688. That great event established for the first time in England, the principle, that all government is a trust for the benefit of the governed, who are not to be regarded, even in a hereditary monarchy, as the absolute property of the King. However this might conflict with the maxims of the fundamental laws, Somers, and the leading Whig statesmen of that day, overturned without ceremony, the doctrines that the King could do no wrong, and that the Royal authority descended by right of hereditary succession, by declaring James II. to have forfeited the crown, and bestowing the Supreme Executive Authority upon William III., a foreigner who had married the eldest daughter of the dethroned King.

This transcendent invasion of the royal prerogative was imperiously demanded by the grossest measures of misgovernment, as well as the most clearly established designs, concerted by the King, with that personification of arbitrary power, Louis XIV., against the permanent welfare of the people of England. So strong was the feeling throughout the nation against the measures of the King, that

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all ranks and parties acquiesced in his expulsion from the throne, though the consequences of this step became subsequently the occasion of violent party dissentions.

James sought refuge with his patron in France. The change of succession was the cause of protracted and most expensive wars with that power, based upon the identical pretexts with those between the two countries a century afterwards; the difference being, that in the last instance, it was France, instead of England, which had dethroned her monarch.

This contest not only laid the foundation of the present Credit System of England, but was the immediate occasion of the existing condition of that of France, which is regarded with so much antipathy by Mr. Carey. The bulk of the English Nation had acquiesced in the change of succession under the Act of Settlement. But the enormous expenditures, which proved to be necessary to maintain the new order of things, induced a very large proportion of the land-holders, upon whom, at that period, the weight of taxation mainly fell, to consider the question in a different point of view from that in which it had been originally presented. For the purpose of avoiding the embarrassments which thickened upon the English ministry from this ominous quarter, they adopted various expedients for temporary relief. The principal mode of alleviating the clamors of the land-holders who controlled both Houses of Parliament, against the increase of taxation, was the borrowing a great portion of the increased expenses, to carry on the war, upon annuities which were alone to be discharged by the current revenue. Even the despotic government of Louis XIV., independent as it was of any recourse to popular assemblies, was obliged to incur vast anticipations of its revenues, from the impossibility of providing by taxation for the current expenditures of the war.

During the pecuniary difficulties in which the two Governments of England and France were involved in different periods of the war, two Scotchmen presented themselves, each offering to these respective nations, a sovereign panacea for the relief of their most distressing malady—the want of money. There can be no doubt but William Patterson was the original projector of that ingenious system, which of late has been the theme of eulogy from so many eloquent individuals, as the greatest of human discoveries. The Scotch Darien Company, organized for the purpose of controlling the commerce of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a communication across the Isthmus, and which was the foundation of the famous South Sea scheme, and the Bank of England—both based upon the same general principles, and both devised by Patterson, show that the world was indebted for the invention of the "Credit System," to him and not to John Law, who was twenty years his junior. This invention has immortalized the two distinguished financiers who

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carried into operation, in the respective kingdoms of Great Britain and France, the great modern improvement by which States and individuals are rendered more wealthy and prosperous wholly from the single fact of being plunged into debt and embarrassment. Like most appliances for the universal relief of corporeal maladies, this great remedy is inoperative unless where unlimited confidence is placed in its potency. Whenever faith is implicit and universal, the powers of relief possessed by this system are marvellous indeed.

Notwithstanding the perplexities in which the English ministry of the time were involved, from the vast expenses of the war, they listened with great jealousy and caution to the flattering pictures of ease and affluence drawn by the glowing fancy of Patterson. Both Somers and Godolphin, who were the soul of the measures for sustaining the Protestant succession, were so deficient in confidence, that not until one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling, in cash, was actually paid into the Royal Treasury by him and his associates, would they consent that the Bank of England should become a corporation. This loan formed its original capital, which in the days of Walpole was increased to nearly ten millions, under circumstances we shall have occasion to explain. The privileges conferred in the first instance on the Bank, were exceedingly narrow, compared with those with which it was afterwards invested. Until the time of Walpole the limitations upon its powers were enforced with such strictness, though it furnished from time to time considerable facilities in effecting the anticipations which had already become an important part of the financial policy of England, that no immediate and palpable inconvenience then resulted from its operations to the public at large. It therefore gradually acquired the confidence of the mercantile community, and was thus by degrees prepared to discharge the political functions which were afterwards devolved upon it.

But the similar projects of John Law fell upon more congenial soil. They were soon adopted by the French Government, upon a scale of magnificence greatly exceeding the schemes for making money plentiful, which, after his pattern, have been devised in our own time and country. The Royal Bank of France was established—the capital stock of which, like that of the Bank of England, and the first and second Banks of the United States, all resting upon the same general principles, was principally composed of the public debt. Paper currency was soon issued in such abundance as to produce the highest state of prosperity throughout France. Money became such a drug, that the ordinary rate of interest was reduced to two per cent. *per annum.* More than twelve hundred new coaches were at once set up in Paris by individuals who had realized fortunes by the operations of the Royal Bank. To ensure and perpetuate its success, Royal edicts were issued, ordering all

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receivers of the revenue to accept only its paper for the public taxes, and all individuals were expressly prohibited from making any payments of sums above a hundred livres (less than twenty dollars) in any currency excepting bills of the Bank. Another measure was adopted for the purpose of preventing demands upon the Bank for coin, and for expelling specie from the kingdom, which surely ought to have reconciled Mr. Carey to the wisdom of French management, as it coincides precisely with his views of the injurious effects of a specie currency. An edict was issued, prohibiting any other corporation or individual, under the penalty of ten thousand livres, from having gold or silver coin in possession to a greater amount than five hundred livres, (less than one hundred dollars.) When these measures had been adopted, the scenes witnessed in the Rue Quinquempoix where the Royal Bank was located, rivalled in extravagance any which, within the two or three years past, have been exhibited in Wall or Chesnut street. A dividend of forty per cent. was soon afterwards declared by the Royal Bank, which still held reserved profits to an amount exceeding one hundred and twenty millions of livres. Its shares now rose to more than twenty times their original cost. For an adequate idea of the avidity which pervaded all classes of society from the very highest to the lowest, for embarking in the Royal Bank, we must refer our readers to contemporary descriptions, which may be found in abundance in the memoirs of several distinguished individuals who flourished at that day. They likewise depict, in terms of execration sufficiently strong against its inventor, the universal ruin which overspread the kingdom when this scheme exploded. The operations of this bank, managed upon the identical principles taught by the Philadelphia school—somewhat tinged, perhaps, with the infatuation of which we have seen quite sufficient examples among ourselves under similar temptations, and which always accompanies such speculations among sanguine people—are not only the main source of the want of credit and confidence in all paper currency which prevails, up to the present day, among the people in every part of France, which Mr. Carey censures with so much severity, but this general overthrow of all confidence and good faith, by means of the credit system, was undoubtedly the most powerful of any single cause in producing the French Revolution. The frauds and impositions which men had been enabled to practice upon each other, were aggravated by the general belief of the wanton oppression of the Government, resulting from the practical identity of the Royal Treasury with the Royal Bank. The distress arising from calamities of any kind came therefore to be habitually attributed to the Royal fiscal measures. Under the pressure of immediate want, the people of France did not stop to reflect how far circumstances, beyond the control of

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the King and his ministers, might have produced the high price of bread which occasioned the tumults that brought on the outrages which overthrew the Government. The people knew that prices had been extravagantly inflated by the connexion between the Government and the Royal Bank—they accordingly attributed the famine, which rendered them desperate, to the measures of the Government. Popular jealousy had become so easily excited by the oppressive consequences of this unfortunate connexion, that even the talents and integrity of such men as Turgot and Neckar were wholly inadequate to satisfy the people as to the correct management of the public finances.

We should probably have felt some surprise at the credulity and extravagance of any people, becoming frantic with rage against their rulers under such circumstances, if the censure to which our own Government has been from time to time subjected, from individuals of high character, had not sufficiently satisfied us, that the connexion of the public finances of any country with the "Credit System," upon the Law and Patterson model, as was originally introduced among us by Robert Morris, must create violent expressions of popular feeling under the fluctuations it inevitably produces. The profits derived from the burdens imposed on the people are exclusively enjoyed by the Bank or Banks—but the censure which justly belongs to their mismanagement, is as a matter of course wholly thrown upon the Government. Accordingly the publication of Mr. Carey ascribes all the embarassments with which our citizens in every walk of life have been visited within the last three or four years, from the expansions and contractions of the banks, to the measures of the Executive of the Union. Excepting in a single instance, he does not undertake to explain the operation of these destructive measures—and his single specification can hardly be regarded as a fortunate one for his purpose—since he has pitched upon the importation of the foreign indemnities in gold. Now if our memory serves, this importation was expressly desired by the claimants to whom the money belonged, in consequence of that mode of remittance affording them a greater degree of profit than any other, as may be seen by the correspondence published among the Documents of the Senate at the last Session. To charge this measure upon the Executive as an act of hostility to the mercantile interest—nay as the principal and specific act of that kind which could be mustered into the service on this great occasion—appears to be making an appeal to public credulity quite in character with the design of the publication. When the banks, last year, at once refused to discharge their obligations, both to the Government, for the vast amounts of public money held by them, and to the community at large, this defiance of the laws, subversive of the highest in-

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terests of society, is justified by a pretended necessity arising from the policy of the Government! After the implicit faith given to such pretexts by individuals, who on most other subjects do not seem to be destitute of judgment and intelligence, we can realize the stupendous influence which the most absurd tales exercised over the inflammable passions of the French people which had been so long repressed by the most rigid tyranny.

But to return to our account of the English system: on the death of James II. in France, the great question of the Revolution of 1688 assumed a new aspect in England. It was conceded on all hands that James had been guilty while on the throne, of the highest outrages upon the rights of his subjects. But now the offender had died, ought the penalty for these enormities to be inflicted on his son and heir—an infant but five months old when his father was expelled from the throne? At the very foundation of the laws under which the land owners of Great Britain inherited their estates from their ancestors, lay the fundamental principle of the hereditary succession of the crown. They had acquiesced in expelling James as the only mode of effectually protecting their rights and liberties. But influential individuals among them began to express scruples after his death, as to the right of extending this forfeiture to his heir, and making him the victim of the misdeeds of his father, of which he was equally innocent and unconscious, at the time they were committed. These scruples were not probably lessened by the rapid and alarming increase of the burdens of taxation, which the support of the public credit required under the practice of borrowing, on ruinous annuities, the principal sums necessary to carry on the war. The public feeling became so strong and general on this subject, that no doubt now exists that the last ministry of Queen Anne had determined to bring about the restoration of the Stuarts, but their plans were frustrated by her opportune death.

The head of the House of Hanover accordingly ascended the British throne under the provisions of the Act of Settlement. Unacquainted alike with the language, habits, and views of the people of England, George I. was politically dependent upon the individual he had selected for Prime Minister—Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was unquestionably a person of great ability and greater dexterity. Those who are curious in parallels between individuals of former times and those of our own day and nation, will discover many points of similarity between the character of Walpole and of distinguished personages among ourselves, who—with equal disregard to those great principles of popular rights which led to the application of the term to politicians of a former generation—affect to imitate him, by calling themselves Whigs. Plausible and ingenious in his eloquence, unprincipled in his measures, and profligate in his personal habits, he avowed that his

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measures for maintaining the Guelph family on the throne were wholly based upon personal corruption. Beyond the disguises necessary to avoid shocking the public sensibility, he evinced a total disregard for all those virtues which, in every age and country, are essential to the preservation of the blessings of good government.

The prejudices to which we have referred, as pervading the bulk of the landholders against the Hanoverian dynasty, induced Walpole to organize an efficient influence which, by its general diffusion throughout all ranks and classes, and the zeal and activity of those acting under its impulse, might serve to counteract the power of the owners of the soil. He accordingly arranged the funding system upon a new footing—substantially the same upon which it remains at the present time—and adopted various expedients for increasing the financial and personal importance of speculators, who produced the bubble mania during the earlier years of George I. The South Sea scheme, resulting from the original plan of Patterson before referred to, soon became so popular that its stock rose to a thousand per cent. above its par value. Among numerous other projects inflated by the financiers of that period, there was one for raising flax in Pennsylvania, the stock of which sold in London for fifteen hundred per cent. Those who may wish to obtain authentic information as to the fancy stocks of that time, may find an ample fund of entertainment and instruction in the third volume of Macpherson's Annals of Commerce. The explosion of these bubbles impaired public confidence to such an extent as not only to have nearly ruined the Bank of England, but to have hazarded the ascendency both of Walpole and the dynasty of which he was the main support. With his usual dexterity, he however succeeded in turning these disastrous results of the Credit System to his advantage, by the pretexts they afforded for increasing the capital stock and enlarging the powers of the Bank greatly beyond what would have been sanctioned by Parliament, but from the necessity of affording relief for the general distress which prevailed. He by this means was enabled to give it new weight and importance as the focus of his schemes of corruption. He then modelled his plans of taxation in such a manner as to raise supplies, as far as possible, from those classes of the community who exercised the least influence in Parliamentary elections. The land tax was lessened from the ratio imposed in the previous reigns, and all money and funded property was wholly exempted from any portion of the public burdens, the weight of which was provided for by customs upon the importation of foreign commodities, fixed at moderate rates, that commerce might not be discouraged, and mainly by assessed taxes and excise duties upon the necessaries of life. By this arrangement, which has become the established financial policy of the British Government, the productive classes are

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made to sustain that inordinate share of the expenses of the State, at the same time deriving from them comparatively few advantages, which has gradually pressed them down to their present degraded condition.

The measures adopted by Walpole for the purpose of counteracting the political control possessed by the owners of the soil, resulted in arraying the whole kingdom into the two great parties, continually referred to in the publications of that period, by the names of the *monied interest* and the *landed interest*. The principles which originally separated the Whigs and Tories were wholly lost sight of, when royal prerogative gave way to ministerial influence as the predominating power of government.

The credit system was now in full operation in its present shape. Its great engine, the Bank of England, was freed from the greater portion of the restrictions previously imposed, by law upon its management—its capital stock made ample, and its efficient means of control over the business and business men of the kingdom, by alternately exciting hopes of gain, and apprehensions of loss, through the skilful management of paper currency and public debt, had become fully understood by those in power. The preservation of the Guelphs on the throne, did not however, require Walpole to task the vast influence which this great machine of Scottish invention, but enlarged, improved, and, in short, newly arranged by himself, was able to exert upon a trading and manufacturing people.

But his successors, who did not entertain similar feelings towards the landed interest, pursued a different course. His pacific temper, and love of personal ease, led him to prefer the quiet employment of personal corruption upon influential individuals, whose services he desired, rather than the more ambitious mode of endeavoring to overcome the opposition of the land owners to the Hanoverian dynasty, by holding out great temptations to their leaders as a class. Since his time, how many of the expensive wars into which England has been plunged, have been prolonged from the necessity of providing for the dependent branches of the aristocracy, by the increase of the public establishments, whose officers have always been principally drawn from that class, and to build up fortunes for them by means of the jobs and contracts growing out of a prodigal expenditure of the public money! Walpole opened the channel to the great depths of corruption, by organizing the credit system—but left it to his successors to explore its foul recesses. The great revolution in the ownership of landed property, which the operation of this system has brought about in England, had hardly commenced at the close of his long continuance in power. The expenditure of the war which succeeded his retirement, and of the seven years' war, bore heavily upon the small proprietors. The increase of taxation occasioned by these wars, combined with the inequality and injustice of the

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distribution of its burdens, together with the increase of luxurious habits, inseparable from the prevalence of suddenly acquired, or factitious wealth, soon began to extirpate that ancient race of independent yeomanry who cultivated their own soil, and who had for centuries constituted the bone and sinew of the English nation, and were its strength in war, and its ornament and glory in peace. Year after year these families, most of whom had succeeded to patrimonial farms, held from very remote periods, and to which some of them derived their titles from the dissolution of monasteries, and many of them from a far more distant era, gradually sunk under the pressure of this system, until at the present time, few of this class can be found extant, in any part of the kingdom. Their small estates have been, by degrees, engulphed by the wholesale acquisitions of the paper-money Lords, as the great capitalists are familiarly termed, and the families of the former owners have been reduced into the mass of tenants, manufacturers, artisans, and paupers, of which the number of the latter is now much greater than of the affluent class.

Upon the succession of George III., in 1760, the prejudices against the Hanoverian dynasty disappeared. The young King was a native of England, and had been educated under the direction of Lord Bute, in all the mysteries of King-craft approved by the school of the Stuarts. The landed aristocracy, before that time, had largely participated throughout their different branches, in the wealth and honors derived from the enormous civil, military and naval establishments kept up by England in every quarter of the globe; and some of the most opulent of this class had become interested in her national debt, which at the peace of Paris in 1763, had already reached one hundred and forty-five million pounds sterling, equivalent to about seven hundred millions of dollars. During the previous wars the *monied interest* and the trading community, had realized vast profits from the loans negotiated, as well as the supplies required to carry on hostilities at home and abroad, which became permanent burdens upon the public resources. The private interests of these predominating classes were, therefore, intimately combined in maintaining the credit system as established by Walpole, upon immoveable foundations; and from the accession of George III, this system is to be regarded as a paramount principle in the practical government of Great Britain, and serves to explain much of its policy that must otherwise be regarded as unaccountable.

It does not come within the scope of our present design, to endeavor to give a detailed explanation of the influence which may be justly attributed to this system, in originating and fomenting the ruinous contest which resulted in the independence of the United States of America. The continued popularity of this unnatural

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war in Parliament, and among the leading classes in England, under the great disasters which it occasioned, may be fairly ascribed, in a great degree, to the lavish expenditure of public money which it produced, and by which it was much aggravated and prolonged. The irresistible temptation for borrowing money to be expended by individuals principally for the benefit of each other, and to be charged upon future generations was found to be so overpowering to human cupidity, that had not the commerce and manufactures of England been brought to the verge of ruin, and the sufferings of her productive classes become insupportable, it seems probable that the very extravagance of the public outlay required to carry on this war, would have induced its continuance for a much longer period. The pretext under which it began, was the necessity of drawing a revenue from America for the support of the establishments of England. Its result was the addition of above a hundred millions of pounds sterling to the permanent burdens of the British nation.

We are compelled to pass over the instructive lessons upon the results of the Credit System, which the annals of England afford, during the few years succeeding the American war, and come at once to the great epoch—the wars growing out of the French Revolution. At this day probably not an individual can be found, either in Europe or America, who has bestowed the attention upon the subject necessary to form an opinion, who will not admit that the necessity for the interference of England with the internal Government of France, which was the sole pretext of the war, was the preservation of the "Credit System." The alarm which the doctrines, and, above all, the measures adopted by the French people for the subversion of the existing institutions which had impoverished and oppressed them for the sole advantage of the privileged classes, produced in every part of Europe, was nowhere so deeply felt as in England, in consequence of her artificial and unequal system of finance and taxation, which we have endeavored to explain. The French people, excited by the transports of their recent liberty, with the innate extravagance of their national character, rioted in excesses, which afforded the only grounds for a war, the main object of which was avowed by Mr. Pitt to be, to prevent the dissemination of French principles. The flame of war was regarded by the English rulers, as the only efficient mode of neutralizing the contagion which the example and success of the French had produced among the middle and lower ranks in England, under the weight of taxation with which they were burdened.

This struggle lasted more than twenty years. As its main object was the support of the Credit System of England, we shall merely glance at its effects upon that system, and upon the people under its control.

The outrages in France, which resulted in the overthrow of the

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monarchy, originated, as we have already mentioned, in the scarcity and high price of bread. For the purpose of aggravating the calamities of the French people under the vain hope of subduing them by starvation, an order in council was issued by the English Government in 1793, directing that vessels of every nation laden with breadstuffs, bound to France, should be brought into England. This was the first of these high-handed infractions of neutral rights, which afterwards became so common in the subsequent stages of this bloody contest, and was the occasion of that remarkable discussion in the cabinet of President Washington, between the Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Hamilton, which forms an important era in our own political history. Immense quantities of grain and flour were brought to England by this measure, and placed the Government in a dilemma, to escape from which, its interference with the subsistence of the people began, which has since been pursued to such an oppressive extent, by its corn laws. This importation had created so much alarm among those dependent upon agriculture, as to cause extensive runs upon the country banks—of which a greater number were closed by commissions of bankruptcy during that year than had ever before occurred. To avert this injury, inflicted upon the most important political interest in the kingdom, Government were compelled to purchase and warehouse the imported grain upon its own account. This purchase was made by an issue of exchequer bills, which, with the other issues required by the public service, created an amount of paper currency at the close of 1796, of more than twenty-five millions sterling, independent of the issues of the Bank of England, amounting to about nine millions and one-half, and those of the private banks, estimated at half that sum. The credit of the whole depended upon the stock of the precious metals in the Bank of England, the amount of which, under the practice which then prevailed, was unknown to the public, but which, by the publication of the accounts of the Bank by the Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons of 1832, appears to have been but one million and eighty-six thousand pounds. The Government was under engagements of subsidy to Austria and Prussia, for the purpose of carrying on the war against France, amounting to six millions sterling. The French victories in Italy—the disturbed state of Ireland—the mutiny in the fleet, from the oppressions practised on the sailors—the failure of several banks in the north of England—and the unsatisfactory temper of the tax-paying population, all together, had produced a high degree of consternation in the minds of the directors of the Bank, who laid before Mr. Pitt, then Prime Minister, a statement of the condition of that institution, shewing the impossibility of sustaining a run for specie should a panic take place, as was then strongly apprehended. During the

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few days following, the demand for cash evidently increasing, an order in council was issued, on Sunday the twenty-sixth of February, directing the Bank to suspend specie payments, which was sanctioned by Parliament on the next day, making a legal provision that all payments accepted in bank notes should be a discharge in law—and that all collectors and receivers of the revenues should take bank notes in payment.

The principal capitalists, bankers, and merchants, all of whom were deeply interested in support of the existing system, publicly pledged themselves to support the credit of the Bank paper; and new and severe laws against seditious practices were enacted to prevent complaint on the part of the mass of society, whose wages were not raised, though all prices of commodities and the expenses of living soon became greatly enhanced by this practical destruction of the standard of value, for the benefit of the higher classes. But notwithstanding of the severity of the laws against combinations among the other classes—when they saw paraded in every quarter, the statement that three thousand of the principal bankers and merchants of London had combined for the purpose of sustaining an irredeemable paper currency, the profuse issue of which had begun so materially to increase their burdens, they soon found themselves compelled by the great principle of self-preservation to organize themselves for the purpose of effecting a correspondent rise of wages. The Trades' Unions which have in their consequences produced such an injurious effect upon the true and permanent welfare of the most industrious, moral, and frugal of the operatives in Great Britain, and have led to the infliction of so many evils upon the the mass of society, became general under this necessity.

For a considerable period, as bank notes were freely received in all the most important payments, and the English gold coin in actual circulation previously, was estimated to exceed twelve millions sterling, very little inconvenience was felt from any practical difference in the currency between paper and specie. Up to the year 1800, the market price of foreign gold and bullion did not exceed an average of seven per cent. premium. From 1800 to 1809 it ranged from ten to fifteen per cent. We take these prices from Wettenhall's lists, which are regarded as the highest authority on these subjects. Great difficulties and confusion then began to arise in the adjustment of contracts between man and man. Innumerable publications were made on the subject of the currency; and the prevailing opinions among the mercantile classes were, that bank notes had not depreciated, but gold had risen in price. In 1810 Mr. Horner's famous Report of the Bullion Committee, brought the whole question before Parliament; and, after prolonged debates, the House of Commons adopted Mr. Vansittart's resolutions by an overwhelming

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majority—declaring that the notes of the Bank of England were equivalent to the current coin of the realm, and that the high price of bullion was not occasioned by the Bank restriction, nor by any excess in the issues of the Bank. Immediately after this, Lord King, who inherited the views of his great kinsman, John Locke, on the subject of currency, as well as on questions of general policy, notified his numerous tenantry that, having contracted to pay their ancient rents in lawful money, he should require of them either gold coin in payment, or a sufficient amount of bank notes to purchase, at the market price, the weight of standard gold necessary to discharge them. This was regarded as a practical defiance of the doctrines adopted by the House of Commons. A bill was introduced making it penal to pass guineas of full weight in payment for more than twenty-one shillings each, and taking away the legal right of distraining for rent from landlords, to whom the nominal sum due should be tendered in notes of the Bank of England. It was, at the same time, proposed to make bank notes a legal tender, but the country having been plunged into unforeseen difficulties already, no one could undertake to predict the consequences of such a step; and this proposition, after an animated debate, was withdrawn. Among the curious results of this law, as finally passed, was its offering a premium for making guineas lighter than their legal weight. A full guinea could not be offered nor received for more than twenty-one shillings, under a severe penalty—but one diminished, was worth at that time, from twenty-eight to thirty shillings, and might be lawfully passed at that value. Afterwards, in 1813, when gold bore a premium of forty-five per cent., they were worth much more. Those who may be inclined to pursue this highly interesting and most important subject, will find, in the Parliamentary debates of that period, a fund of information. In an article of this kind it is impossible for us to thread the labyrinth into which the credit system was involved during this suspension. Among the most important results of the war expressly waged for its support, was the addition of nearly eight hundred millions sterling, or about three thousand six hundred millions of dollars, to the public debt of Great Britain and Ireland, if we include the mockery of the sinking fund, by which the people were so long deluded. During the year 1797 and 1798 the price of three per cent. stock was as low as forty-eight, and large loans were negociated on public account at this rate, payment being made in bank notes; for one hundred pounds by which upwards of two hundred pounds were added to the capital of the national debt. Subsequently stock rose to an average of fifty-five to sixty, at which rates the greater portion of the immense loans referred to, were negotiated. Recently, the price of the same stock has generally been from ninety to ninety-five; and the vast profits made by the contractors upon such enor-

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mous sums from this advance alone, may be understood. Had the loans been negotiated at the current rate of interest at the time the money was needed, the holders might have been required to accept the subsequent market rate of interest, or be paid off by a new loan negotiated at the market rate. By increasing the capital instead of the rate of interest, it is placed wholly out of the power of the government of the present day, to relieve the public from any part of the burdens imposed by the improvident contracts made during the war, and leaves no remedy for the evil but invading the capital itself. Profligate as this arrangement may appear, its effect upon the tax-paying population was trifling compared with compelling them to change three thousand millions of dollars of public debt—contracted in paper bearing a discount, compared with gold, of from seven to forty-five per cent., the greater part of it when paper was upwards of twenty-five per cent. discount,—into the same nominal amount in gold. This was the consummation of injustice towards those on whom are imposed the burdens of the State. It was, however, only one of the many manœuvres by which money was legislated out of the pockets of the mass of society, into those of the managers of the Credit System—precisely like that by which Hamilton, by his corrupt scheme for funding the debt of the Revolution, gave twenty shillings of the public money to his supporters for what had cost them but two and six pence. The course pursued by the Emperor of Russia in equalizing the currency of his vast Empire after the wars with Napoleon, were governed by a different principle. Russia has participated in the advantages of the Credit System on a large scale. The Imperial Bank of Russia suspended payment for several years, and its issues of paper had been so prodigal as to have fallen into great depreciation, compared with specie. A vast amount of outstanding obligations prevented the restoration of a specie standard at the nominal rate, without producing almost an universal overthrow of property. It became a grave and difficult question to determine how the commerce of the country could be carried on under the existing medium, or how an equal and stable currency could be substituted without ruining nearly every person who had entered into contracts. Under these embarrassments the Emperor Alexander, had the good sense to ask the advice and opinion of three of the most distinguished financiers in the world—Mr. Alexander Baring, of London, now Lord Ashburton, Mr. Gallatin, of New York, and Baron Dupin, of Paris. They concurred that to require debts contracted in a depreciated medium, to be paid in specie, would be the height of injustice, and must lead to deplorable consequences. As the best mode of avoiding greater difficulties, though not itself free from objection, it was recommended by these experienced and judicious advisers, that as depreciated paper had been allowed to become the practical measure of value,

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in view of which a great amount of public and private engagements had been entered into, it was impossible to realise the essential benefits of a metallic currency in reference to those contracts, excepting by an equitable and definite rate of depreciation. The advice was adopted, and the ratio of payment in specie, upon all previous contracts, was prescribed by law. As far as could be possible by a general measure of this kind, substantial justice was thus done, both to public and private creditors. But in England, all public and private engagements, to an aggregate amount which fancy can hardly realize when expressed in thousands of millions of dollars, and which had been contracted in reference to a paper currency depreciated from ten to forty-five per cent. below specie, were at once required to be paid in gold. This measure enhanced the burdens imposed upon the tax-payers, as well as upon every person whose outstanding debts exceeded the sums due to him, to an incalculable amount. In adopting it, the interests of the wealthy were alone consulted. Every other class of society were sacrificed for their advantage. The policy of the Credit System in this respect is exhibited in one of the returns annexed to the Report of the Committee of Secrecy upon the Bank of England in 1832, by which it appears that up to that time there had been divided in bonuses and extra dividends among the stockholders, in addition to a permanent dividend of seven per cent. upon the capital stock, upwards of fourteen millions sterling, or nearly seventy millions of dollars!

It would have been obviously impossible to secure the acquiescence of the landed interest, who exercised, at that time, a more powerful comparative influence in Parliament than at present under the operation of the Reform bill, in such a measure, had not their interests been ostensibly provided for by that supplement to the Credit System—the Corn Laws. During the century preceding 1797, the price of the agricultural staple of England, wheat, had not averaged forty shillings per quarter, or five shillings sterling a bushel, taking one year with another. The average amount of the circulation of the Bank of England was, at that date, about eleven millions, and of private bankers about four millions. When the restriction of specie payments took away every check from the coiners of paper money, but the moderation of their own desires for the acquisitions of property, the issues of the Bank of England increased to twenty-eight millions, and those of private bankers to about twenty-two millions. The natural consequence of this monstrous inflation, was not only a great increase in the price of wheat, and of all articles of subsistence, but great improvidence of engagements of every kind. During the suspension of specie payments, the average price of wheat was upwards of eighty shillings per quarter or more than ten shillings sterling a bushel. It was a necessary corrollary of the measure by which the national burdens

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were enhanced, that some step be adopted which should enable the landlords to receive their rents, as well as the holders of the debt, their dividends. The corn laws were therefore devised for the purpose of keeping up the prices of agricultural produce, at the unequal rates to which they had been raised by the Credit System, by shutting out all competition from the English markets excepting on occasions of scarcity, precisely on the principle, that the tariff laws of this country were contrived to sustain our manufactures under the expansions of our own currency.

Like all artificial schemes for counteracting the natural course of things, the Corn Laws have inflicted an incalculable amount of positive suffering upon the industrious classes of England, without substantially benefiting those in favor of whom they were imposed. The deep dissatisfaction which generally prevails throughout the middling and lower classes, which has already produced the Reform of the House of Commons, and threatens from its daily increase to effect still more important organic changes in the British Constitution, may be principally ascribed to this iniquitous legislation in favor of particular interests. It appears to be impossible that a system which sacrifices the security and well-being of so many millions of the most valuable portion of the population, for the advantage of a few thousands, should in the present age be permanently sustained. The high prices exacted for articles of food for the purpose of keeping up the rents of the great landholders—and the vast burden of taxation imposed on almost every thing which enters into human consumption,—excepting perhaps, only the air,—which are rendered necessary by the expenses of the public debt, contracted and enhanced in the manner we have described, amounting at this time to more than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year, besides the vast expenditure required to support the army, navy, and great public establishments—contrasted with the moderate remuneration for labor, can hardly fail to produce greater innovations in the form of government at no very distant period. Her present situation appears fully to justify one of the most distinguished of her recent historians, in denouncing "those twin-curses of England—paper money and public credit." Among a people so generally well informed and so clear-sighted with regard to their interests as those of Great Britain, the great Democratic principle of self-government must sooner or later assert its natural rights, in placing a proportionate share of taxation upon property, instead of imposing the whole weight of the public burdens upon industry.

While the *people* of the English nation have been thus sinking in the scale of comfort and personal independence, far different has been the fate of the French. From the era of their Revolution their condition has been continually improving. Travellers on the Continent of Europe previous to 1790 were invariably accustomed

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to institute comparisons between the comfort of the full-fed laboring classes of England, and the destitute, poverty-stricken peasantry of France. The books of English tourists for half a century were filled with these parallels. The contrast at the present time is much stronger in favor of the French. Though they have sustained the enormous expenditure of the wars of Napoleon—the ravages of two general invasions of their territory—the burden of indemnities to the Allied Powers to an immense amount as well as to their own emigrant nobility—still the great mass of the people of France have been constantly progressing in general improvement of condition. At the present time there are at least ten times more independent proprietors of land in France than at the breaking out of the Revolution. While the ownership of the soil has been concentrating in England into the hands of the few, it has been distributing in France into those of the many. This is one of the inevitable consequences of the different systems of financial legislation which have been pursued in the two countries since the French Revolution. The one has had a tendency to enrich and render independent the middling classes—the other as we have seen, has impoverished the mass of the community for the purpose of adding to overgrown fortunes. As the former result is diametrically opposed to the object of the "Credit System" it meets with the most pointed censure throughout Mr. Carey's publication. His remarks upon the commercial classes in France, partake strongly of the feelings of those days when French Jacobins were held up to popular odium by a portion of the politicians of this country, through the application of the most extravagant epithets which our language could furnish. Because the currency of France is principally metallic, there being in circulation at this time according to his statement which is manifestly exaggerated, an amount of gold and silver exceeding six hundred millions of dollars in that Kingdom—the consequence of the former experience of the French people in the blessings of the Credit System—Mr. Carey charitably ascribes this preference of a solid and equal currency, to the total absence of common honesty throughout France! He even permits his prejudices against metallic *humbugs* to carry him so far as to assert, that "the foreign trade of France has been in a great measure destroyed by frauds in the preparation of commodities for exportation!" That the foreign commerce of that country is not so extensive as might be expected in the present condition of the world, considering the vast resources and local advantages of that wealthy and powerful Kingdom, is to be attributed rather to her mistaken policy in restricting the importation of many of the productions of other nations, than to any want of good faith and personal integrity in her manufacturers and merchants—who will probably compare with advantage with those of most other nations.

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The statement which we have quoted, is based by Mr. Carey upon his own authority. He appears to have derived others, upon which he founds several disparaging remarks relative to the commercial intercourse of France, from the letters of Michel Chevalier, who travelled extensively in this country three or four years since, and is well known to many of our citizens. M. Chevalier is a person possessing very strong powers of description, and is a writer for the Journal des Debats—a political journal of considerable notoriety at Paris. An individual really disposed to gather facts relative to the character and policy of our own country for an authentic publication, would be quite as excusable for taking the authority of that race of letter writers by whom the reputation of our own newspaper press has been so much injured from their habitual libels upon truth and decency. From whatever origin the statements of Mr. Carey are derived—it is obvious from the character of the greater part of them, that he has not bestowed the slightest regard upon their accuracy. Throughout the work the attention of an ordinary reader is kept constantly on the stretch by the most astounding discoveries, of which the following which forcibly struck us at opening of the book, is a fair specimen. In illustrating the barbarity prevailing in France from the absence of paper currency, compared with the prosperity and abundance of England—he says upon his second page:

"The owner of a loom in India takes more than half of the product and lives in poverty and wretchedness. The owner of a few looms in Lyons takes one half of the product. The workman receives for his share only one half. Both are poor. The owner of looms in England and the United States takes one tenth, leaving nine tenths to the laborer—both are enabled to live well, and constantly to improve their condition."

This exposition of the melancholy state of things in other countries at the very commencement of such a publication, was calculated to create some surprise. It must immediately occur to all well informed men that nothing like a loom—such as is employed by the manufacturers of England and this country, is to be found in India—where cloth is made principally in the open air, the workman digging a hole sufficiently large to receive his lower limbs under the shade of a tree, upon which he hangs his gearing—and instead of treddles, and the other appliances of our looms, uses his toes for the purpose of springing the threads of his warp to receive his long rude shuttle. That it is the general practice for the owners of looms at Lyons to require half their products, is so manifestly absurd as not to merit formal refutation. Soon after the invention of that wonderful monument of ingenuity—the Jacquard Loom, with which an ignorant workman is able, without assistance, to execute fabrics of the greatest elegance and variety of figure, which before this invention were within the power of only a few of the most skilful and intelligent weavers, aided by drawboys, it may

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have been that half the products of these complicated machines were required by their owners. But that the owners of the looms for weaving plain stuffs at Lyons, which are evidently referred to by Mr. Carey, take one half of their products, is probably quite as true as that the operatives employed in the manufactories of this country receive nine tenths of the profits of their labor—or as that the laboring classes in England are remarkable at the present time for their abundant living and constant improvement of condition. It surely would be treating the understanding and information possessed by all classes of the American people with too great a degree of contempt, to suppose that many of these statements of facts set forth by Mr. Carey, required the slightest comment. We shall instance a few others hereafter.

As to the general effect of the sound and equal currency which has prevailed in France since she had the wisdom to profit by the lessons taught by the great disasters brought upon all her productive interests by the Credit System, we shall content ourselves with quoting the evidence of the London Quarterly Review for January 1816, in an authoritative article upon the Congress of Vienna. No one acquainted with the political influence under which the Quarterly was established, and has been since conducted, will accuse it of undue partiality towards France. On the other hand, the antipathy which its conductors have always manifested towards that nation, even exceeds that of Mr. Carey. At the close of the long war, the consequences of which upon the prosperity of the English nation we have endeavored to describe, the Reviewers say:—"In point of fact the finances of France, are, strange as it may appear, in a far more flourishing condition than those of any of her neighbors: while the resources of every other State have been gradually exhausted in the late contest, she has fewer financial difficulties to contend with at this moment, than any of the Powers which were lately opposed to her." This remarkable freedom from the internal embarrassments in which all the other continental nations were deeply involved in consequence of their servile imitation of the Credit System of England—sporting with the prosperity of their industrious population by the abuse of paper currency for the advantage of the few—must be wholly attributed to a steadfast adherence in the midst of unprecedented difficulties, to a just and inflexible measure of value by the French Government, which profited by its experience of the *assignats* after it had become settled from the disorders which attended the earlier stages of the Revolution. While all the other principal Continental Powers impoverished their subjects by sanctioning the circulation of a currency of depreciated bank paper, France, by simply avoiding this greatest of all national calamities, though finally conquered in this great struggle, came out of the contest with her internal energies and resources unimpaired.

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After the enormous waste and sacrifices of a war, waged upon a scale which had never before been witnessed in any part of the world, her people had not been delivered up to be plundered by artificial engines of extortion under the pretext of affording them relief from their burdens.

Perhaps a more potent reason than even their preference for a metallic currency, has given rise to the invidious remarks of Mr. Carey upon the French people. Since they have relieved themselves from the consequences of the Credit System, their public finances have been wholly managed by responsible public officers, placed under the most efficient penalties in case of the mismanagement or perversion of the public money from its rigid application to the public service. As the publication of Mr. Carey is designed to shew that individuals associated together for their own gain, by financial operations in paper money of their own creation are entitled by right to use the public revenue for private speculation, his prejudice against the French system of Finance might probably influence his views of their whole social polity.

Having found occasion to dwell at so much length upon the results of the "Credit System" as presented by the existing condition of England and France, we can hardly command sufficient time or space in the present Article to complete our original design of giving a detailed exposition of the origin and consequences of the operation of this system among ourselves. We shall therefore content ourselves with a few remarks upon this topic, leaving it to the judgment and experience of our readers to supply our deficiences from their own reflections.

Before the adoption of our present form of Government, the United States, as well as most of the individual States, were deeply embarrassed by financial difficulties. The great bulk of the people were depressed by the losses and sacrifices of the war of the Revolution—of which, those occasioned by the depreciation of paper currency were by far the most hostile to the return of prosperity, since they weakened not only all confidence and good faith among individuals, but led to a general distrust in the security of any form of government. The measures adopted to raise the revenues necessary for the support of the institutions of society, and those pursued by individuals for the recovery of debts, produced an intensity of distress throughout the Union which no language can adequately describe. Destitution of the means of payment became so general among the people, that armed combinations were organized to extort from the Legislature the privilege of paying obligations in paper currency. *Relief* was the rallying cry among the disorganizers from one end of the continent to the other. But the clear-sighted and honest patriots of that day, well understood the original source of all these calamities. The

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abuse of paper currency had defrauded and brought into distress the bulk of the community by placing them wholly in the power of sharpers and speculators, into whose hands most of the available property had become concentrated. The issue of more paper would only increase the avidity of those bloodsuckers by further means of gratification. After remaining in a state of the most painful anxiety from insurrections and violent infractions of the laws in the best regulated sections of the Union for a considerable period, the great men by whose counsels and courage our National Independence had been achieved, despising the empirical remedy of paper money for the general distress, and taking counsel only from their high sense of justice and the public welfare, determined to prevent the recurrence of such evils by endeavouring to establish an efficient government which should secure the fruits of industry from such misguided attempts. The Convention was called for the purpose of framing a Constitution for the United States.

The discussions which arose in this body, an outline of which will doubtless be found in the forthcoming work of Mr. Madison, and will be received with the deepest interest by every American, soon made it apparent that a great diversity of views prevailed as to the extent of power necessary to be given to the General Government, for the prevention of anarchical excesses from popular excitement in the States, as well as the degree and tenure of the authority with which the Executive branch ought to be clothed. The disturbances which had arisen among the people for the purpose of compelling the States to declare paper money a tender for debts, and the want of confidence in the people, to which we shall presently advert, induced a portion of the members to declare themselves in favor of a strong government practically independent of the people. A larger part of the Convention had determined to make as few innovations upon the existing institutions of the country, as might consist with sufficient power to assert our national rights abroad, and secure the protection of person and property at home.

At the head of the supporters of a form of strong government, was Hamilton, a man of great industry, talent, and skill in managing mankind. He had come to this country but a short period before the Revolution broke out, and entertained an honest and deep preference towards the institutions of the nation of which he was born a subject. His whole knowledge of the American people had been gathered in the camp, and the artificial atmosphere of cities. Wholly distrusting their capacity for self-government, he proposed a Chief Magistrate and Senate for life, to be invested with powers in effect, not only irresponsible, but self-elected. The power of the United States would, under this system, become the property of a close corporation into which none could have found

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admittance but by the assent of the existing members for life. This was not the precise form, but such was the substance and inevitable result of Hamilton's scheme of Government. His plan was powerfully resisted by Franklin, Madison, Randolph, Gerry, and several others who had spent the greatest portion of their lives among the freemen of the United States, and fully appreciated their character. It was rejected, and a form of Government resulting from a compromise between various conflicting views was with great difficulty sent forth to the people, and finally adopted.

Upon the organization of the Government under the new Constitution, the important post of Secretary of the Treasury was offered by President Washington to Robert Morris, who had been Superintendent of Finances under the Confederation. He was a native of England and entertained the views of the monied interest of that country, as to the advantage of banks and paper currency which we have already explained. He had put these views into operation while Superintendent, by procuring the establishment of the Bank of North America, in which he placed about half a million of dollars imported in specie by the United States from France, being the only actual capital originally in the possession of the Bank—while the profits realized upon the issue of paper currency based upon this public money, were shared among the private stockholders, who barely contributed their bonds for the amount of their subscriptions. From the confidence which his good fortune in the management of the public finances had inspired in his own mind, as well as among his friends who had liberally participated in the fruits of his success, he became a speculator of the boldest character. Like many others who founded their hopes on the quicksands of the Credit System, he was seduced into enterprizes by which he was irretrievably ruined, and spent the latter part of his life within the jail limits.

Among the greatest men of any age, President Washington, throughout his whole career, was remarkably distinguished by his anxiety to seek, and his inclination to follow advice. In selecting Morris for this situation, he doubtless acceded to the wishes of his leading friends in Philadelphia—then, as now the focus of paper money speculation. But the Secretary of the Treasury would not be able to engage in private transactions based upon the public resources. Morris accordingly, no doubt, perceived that his interests would not be so much advanced by taking the office, as by having it placed in suitable hands. He therefore declined the appointment himself, and recommended Hamilton in his stead, who had been an *Aid de Camp* to the President, and enjoyed a large share of his confidence and esteem. He was appointed.

In the discharge of the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton received important assistance from the experience of his

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friend and patron, Morris. The funding system was projected, enabling the holders of the public securities, most of which had been wrung from the necessities of the brave defenders of the country, and those who had patriotically furnished them with supplies, at rates ranging from one-quafter to one-eighth of their nominal amount, to charge them upon the public resources at the full sum, instead of their equitable value. By this unscrupulous measure, the *monied interest* of the country was arrayed in support of the friends of strong government. After the example of Walpole they then arranged the machinery by which their power might not only be extended over the whole community, but enabled to perpetuate itself by self-elections, agreeably to their original design. The Bank of the United States was created. This measure was vehemently resisted at the threshold by those who had taken a prominent position in framing the Constitution, on the ground that whatever public necessities might be supposed to require this establishment, the power of chartering it had been denied by the Convention. How these schemes by which vast sums of money and almost umlimited power were legislated into the hands of a few individuals, were carried through Congress is now to be gathered only from tradition. None can reasonably doubt but the leading policy of the English Credit System was liberally applied to overcome the scruples of several individuals.

President Washington, from his correspondence lately published by Mr. Sparks, appears to have been wholly opposed in principle, to the adoption, by public authority, of any paper substitute for a sound and equal currency. By the incessant representations of individuals who surrounded him, and in whom he reposed great confidence, he was reluctantly induced to believe, that so universal and powerful had popular feeling throughout the Union become in favor of paper currency, that the country could only be saved from the horrors of anarchy by the charter of the Bank. His constitutional objections to the measure having been overcome with the greatest difficulty by a sense of absolute necessity, he with great hesitation acceded to it.

Having now acquired the absolute and irresponsible control over the ordinary medium of commerce, the friends of strong government could make money plentiful or scarce at their pleasure, and were of course able to ruin or enrich the trading community at their discretion. They were accordingly secure in the permanent allegiance of this influential body. For the acquiescence of the mass of the people in their measures, they mainly relied in the first instance upon the personal popularity of Washington, which was almost unbounded. Subsequently, the excesses of the French revolution were turned to a similar purpose in this country as in England, for the purpose of alarming the community at large and in-

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ducing them to support the kindred Credit Systems of the two countries. All who did not implicitly support the self-created aristocracy, were identified in principle with the sanguinary monsters which the long misrule of despotism had produced in France. Many individuals of feeble discernment but correct intentions, were arrayed in favor of the Credit System, under the sincere belief, that this was the only mode of escaping from the destruction of all property, religion, and morality. Under the Administration of the elder Adams, the measures adopted by the friends of strong government for burdening the people with enormous establishments in order to control the whole by corrupting a part of the community, became so gross and palpable, that the systematic exaggerations and mistatements by which they were sustained began to lose their influence. The sedition law, instead of repressing inquiry into the tendency of these measures, only served to increase the anxiety of the people for their permanent welfare. Had not the suicidal measures adopted by the friends of strong government accelerated their removal from power, the policy of the United States would have doubtless presented a counterpart to that of England, and the results presented at this time by the agrandizement of the few, at the expense of the comfort of the many, might have been quite as striking.

It is not now in our power to follow the various expedients and transformations adopted by the party by whom the "Credit System" of this country was originally projected and organized.

There can be no doubt, however, in any reasonable mind, but the original intention of governing the people of the United States by an irresponsible and self-elected body of men has been constantly kept in view. Whenever the standard of value, exclusively recognised by the Constitution, could be permanently overthrown, the power of the managers of the Credit System over the subsistence, industry, and enterprise of the country, would be perfect. The leading measures of the Bank of the United States have all been evidently directed to this result, as is proved not only by inference, but by the language of its managers from time to time. It is not necessary to quote passages from Mr. Biddle's letter which is so familiar to all—but we would refer our readers to the celebrated pamphlet published by one of the oracles of the Bank during that period of general prostration and distress which succeeded the few first years of its operation under the charter of 1816. In the "inquiry into the causes of the present commercial embarrassments of the United States," it is stated in terms "that with a currency convertible into specie, our former prosperity while peace and unobstructed commerce prevail, *cannot return.*" After drawing an appalling picture of the universal distress then existing—showing that all commodities and real estate had fallen more than one-half in value, it is argued that the Constitution only prohibits the States

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from making paper currency a legal tender, but that Congress possesses that power, and is imperiously called on to exercise it as a measure of relief correlative to the protective system. The tariff is shown to be nugatory as a means of encouraging industry unless accompanied with a currency not convertible into the precious metals. "This for the security of past accumulations, and means of future acquisition is indispensable"—otherwise "the banks and a few wealthy individuals will stand by to gather up the fragments of our wealth—they whose cry has been over-trading, extravagance, speculation &c., but whose object, if they have any but a blind purpose, is to grasp upon the ruins at little cost." This delicate thrust at the State banks was evidently intended to excite feelings among those who were suffering under the calamities produced by the Bank of the United States, of a similar character with those recently raised against the Executive Government. Instead of countenancing the suspension of specie payments by the Bank at that time, Congress adopted the more judicious course of investigating its mismanagement and violations of its charter. Had the charter been then abrogated, in pursuance of the recommendation of the Committee, an incalculable amount of demoralizing influence as well as positive loss, would have been spared to the industry of the Union. We have neither time nor space at this time for details upon this subject, as we must touch upon some of the suggestions contained in Mr. Carey's publication.

Its object being to vindicate doctrines, which, if carried into practice, must inevitably destroy all the sanctions by which property is protected, by placing the earnings and accumulations of every individual in the community, exclusively within the control of the manufacturers of paper currency, who would enjoy an irresponsible and omnipotent power over the price of every thing—no term is so continually repeated as *security*. In reading the work, its iteration becomes so tiresome, that one is ready to exclaim with Falstaff, "I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*." A curious parrallel is drawn between the relative security of property in France, England, and several sections of the United States. The ground assumed, is that whenever the banks are able to issue the greatest quantity of paper currency and make the largest dividends—the security of property is the greatest. The property of the thousands upon thousands, whose means of subsistence are suddenly snatched away by the arbitrary expansions and contractions of paper, is considered to be wholly unworthy of regard. It would be supposed in fact, from this publication that the term *property* is applicable to nothing but bank stock. Where banks are not compelled to redeem their issues, the security of property is the greatest, because there can be no check to their extravagance—and of course whenever the specie

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in any country is lessened, the greater is the increase of security—security being perfect where there is no specie whatever! Such of our readers as may not be satisfied with this self-evident deduction, we would refer to pages sixty to sixty-four of the publication itself, where they will find a train of demonstration, establishing this principle beyond doubt or question, which rivals in precision and conclusiveness, any which can be found in Euclid.

In that extraordinary manual for political neophytes promulgated by Mr. Biddle at Princeton in 1835—which, like "The Prince" of Machiavel, has been made to bear various interpretations agreeably to the taste and temper of the reader—may be found this emphatic injunction: "Personally and singly objects of indifference, our collected merits are devoutly adored when we acquire the name of the people." Upon this hint the name in question has been extensively arrogated by the managers and stipendaries of the banks. Notwithstanding this authority, we would venture to suggest, that all countries are not solely inhabited by corporations. In some regions under the sun, beings exist, possessing both souls and bodies—hopes which may be disappointed, and feelings liable to be lacerated. Occasionally even in this country, a person may be found having connexions either of blood or friendship. Engagements may be entered into under the expectations of profit which involve individuals throughout all the ramifications of society. Under the strong temptations afforded by the facility of obtaining accomodations, such engagements may not impair the *security* of banks whenever necessity or caprice shall induce them to diminish the amount of currency in circulation, and throw whole communities into agonies of alarm and distress. The managers of the banks doubtless remain "as calm as a summer's morning"—but what is the *security* of those unfortunate individuals who have placed themselves in bondage to them, and what is the *security* of their still more unfortunate wives, children, and others dependent on them? The state of feeling in our principal cities in 1819, 1825, 1828, 1831, 1834, and 1836, will furnish a satisfactory answer. For an individual instance well authenticated, of which many counterparts have existed among ourselves, we take leave to refer our readers upon this point, to the sixth and seventh volumes of Lockhart's Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott. They will find in those volumes a most affecting commentary upon the doctrine of security as promulgated in Mr. Carey's book. The process by which one of the noblest of human intellects was gradually weakened, and the life of that wonderful man prematurely shortened, may be there distinctly traced to this *security*. The Bank of Scotland lost not a farthing—but the high-spirited Scott, from a state of affluence, became a bankrupt in consequence of the engagements into which he was seduced by the temptations of the Credit System; and the recent publica-

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tion, in answer to Lockhart, by the friends of the Ballantynes, has conclusively proved that this high spirited man was reduced, for the maintenance of that delusive splendour which it enabled him to assume, to the rejection of the solid independence which his unrivalled talents could so easily have commanded, to expedients of equivocal morality; and finally, of treacherous selfishness to his friends, that would merit the harshest epithet, were we not so well acquainted with the specious chicanery by which this fatal system of gambling in credit so often warps even the integrity of its votaries to acts that would call a shudder to the heart of the same individual if presented to his mind in the naked profligacy of dishonor. But this new *literary* illustration of the Credit System possesses an extrinsic and melancholy interest which may induce us to recur to it again. Were not similar results quite common among ourselves, it would seem to be the most extraordinary part of this heart-rending narrative, that Scott continued to the last to defend both by tongue and pen the system by which he was ruined—so strongly implanted in the human mind is the spirit of gambling!

Notwithstanding the banks of New York resumed on the first of May, in defiance of the hostility of the Bank of the United States, the Boston banks with a single honorable exception, continued up to the last moment to manifest the most servile obedience to the mandates of Mr. Biddle for embarrassing the trade and commerce of the country. Accordingly we find a great portion of this publication occupied with the most fulsome compliments upon the excellent management and unrivalled usefulness of those banks. The small amount of specie held by them, and their issues of small notes, are represented to be the sole causes of the prosperity of that section of the Union! The industry, information, and enterprise of the people, and the great equality of property which prevails there beyond most other parts of the country, are nothing compared with the advantages derived from their banks. The statements of their operations *as given*, correspond entirely with the truth of these inferences.

So far however from bank failures having been few and far between in New England, as stated by Mr. Carey, in no part of the Union of similar extent were they, during the first half of the period referred to, so numerous, and so destructive to the security of the ordinary intercourse between man and man. The annoyances, hazards, and losses, from the continual failures of the banks, and the depreciation to which the currency of the greater part of them was more or less subjected, became at last so burdensome to every kind of trade and industry, that it became necessary to devise some plan for the correction of these evils. No adequate legislative restrictions upon the recklessness of some of these banks could be obtained—or if obtained, could be enforced. An expe-

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dient was finally adopted, which for a long time effected the restraint so essential to the best interests of the community.

Boston being the principal mercantile mart, all the currency in circulation throughout this section of the Union tends towards that point. The banks in all parts of New England were required to maintain their notes at par in that city, by making sufficient provision for their redemption there. The notes of such as refused to do this, were received in Boston and immediately returned upon the banks issuing them and specie demanded. Most of the weak banks which had before enjoyed nearly the monopoly of the ordinary circulation, in consequence of their notes not being receivable at other banks, and thus being passed from hand to hand in common payments to the exclusion of almost all other currency, were by this measure either broken up, or compelled to limit their circulation to their means of redemption. In the course of a few months the surviving banks found it expedient to redeem their notes in Boston, in order to avoid the necesssity of keeping on hand an amount of coin equal to their issues, which alone would afford them a sufficient protection for the sudden return of their notes upon them. The vigilant and unsparing application of this process for restraining the improvident issues of the other banks, together with the daily exchange of paper among those of Boston, kept the whole in excellent condition until the universal confidence created by the great expansion of the Bank of the United States in 1835 followed by the other leading banks, induced a practical relaxation of these salutary precautions. The banks of New England soon fell into disorder and some of those which had been regarded among the most respectable of them exploded.

The Credit System of this, or any other country, cannot be preserved in a sound condition, and prevented from inflicting the greatest evils upon the community which sustains it, but by the efficient restrictions upon its abuses which the constant demand for specie will only enforce. The success of the banks of New England, under the operation of this continual call upon them, has always appeared to be the most cogent example which could be cited in favor of the specie section of the Sub-Treasury Bill of the Senate, discussed during the last session of Congress. As far as the public revenue may extend, this might be made to interpose a constant check upon the excess of issues by the banks, precisely as the necessity of redeeming the notes brought to Boston for the purchase of goods, kept the banks of New England in a sound and wholesome condition. As Mr. Carey goes against all restraints upon issues of paper, he most carefully suppresses all reference to the principle to which the banks whereon he bestows so many encomiums, owed their usefulness and the confidence of the community.

That such a principle alone can keep paper currency from ope-

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rating as a most powerful engine of fraud, is abundantly shown by the proceedings of the Legislature of Massachusetts during its last session. The losses of the community from the explosion of the banks had become so oppressive, that though not less than one hundred and twenty Bank Directors were among the members, the force of public sentiment compelled investigation. In several cases it was attempted to lay the censure upon individual mismanagement—but where both the temptation and the impunity for frauds are so overpowering, the demoralizing consequences belong to the system and not to the unfortunate persons whose fondness for display and distinction may have made them victims to its seductions. One of the reports (that upon the Kilby Bank) states expressly, that it has been the usual practice for individuals associated together for the purpose of establishing a Bank, to procure a Charter, subscribe for the stock, borrow a sufficient sum of specie from some neighboring bank or banks for a single day, to enable them to obtain the necessary certificate that the bank possesses the amount of specie required, and put it into operation without any capital whatever excepting the promissory notes of the associates representing the shares of stock. The bank then issues paper currency, and its shares are brought into the market. This statement, it must be borne in mind, is not the slanderous invention of some opponent of the Credit System. It was officially made by a Whig committee of a Whig Legislature, and sets forth the usual practice in a State where banking, according to Mr. Carey, is practiced in a higher degree of perfection than in France, England, or any part of the United States. Our readers will judge whether the restraints upon issues which prevailed for several years in Massachusetts were uncalled for under such a practice—and when the banks created by it are eulogised as the best in the world by a writer, they perhaps can guess in what sense the following extract is to be understood. We take it from the 128th page of Mr. Carey's work—giving the passages in italics as there found:

"Were the war against bank and bank notes at an end, there would be an immediate exchange of deposites against the property of those indebted to the banks—the debts of the banks would be cancelled—their liabilities would be diminished—*the currency would be diminished and prices would rise.* If there be a continued diminution of confidence, the import of coin will afford no relief, but will, on the contrary, tend to a constant diminution in the quality of labor—in the power of production—in the reward of both laborer and capitalist. If there be a restoration of confidence the reverse will be the case. *Confidence cannot be restored under the present system.*"

We forbear comment upon Mr. Carey's doctrine that prices rise in proportion to the scarcity of currency. As he has written a stately octavo on political economy, we feel bound to treat the position of so distinguished a theorist with all deference. This as well as his doctrine that the security of paper currency is increased

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by the diminution of specie, is doubtless a portion of the transcendental economy, known only to the chosen few who are admitted to the mysteries of the great marble temple in Chesnut street, and which is to be implicitly believed by all true worshippers. Mr. Carey is particularly energetic on the subject of giving the public money to the banks, and sums up his views with these conclusive positions:

"That the attempt to substitute Government Agents in lieu of the banks for the receipt and disbursement of the public revenue tends to prevent the restoration of confidence."

"That the attempt to compel the use of gold and silver for all sums under twenty dollars, and in all payments to the Government has a similar tendency."

"That both tend by their preventing the restoration of confidence to diminish the productiveness of labor to the injury both of the laborer and capitalist."

An inexperienced person might be somewhat puzzled to imagine why no credit is allowed by law to be given to any purchaser of the public lands, even upon the security of the increased value bestowed upon the soil by his improvements; and time is only allowed to the merchant for the revenue levied upon the importation of foreign goods, to enable him to sell them, and avoid advancing the cash from his own capital upon ample security;—yet the unlimited use of the public funds should be bestowed upon such individuals without property, as may associate themselves as stated to be the usual practice in Massachusetts, whose banks are represented by Mr. Carey to be the most perfect in the world—and the similar mode explained in Mr. Spencer's Report on the Bank of the United States, of which no loyal supporter of the Credit System dares question the stability. But the foregoing passages taken verbatim from Mr. Carey's publication, fully explain this paradox, which it seems could only perplex the vulgar. The object is to restore confidence! If no individual in the community can be found who will trust such a bank, and a law can be carried through Congress compelling its notes to be received for public dues, and the public money is required to be deposited in it without security, confidence in the bank will undoubtedly be not erased!

The *experiment* of President Jackson conclusively established this result. When the charter of the Bank of the United States was drawing near its close without any probability of its renewal by Congress, many individuals were then, as now desirous, that a system should be organized for receiving, keeping, and disbursing the public money, which should relieve the mercantile community from the periodical paroxysms which its management by banks had continually produced. They predicted on the floor of Congress, that the State banks could not be trusted with the public money—that they would inevitably fail, in consequence of the abuse of the confidence which would be created in them. Many of those now most earnestly engaged in restoring the State Bank Deposite Sys-

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tem, were at that time filled with the spirit of prophecy in foretelling the ruin which would be inflicted on the community from placing the public money in them.

President Jackson, no doubt, was naturally led to believe, that the long established course of business pursued by the importing merchants ought not to be suddenly checked by a change of system. For a long period they had paid the taxes levied upon the consuming community through them into the banks, and had often received great facilities from them in making payments—which the banks could well afford to give, as they received interest from the merchant, as for an advance of cash—while not a farthing was advanced in consequence of the bank being a public depository. An alteration of this system at once, might expose the merchants who had regulated their business in view of it, to great inconveniences. Principally from a regard to their interests for which many of them have since expressed but little gratitude towards the veteran, he proposed the State Bank Deposite System as *an experiment.* Could the public business have been securely conducted, and the public faith protected, let the merchants be accommodated by all means, was the general response of the Democratic party. Few of them were on this account inclined at that time to support the project of an Independent Treasury.

But in consequence of the banks and the speculators running riot with the public money, the *experiment* failed. The whole community were visited with deep suffering and distress in consequence of the inordinate expansions into which all the banks, following the example of the Bank of the United States, either heedlessly or designedly plunged themselves. By voluntarily suspending specie payments, the banks voluntarily forced a separation from the public finances in which they were sustained by the merchants.

Upon what ground shall the people of the United States, who have been the victims of the suspension be now asked to repeat the *experiment?* Will not like causes produce like effects? What assurance can be given that the public money shall not again be made the stakes in this species of national gambling?

If it be the design of good government to promote industry, sobriety, and prudence, there can be no question as to the proper course to be taken, after the lesson furnished by the *experiment.* Only those will advocate the restoration of the public money to the banks, who would enable speculators to defraud the public at large by throwing the productive interests of the country into a state of embarrassment, in order that a few individuals may prey upon them with impunity.

A vast expenditure of declamation took place during the two last sessions of Congress on the subject of *Relief.* We entertain a very

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strong opinion that *cure* is better than mere relief—and that *prevention* is wiser than either.

Congress with great firmness adopted the first step towards curing the disorders into which the currency had been thrown by the imprudence of the banks, to use the mildest term, by passing the penal law against the issue of the defunct notes of the old Bank of the United States. That at once changed the system of military strategy announced by Mr. Biddle in his general orders of the fifth of April last,—compelled the banks of Pennsylvania to resume under the spur of the public impatience and indignation—required the vassals of the Bank of the United States to change front—and restored commercial confidence throughout the Atlantic sea-board as if by magic. This was not exactly the "*change of system*" bespoken by Mr. Carey for that purpose, but it far surpassed in salutary influence any temporising or tinkering measure for connecting the Public Treasury with the banks, which had so flagrantly betrayed the trust reposed in them. Should Congress exercise the wisdom of taking the next step for the permanent *cure* of the evils of the circulation, which, for the last three or four years, have afflicted the community—by adopting the plan recommended by the President, for the management of the public finances agreeably to the Constitution—the public faith will not again be thrown into jeopardy by the profligacy of irresponsible individuals. The final step should be to secure the convertibility of all paper currency by the adoption of the measure for *preventing* all these manifold evils in future, proposed by Mr. Crawford, in view of the terrible disasters of the revulsion of 1819, subjecting all individuals, associations, and corporations, issuing paper currency, to the penalties of a bankrupt law whenever they shall refuse to redeem it in lawful coin. This will protect the community at large from the lamentable consequences of sudden expansions of the currency, which have so frequently exposed all our productive interests to such imminent perils. We fully appreciate the utility of well organized and well conducted banks in the management of real mercantile transactions. Our views on this subject were explained at length in the article on Commercial Banking in our May number. But it is worse than folly—it is madness, in any commercial country to permit its currency, whatever portion of it may be for convenience in paper, to become more plentiful than though it was wholly metallic. Money is only the measure of value. Whether there is much or little in the world is of no importance, because the general ratio of prices very soon adopts itself to the quantity. But whenever a commercial country suffers its currency to become inflated beyond the level of other countries, by which its prices are artificially pushed up, their commodities soon flow in upon it in undue proportions, to the destruction of its industry, and an exportation of its

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specie must be made for the purpose of producing the equilibrium. This is the universal law of commerce throughout the great republic of nations. Our own country, by overlooking its operation, has been periodically subjected to revulsions, which have nearly changed the respectable profession of the merchant into empirical gambling. After each expansion of the paper currency, runs upon the banks take place to obtain coin for exportation; they are obliged to curtail their operations, and ruin those dependent on them, or to dishonor their own paper and throw the burden upon the industrious classes. This process has been repeated quite too often in this country. What is now required by the increased information which has been spread throughout the Union by the experience of the last few years is, that the laws shall protect the honest, the industrious, and the prudent, instead of affording facilities to gambling and to fraud.

TO A LADY READING.

Thou art bending over that lettered page,
Like some fair statue of former age,
In whose heavenly grace of maiden form
Hath a spirit entered, all bright and warm,
For on earth wherever its wing may roam
It hath found not a purer or lovelier home.
It may flush its whiteness with living glow,
And kindle its eye with a beaming light,
With a gentle sighing, sweet and low,
It may breathe like the breath of a flower at night,
But it may not break the marble charm
That enchains like a fetter limb and arm,
And the careless eye might scarcely guess
That there's life in that spell-bound loveliness,
—Oh, such to my heart's enraptured dream,
Doth thy statue-like beauty, lady, seem,
Unheard and unseen as I kneel afar,
As the Persian kneels 'neath a worshipped star.

What doth it tell thee, that page of white,
That thus it can rivet thy soul and eye,
As it glances there in thy lamp's soft light,
Like snow that sleeps 'neath a moonlit sky?

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Hath a Poet's glorious spirit passed
  Like a breath of flame o'er the page so fair,
With a light and a power whose spell shall last
  Long as its words are burning there?
Doth it tell thee of high and noble truth,
  Like a solemn hymn's inspired strain—
Doth it bid thee keep thy heart's pure youth
  Like a vestal robe from spot or stain—
Doth it cheer thy world-worn spirit to mount
  On wing that may never sink or faint—
Doth it charge thee to guard the holy fount
  Of thy warm young feelings from poison taint,
From aught that ever a shade or chill
  O'er their gushing brightness might darkly fling,
And in lofty and gentle meekness still
  To know but love for each living thing?
Oh, if such the strain of the Poet's lyre
Breathe deeply, young maiden, the sacred fire—
'Tis an angel's voice is whispering thee,
Listen, oh listen, reverently!

Or is it some record of human grief,
  —Alas, what record from it is free!—
Swelling thy heart till it find relief
  In the gushing flow of its sympathy?
Oh, blest be that gentle spirit that moves
  Our heart with its power so strange and deep,
That can smile with gladness, but better loves
  Sadly yet sweetly with grief to weep!
Ah, ne'er from thy heart be that spirit fled,—
It is well for it, maiden, such tear to shed!

Or is it some story of olden time,
Imaging other age and clime—
Bidding the phantoms before thee pass
  Of their spirits of beauty, good, and ill,
Like the forms that o'er an enchanted glass
  Sweep life-like but dim and shadowy still?
Ages ago have their mouldered bones
Vanished in dust, those mightiest ones,
Yet still on that page, as by wizard spell
Through ages to come shall their memories dwell,—
Solemn and deep the truths they tell
To the thoughtful spirit,—oh, heed them well!

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Or tells it of childhood's loveliness,
  Still fresh with the hues of its native heaven,
With its joyous smile and its quick caress,
  —To image the angels to mortals given?
Doth it mirror thee as thou wert a child,
  Bearing thee back o'er the waste of years,
With step all buoyant, free, and wild,
  And eye unclouded by thought or tears?
Gaze well on the lovely reflection then,
  So mournfully sweet to our world-dimmed eye,
Oh, that our spirits might know again
  That beautiful brightness and purity!

Or speaketh it, haply, of deathless love,
  That time or trial may darken never,
Shining on, like the blessed stars above,
  Through cloud and storm of the earth, forever?
Doth it tell of some gentle heart that still
  Struggles a bitter fate to bear,
Cheering ever with hope its fainting will,
  Though such lingering hope is but slow despair?
Earth knoweth no nobler or lovlier thing,
  Maiden, than passion thus pure and bright—
Alas, that ever its love-plumed wing
  Should be prisoned and chained from its heavenward flight!
Well may such tale thy young bosom thrill—
Well may a tear thy dark eye fill!
Or is it the page that in lines of light—
  The finger of God itself hath writ,
For a cloud by day and a flame by night,
  —Oh, faithfully may we follow it!
Ev'ry anchor of trusted hope may part,
  Ev'ry holiest bond of affection sever,
Bring still the wounded and broken heart
  To that living page—it will fail it never!
Be it ever, oh maiden, the altar shrine
Where shall rest that pure young heart of thine—
Let me not break such sacred spell—
As I came I depart—oh, fare thee well!

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ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—NO. II.*

WEST POINT.—A TALE OF TREASON.

By the Author of "Burton," "Lafitte," &c.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The disc of the setting sun just touched the outline of the forests crowning the heights of Hoboken, on a bright afternoon in September, 1780, when a single horseman made his appearance on the river-road leading from Tarrytown to New York, towards which place, then in the possession of the British troops under Sir Henry Clinton, he was slowly trotting his horse. His journey was nearly ended with the day, for the needle-like spire of Trinity Church had been, for the last half hour, a prominent object in his eye, and the expanded bay, girt with its majestic islands, and covered with the fleets of England, assured him that he was approaching the head-quarters of the British armies.

He rode slowly along, with his arms folded across his breast, and the reins dropped carelessly over the drooping neck of his large brown horse, who stumbled and floundered over the rough road as if he had been ridden fast and far. The horseman was a heavily-framed man, with a dark countenance, rendered still darker by thick brows and whiskers. His face wore an expression of dogged resolution and reckless daring His costume was partly that of a yeoman, partly military,—a fustian frock buttoned to the throat, and reaching to the stirrup, and a broad flapping hat that he wore,—belonging to the class of yeomanry, and a leathern belt stuck with a brace of pistols, and sustaining a serviceable broadsword, with stout buff, buck-skin breeches, somewhat soiled and darkened by long service,—appertaining to the latter profession. He appeared lost in thought, and indifferent to surrounding objects; but the alert and wary movements of his eyes, and, what a little closer scrutiny discovered, one hand of his folded arms resting on the butt of a pistol, and the other grasping the hilt of his broadsword, showed that he was on watch for sudden danger, and prepared to meet it.

He had just gained the brow of a gentle declivity over which the road wound, from whence there was a view of the town, and from which the broad banner of England, floating above the quarters of General Clinton, was full in sight, when the sun dipped beneath the

* This general title, to a series which will afford many and varied subjects of interest, for the gratification of our readers, was accidentally omitted on publishing the first number, "The Charter, a tale of Connecticut," which appeared in the Democratic Review for February last.

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horizon; at the same instant the report of the sunset gun fired from the Battery reached his ears—the flags on fort and shipping descended from their staffs, and over the fortified town night and watchfulness took the place of day and security. The horseman now gathered the reins in his huge, brown fist, settled himself in his saddle, and muttering, in a sort of subdued growl:

"Come, Bruin, we have loitered full long—stir, stir! a measure of corn and a cup of sack await us at the inn; so forward!"

He applied, as he spoke, both spur and whip to the sides of his beast, who, forthwith, throwing back his ears, set off towards the town at a round pace.

A short ride further through a straggling suburb brought him in front of a low barrier thrown across the street, with a sentinel pacing before it, and a guard-house with a group of soldiers a few yards within, on the left. When he came in sight of this obstacle, instead of checking, he urged his horse forward, and rode directly towards it as if he intended to clear it at a flying leap. The sentinel, on perceiving him, challenged, in a quick, stern tone. Without replying, he continued to advance at speed till within ten feet of the gate, when, with a sudden and powerful jerk, he threw his horse backward on his haunches, and leaped off to the ground, just as the ball from the sentinel's musket hummed harmlessly over his head.

"Well aimed for a beef-fed John Bull," cried the horseman, with a loud laugh, springing into his saddle again. The corporal of the guard, with his command, on hearing the report of the piece, hastened to the post, and a dozen muskets were instantly levelled at the rider, who sat immoveably on his steed, gazing coolly on his adversaries.

"How, sir! What means this bravado?" demanded the corporal of the guard; "surrender, or I fire upon you."

"Softly, good sir corporal! You've wasted powder enough already. I did but try to see how well you kept the barriers—and what mettle your men are made of; for the story goes that a pretty wench or a jug of whiskey can cross your post in broad noon, and the sentinel's never the wiser. It's "Who goes there?" "Man with a jug o' whiskey." "Stand, man! advance jug o' whiskey and give us a taste." Or, "Who goes there?" "Husband and wife." "Stand, husband! advance wife and give us a kiss!" Ha, ha, ho! this is your system of tactics down in York, they say up above. Ho, ha, ha!"

His laugh met no other return than a few round oaths from the soldiers, while the corporal replied, "You should come then in a wench's shape to test us, fellow."

"Wench or whiskey, I must go into the town."

"Show your passport."

The man drew from his pocket an iron box, deliberately tapped

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the lid, opened it, took therefrom a pinch of snuff, and handed it over to the soldiers. One of them, only, acknowledged the compliment by thrusting his arm through the barrier and helping himself to half the contents.

"So ho, man, you'd best take a shovel and fill your knapsack. Here, sergeant, is my passport," added the horseman, thrusting his fingers beneath the snuff, and extracting a folded paper, crumpled and dingy. It was pronounced correct. "Now, pass, sir," said the subaltern, "but if you approach the next post after this fashion, may they send a score of bullets through your jacket. I should not have borne with you as I have, but my orders led me to look out for one of your cut and kidney."

While he was speaking the barrier was thrown open, and the horseman dashed through with a coarse joke at the expense of the soldiers, which, in the breasts of those gentlemen, excited wrath rather than mirth. In a few seconds horse and rider were lost to their gaze in the increasing darkness and gloom of the distant streets. After riding a short distance, the stranger turned from the principal street to the left, and entered a winding lane, which, by a circuitous route, led him towards the Battery. On the corner of this street, (then called Queen,) and Broad street, he came to an inn, from which proceeded the sounds of mirth and music. Here he drew rein and dismounted amid a throng of idlers, gave his horse to a negro hostler with strict injunctions to take the best care of him, and then, with the cool impudence of a man confident in great physical powers, passed through the crowd, jostling, to either side, soldier and townsman, and entered the house. Proceeding directly to the tap-room, which was filled with smokers and tipplers, he called loudly:

"Black Sam!"

"Here, sir. What gen'lman wish?"

A can of ale dashed with brandy."

Then striding across the room, he flung himself into a chair, which a little, thin man vacated at his approach, and throwing his feet over a table on which three or four men with blue coats, cockades, and strait swords, were resting their mugs, he received his potation, with the addition, also, of a pipe and tobacco. Leaving him to discuss these at his leisure, the object of ale-house curiosity and the centre of sundry ominous glances, we will change our scene to the quarters of Sir Henry Clinton.

CHAPTER SECOND.

At the period of our story the British army under General Clinton held quiet possession of New York. Sir George Rodney, with a fleet, recently arrived from Great Britain, rode at anchor in

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the bay. General Washington, with his army, lay at West Point and along both shores of the Hudson, augmenting his forces, and making extraordinary preparations,—with the coöperation of the French fleet and army, under Count de Rochambeau and the Chevalier de Terney, lying at Rhode Island,—to attack New York. With this object in view, vast magazines of military stores, including vessels, batteaux, cannon, and provisions, had been collected at West Point. Sir Henry Clinton was informed of this through spies; and it became an object with him to get possession of this post, not only that he might defeat the scheme of the Americans, but also open an avenue of communication with the army in Canada. But independent of either of these objects, he saw, indeed, that on the possession of the Highlands by the British army, rested solely the tenure by which New York could much longer be held by the crown. Therefore, he prepared to direct all his energies to the accomplishment of this design—to concentrate all his strength to this one object, with the determination to seek no other conquest until the flag of Great Britain should float above the citadel of West Point and its dependencies.

The quarters of Sir Henry Clinton were in a mansion called the 'Kennedy-House,' on the southwest corner of Broadway, adjoining the Battery. About eight o'clock on the evening of our story, it presented a gay scene. Before the door a military band were, at intervals, playing popular national airs; officers were promenading up and down, or lounging about the hall-entrance in conversation; horses, held by orderlies, champed their bits impatiently, and pawed the ground; the apartments were brilliant with lights, and, from the open windows, came the laughter and musical voices of women; children were playing about the equestrian statue of George the Second in the Bowling-green, and a little further off, on the sward, a party of youths and maidens of the city, taking advantage of a waltz played by the band, were whirling around in dizzy circles with great spirit. All was life and gaiety, and no where were visible any signs of the sanguinary war that filled the land.

Within the mansion, and in a small, plain, but richly furnished apartment, sat around a table, to which the wine and dessert had been transferred from the adjoining dining room, a party consisting altogether of gentlemen. At the time we are introduced to them, one of the number, a middle aged man, with an air of command, and habited in a military surtout, which betrayed no insignia of the wearer's rank, was warmly speaking, while the others were interested listeners.

"Now, gentlemen, I have shown you the importance of the secret correspondence I have so long been engaged in through Major André, with this unknown individual. That he is in the confidence of Washington is certain. His information has never, in a single

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instance, proved incorrect. In his last communication, he said the time had at length arrived when it had become expedient, and was for our interests, to bring the affair to a crisis; saying further, that, if I complied with his terms action should at once take the place of writing. These terms, and the means of obtaining an interview with him, he did not mention, but promises to send us, by a special messenger, a full exposition of his views, and his real name, for which, hitherto, he has adopted "Gustavus," as André has that of "John Anderson."

"Have you any idea, Sir Henry, who your mysterious correspondent may be?" asked a gentleman in the uniform of a British Admiral, who was seated opposite to him.

"I have my suspicions, Rodney; but until the arrival of the letters to destroy or confirm them, I will not injure the fair fame, even of a foe, by whispering them."

At this instant a slave in a livery of silver and green, entered the room with coffee, when, through the half-open door, a noise came from the street of voices in uproarious altercation.

"What's the disturbance without there, Nero?" demanded Sir Henry Clinton, half rising from the table.

"Ony de press-gang, massa! Dey cotch big rebel at black Sam's—he no want to go 'board ship, mas' Rodney—so um yell littly bit—dat's all, massa Knyphors'um."

"I was afraid, General Knyphausen," said Clinton, resuming his seat, and addressing a stout, corpulent officer, with stiff, white hair, highly powdered, wearing the uniform of a foreigner of high military rank. "I was afraid your thick-sculled Germans and my English guards were at loggerheads again. Hark! what is that?"

"To the main-guard with him! Drag him to the Sugar-House! Give him a birth in the Old Jersey!" mingled with the clashing of weapons, came loudly from the street.

"It is time for me to interfere," said Clinton, rising and advancing through the hall, followed by the others. "They have a harder case than common to deal with; and, I fear, notwithstanding my strict orders, blood will be shed in their anxiety to secure him."

When they reached the door they saw, by the light of the lamps, a gigantic fellow with his back planted against the iron railing enclosing the equestrian statue of the King, defending himself with a huge broadsword from the assault of half a dozen men in blue coats and cockades, who were thrusting at him with swords, but unable, from the circling sweep of his powerful weapon, with which he kept clear a wide space around him, to get near enough to use them with effect.

"Hold, men!" cried General Clinton, as the leader of the assailants drew a pistol, and was levelling it at the man's breast, swearing he would put an end to the contest. "Put up your pistol, cap-

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tain of the gang—and you, fellow, give your weapon to the captain of the guard."

"If he will have it let him take it," said the man menacingly. "I am protected by a fair passport, and was quietly on my way from the inn where I put up, to these quarters, when these skulking chaps followed and set upon me here; and by —— if they hav'nt had a taste of my quality by this time, perhaps they'd like to trouble me again."

"Advance corporal of the guard and secure him," said General Clinton sternly.

"Charge bayonets! Forward-march!" cried the subaltern, who, on the first alarm, had turned out his command. The press-gang opened to either side and left our quondam horseman exposed to the bristling row of bayonets that advanced upon and enclosed him.

"Surrender!" cried the sergeant of the guard.

"I am an American citizen—the bearer of a message to General Clinton, and am protected by his passport. Lay a finger on me at your peril." As he spoke he drew a pistol from his belt and cocked and levelled it at the head of the corporal.

"Ha! says he?" exclaimed Sir Henry Clinton, hearing his words, and turning to Sir George Rodney; "our man by haliden. Stand back corporal. Fellow, I am General Clinton. If you are the bearer of papers to me, come forward and deliver them. First resign your weapons."

The man advanced, gave up his pistols and sword, and, taking his passport, gave it to the General, who, after glancing at it said:

"It is as I thought. Follow me."

CHAPTER THIRD.

Accompanied by the other gentlemen, and followed by the messenger, Sir Henry Clinton led the way to the apartment he had left; when closing the doors, and satisfying himself that he was secure from interruption, he turned to the man and demanded the letters of which he was the bearer. Unbuckling his belt he touched a concealed spring in the end of his empty scabbard, when the steel dropped to the ground. Taking it up he drew from it three rolls of thin Indian paper addressed to Sir Henry Clinton, and gave them to him.

After rapidly glancing over the contents, the British General energetically struck the table. "Gentlemen, it turns out as I anticipated. My secret correspondent is ——. You may leave the room "trusty Jack Smithson," as I see it is on the back of the letters. Ho! without there. Markham, take Mr. Smithson under your care till I want him again, and see that he neither leaves the house nor has communication with any one."

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The captain of the guard received his charge and retired.

"It is as I thought," continued Sir Henry Clinton, "General Arnold is my correspondent."

"Arnold!" exclaimed the others simultaneously.

"Arnold, and none other—and on this supposition have I so long kept up the correspondence. We will now examine these letters. Here is one endorsed "important and strictly private." Breaking the seal, he rapidly run his eyes over it; his features as he read lighting up with animation. Suddenly rising, he said with energy, "This affair has got to assume a magnitude and importance I had not anticipated. This morning General Arnold *took the command at West Point.*"

"At West Point," repeated Rodney, with surprise.

"Then is it ours," said General Knyphausen, shivering his glass on the board in the animation of the moment.

"Listen to his proposal. He makes me a direct offer to surrender himself, West Point, and its dependencies, with all the military stores and provisions, cannon, vessels, and flotillas, in such a manner as to contribute every advantage to His Majesty's arms, and the safety of our men. Now, gentlemen, are we in a way to pluck the fruit so long ripening."

"There is, indeed, an opening for a successful operation that claims our most assiduous care," said Sir George Rodney. "West Point appears to me an object of such vast importance that no hazard or expense ought to be weighed against it. It will give us control of the Hudson from the sea to its source, facilitate our intercourse with the Northern army, and be a barrier to the intercourse between New England and the States of Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania."

"And alsho, vat is of equal importanshe," said General Knyphausen; "it vill terange de plan of te kombined armies ant vleet of te Fransh ant te Americans in teir contemplate attack on dis city of Neuve York."

"West Point must be ours, gentleman," said General Clinton decidedly. "From its peculiar position and strength, it is the Gibraltar of this rebel country, and must be taken before we can get a permanent foot-hold in America. Its possession offers to us all the advantages you have named. But on the ground alone of defeating the projected attack on New York, it becomes us to pursue any plan that will place it in our hands. Not only will its capture serve to defeat the project of a combined attack, but, by cutting off their supplies, produce disaffection, and ultimately desertion in the ranks of the rebels, and excite discontent among their French allies. It will be of incalculable advantage to the service, and crown the campaign with triumphant success. Let us now see what further this traitor-General has to say. He is no stickler, but comes out

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with a clean breast. Ho! here is the whole gist of the matter. Hear, gentleman!" continued he, reading from the paper in his hand. 'I wish you to send some one in your confidence, (I should prefer Major André, and, indeed do not desire to negotiate with any one else, as I deem him the most befitting person) fully authorised by your house to confer with me, that the risks and profits of the co-partnership may be fully and clearly understood. A speculation might at this time be made to some advantage with *ready* money.' "Bah! this then is the way the wind blows."

"Sent to him, Generale, von pag of monies to py Vest Poin."

"So Arnold has a mercenary, as well as a revengeful motive in this treason," said Rodney with some surprise.

"I am told his extravagant style of living has involved him in irretrievable pecuniary embarrassments, that he has resorted to shifts, as trustee of public funds, that have laid him open to suspicion and lost him the confidence of Congress; the first intimation of the displeasure of which, was conveyed to him by the promotion of five Major-generals over his head. A brave officer he certainly is; but no excess of physical courage can atone for the want of moral principle, of which he seems entirely destitute. He is proud, vain, and hasty of speech, with many private vices which he has vainly hoped to gloss over by the brilliancy of his military career. In this he has been unsuccessful, and his elevated rank only makes more conspicuous the man's private actions. Smarting under mortification, disgust, and the stings of wounded self-love, he has determined to avenge his real or fancied wrongs on his country, and has resolved to offer her up as a sacrifice to his injured pride. He accordingly wrote to me, under the signature of 'Gustavus' assuming, as you have just seen in the paragraph I read to you, the character of a merchant. This was eighteen month's ago. The correspondence had continued for a twelvemonth, before I could arrive at any probability as to who he might be. At length, being confident, from the accuracy and importance of his information, that he must be of high rank, and a member of Washington's councils of war, I began to make myself acquainted with the characters of the American Generals, and investigate their histories, to discover what sufficient causes of dissatisfaction existed, to induce any one of them to turn traitor to his country. My suspicions, from obvious reasons, rested on General Arnold, and we now see that they are confirmed. It is gold the gentleman wants, and it must not be withheld, for it is plain he will not stir a step without being paid for it. I must send André to close the 'bargain' with him, forthwith."

"But" said Admiral Rodney, "how shall we be able to take advantage of this man's treason? We cannot place an expedition to take possession of West Point in secret, and Washington will be prompt to defeat any scheme for which we make open preparations."

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"Every body knows, Sir George, that we have long contemplated, with the aid of your fleet, an expedition to the Chesapeake. This will be a good mask to cover our real designs. Under this feint we must prepare for a sudden movement up the Hudson."

"Admirable. I second it with all my heart," exclaimed Rodney.

"'Tish ver' exshellant. Ve vill take te repel vort now, Sir Shorge ant Sir Henree."

A little more conversation followed, in which the steps to be taken for bringing the important affair to a crisis, were settled; the messenger was then called in and dismissed with letters to Arnold, when the two gentlemen took their departure, to make preparations for the contemplated movement against West Point, and promptly second the treachery of its commander.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

About three o'clock the following afternoon, a sloop of war got under weigh in the harbor of New York, and spreading sail after sail, stood boldly up the Hudson. As night approached she entered the Highlands, and came to an anchor off Verplanck's point, and within range of an American battery thrown up on the headland.

Her progress up the river had been watched by spectators on shore, with apprehension not unmingled with curiosity. But as she stood standing on her course without manifesting any hostile purpose, she was supposed to bear a flag for the purpose of opening a treaty with Washington, and was suffered to pass the several batteries that lined the shore, without being fired into.

After she had swung round to her anchor, and her sails were furled and a double watch set, two gentlemen came on deck, and took an elevated position on the quarter deck, from which, with night-glasses they began carefully to reconnoitre the land. One of them was in the uniform of an English Naval Captain, and was the commander of the vessel. The other was a handsome young man, with noble features, a manly and elegant person, refined by an air of grace and high breeding. He was dressed as a British Army officer, and his bearing was marked by the frankness of the soldier, tempered with the courtesy of an accomplished gentleman. While his companion constantly kept the glass to his eye, in the direction of the western shore, he paced the deck with an impatient step. At length he paused for an instant to glance landward, and exclaimed in a disappointed tone:

"No boat yet Captain? The night is advancing!"

"Nothing in sight but a brace of rebel barges, that are lying off, and on, to prevent us communicating with the shore. They suspect us strongly of being here on mischief, and the good dames inland, doubtless tremble for their poultry and dairies."

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"A boat!" cried the young officer, who, while the Captain was speaking, had placed the glass to his eye. "It is putting towards the ship. Ah! By Heaven! all is lost! The guard-boat has challenged and detained it! No, they are permitted to pass, and are rapidly approaching. It must be him we seek! I will receive him in your state room, Sutherland. I have some papers to prepare beforehand, and will leave to you the honor of ushering the gentleman below."

The officer had left the deck but a few minutes, when the watch on the forecastle suddenly sung out in a rough stern voice, "Boat ahoy!"

"Hulloa!" was the distant reply, in a voice equally hoarse.

"What boat is that?"

"Ferry-boat!"

"Is this the way you come athwart His Majesty's hawser?" growled the officer of the watch.

"Order that boat alongside!" said the Captain, advancing to the gangway.

"Aye, aye, sir."

The boat was pulled alertly alongside, and a man stepped from her and ascended the side.

"Which is Mr. John Anderson," he asked in a bold, swaggering manner.

"If you have business with any one on board the Vulture, you bear some token from him you came from?" said the Captain half interrogating.

"West Point," said the man in a subdued tone.

"'Tis right. Follow me below."

"Where is Gen—the principal?" exclaimed the young officer, on seeing a rough, gigantic fellow, enter the cabin behind his friend.

"On shore," said Smithson, gruffly, "and bade me give you this letter if you be Mr. John Anderson."

"Give it me!" he said, taking it from his hesitating hold and tearing it open. 'This will be delivered to you,' he read, 'by Smithson, who will take you to a retired place on shore, where with perfect safety to yourself, we can confer together on the matters touching your mission to the Highlands. GUSTAVUS.'

"Leave the ship! By— no, André," said the Captain: "I allow no soul on board the Vulture to put foot on rebel soil. If this General wants to see you, he must come here."

"That he was to meet me on board, I certainly understood from his letters to Sir Henry," said Major André; "but if he fears to trust his person with us, I see no alternative but to do as he desires."

"Not if Harry Sutherland can help it shall you have any thing to do with his proposition. If you are caught on shore, they'll hang

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you as sure as the devil. No, no. 'Twill never do, my dear boy. Never! If he wants to see you let him come and see you here."

"My dear Sutherland, the advantages in this matter are not his, but ours, and we must not calculate risks in securing them, so vast and important as they are to His Majesty's arms. My own life is nothing weighed against the value of West Point. But there is no need of sacrificing life. There is no danger under cover of night, of going on shore and meeting this man; an hour's time will suffice for the interview, and I shall be on board again, by two hours before daybreak.

"Major André, I'll be——if you do."

"Not a word, Sutherland," said the officer playfully, "this project must not be given up at a time when it is about to be crowned with success—the hour has arrived when the fruits of our long pending negotiation may be gathered—when the hopes of General Clinton may be realised—when the reward for which we have so long toiled, may be reaped. Fanciful apprehensions ought to have no weight with me now; nothing, life itself would not make me waver. Every thing depends on me this night. I will go on shore and meet Arnold. I see no great risk in it, and what there is, I cheerfully encounter for the sake of the object I have in view."

"Well, do as you will André. I have no power to control your movements, my orders being to afford you every means of achieving successfully your object. If you must go,—go, and God bless you! but I fear evil will come of it."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Shortly afterwards, enveloped in a blue greatcoat, which entirely hid his uniform, André went over the side into the boat accompanied by Smithson, and in a few moments they were lost to the eyes of those on deck in the dark shadows of the shore. In the boat was a negro, who, with Smithson, pulled actively towards the land, and in a quarter of an hour after leaving the ship, the little skiff shot into a narrow inlet, shrouded by the beetling cliffs, in impenetrable gloom. André instinctively laid his hand on his pistols and assumed an attitude of caution and defence. The oars were laid aside as they entered the creek, and the men drew the boat some distance inland under the branches of the overhanging trees. At length they ceased their exertions.

"We must be near the spot now, Sambo. Open the whites of your eyes and look sharp about you."

"'Tis so goramity dark, massa Jack, nigger no see one debbil bit. Dis look wery like de place, nebberdeless. Chow! hear dat bullfrog close here, mass Jack? I hearn him here when we lef? Ki! 'tis jis de place for sartain sure."

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"Boat, there!" said a low voice from a short distance off.

"Boat it is!" answered Smithson.

"Have you been successful?"

"He is here."

An exclamation of satisfaction was uttered; a heavy footstep hastily approached, and the indistinct figure of a man appeared on the bank. The next instant a dark lantern was sprung by him, and a bright light shone into the boat, exposing the occupants, while the individual behind it remained invisible.

"You are welcome, sir," said the stranger, after a moment's survey of the party. "Smithson you will remain in charge of the boat, and take it round to where I have directed you to meet us."

The British officer now landed. The greeting between the two persons was marked, by haughtiness on one part, and fawning courtesy on the other. The words of the Englishman, in exchanging salutations, were few and brief. The other, who was a stout gentlemanly looking man, with a decided military air, without noticing his manner, passed his arm through his, and led him by the light of the lantern a few yards from the boat to a forest path, in which stood two saddled horses, tied to a tree.

"You will mount one of these horses, if you please, sir," said the stranger, who, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, was General Arnold.

"How mean you, General Arnold?" demanded André, in surprise: "is not our interview to take place here?"

"So far as conversation goes it might, sir. But I have a portion of a correspondence, several important documents, plans of correspondence, and other papers necessary to our purpose, to exhibit to you. For these we must have lights and the privacy of a room."

"Well."

"A short distance from this place is a retired house, tenanted by Smithson. He is away, and there we shall be private. I have brought these horses that we may ride thither."

After hesitating an instant, the young Englishman, as if determined to risk every thing to effect the object of his mission, said abruptly, "mount, sir, I attend you."

For a few moments they threaded the forest path, and then emerged into a highroad, where their way, from the absence of trees, became lighter. They rode forward in silence, for neither (the one, probably from contempt, the other from shame at the degrading part he was playing) felt disposed to converse, except on the topic that had brought two such opposite spirits in contact, and this had been mutually deferred till their arrival at the place of their destination. Suddenly the dark meditations of Arnold, and the pleasing recollections of England, with which the light-hearted

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André was beguiling the way, were interrupted by the stern challenge of a sentinel, a few yards in advance. André looked up and saw that they were just entering a small village.

"Friends!" replied Arnold.

"Advance and give the countersign."

"*Congress.*"

"Pass, friends."

All this passed like a dream to André's senses. In an instant, however, he realized the full extent of his danger, reined in his horse and half turned to fly. Arnold's hand was instantly laid on his bridle. "This is no time to waver. Ride on with me. There is no danger to a cool head and resolute spirit."

The words were spoken in a low or hurried tone close to André's ear. A moment's reflection convinced him that it was vain to think of retreating, and that his only alternative now, was to meet the emergencies of his situation with coolness and presence of mind. He therefore rode on, simply saying, in a tone of calm, and dignified reproof, "You did not tell me, sir, that you were about to conduct me within the American lines, else I should have insisted on coming to terms with you where we landed, and not so imprudently risked my liberty, and perhaps my life."

"I presumed you placed that confidence in my honor, Major André, which would have rendered such an intimation gratuitous. With a passport signed by me, you are aware, that you can return whenever you please."

André said nothing; but the curl of his lip at the mention of "honor," would have conveyed more to his companion, had it been light enough for him to have seen the expression of his features, than a volume of verbal replies.

In a few moments afterward they arrived at a low farm house, with a paling running along the front. As they dismounted they were startled by a heavy cannonading from the river, but some distance below.

"We are detected," exclaimed Arnold, "that firing is at the Vulture."

The two gentlemen hastily ascended the steps of the portico, and looked southward. A league below (for that distance had Arnold led André from his ship) they saw the Vulture apparently wrapped in flames, from the blaze of incessant discharges of artillery, both from the shore and her own decks. From the batteries on Verplanck's point, they beheld a long line of guns belching forth fire, the glare of which illuminated land and water far and wide, while by the light of her own guns they distinguished every spar and rope of the sloop of war as distinctly as at noon-day.

"Good God! all is discovered—all is lost!" cried Arnold. "To horse!"

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"Hold!" said André, laying his hand on his arm, "you need fear nothing. The Americans think the sloop lies too near the shore for their good, and are firing to compel her to change her position. See, she is already making sail."

For a quarter of an hour longer they anxiously watched the movements of the vessel, which, after returning the fire of the Americans by a few broadsides, got under weigh, and still visible by the blaze from the guns on shore, slowly dropped down the river, and came to anchor some distance below, and beyond the reach of the batteries. Satisfied that his conjectures as to the cause of the firing were correct, he turned to Arnold and said, "It will only be a longer pull back for that black bearded esquire of yours, General Arnold, with a little unwelcome day-light to help him, too, I fear, unless we can briefly despatch our business."

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Without replying, General Arnold led the way up stairs, by the light of his dark-lantern, and ushered André into a small room, the door of which he carefully closed and secured; then cautiously examining the apartment to see that there was no intruder on their privacy, he placed the light on a small table, and motioning to his guest to take one of two chairs placed by it, he seated himself in the other, and proceeded to lay on the table several papers which he drew from a concealed pocket in the breast of his surtout. While thus engaged, André sat silently surveying his features. They were cast in a noble mould. But the lofty forehead was contracted, and scowling with the dark and uneasy thoughts of the mind within; the well-formed mouth was compressed with gloomy determination, and his fine eyes, in which nature had secreted the power that controls and commands men, were restless, and shunned the calm gaze of his companion's.

"I am now ready, Major André," said General Arnold after arranging his papers on the table, "to listen to Sir Henry Clinton's proposition."

André continued to survey him for an instant longer, and then replied, with a look in which scorn and pity were equally mingled. "These shall be laid before you when you have detailed the mode by which you can favor His Majesty's arms."

"I can read the meaning of your glance, Major André," said Arnold, slightly coloring, "and appreciate your estimation of me in relation to the part I am about to act. But I have weighed all this well. I am prepared to meet the scorn and contempt of gentlemen, so that the personal feelings that I have in this matter are gratified. Major André, I am an injured man! I have repeatedly fought for, and five times shed my blood in defence of, my country,

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and she has rewarded me, not only with contumely and neglect, but with open insult. It is useless for me to unfold to you the tissue of causes by which I have been goaded on to this step. It is enough, that I have calmly resolved on it, and for nearly two years have been slowly but surely laying the foundation for its completion. I have now reached the point when deliberation or repentance are alike vain. When I resolved to repay my country for the wrongs she had loaded me with, it only remained to decide the best means of doing it, so that I could bring about advantage to myself as well as injury to the cause I was about to desert. My reward from the crown, I was aware, would be measured by the injury I inflicted on its enemies. It occurred to me that I could accomplish my object through West Point. So soon as this idea occurred to me, I directed all my efforts to get appointed commander at this important post. I have succeeded. It is now in my hands and shall be transferred to those of General Clinton, provided that—" here the arch-traitor hesitated and looked down, but the next instant continued with assumed indifference, "provided that the price I name for my services shall be agreed to."

"Name it, sir."

"One hundred thousand pounds sterling, in five quarterly payments, one quarter in hand, and the rank of Major General in the British Army."

"Your services should be great to merit this, sir."

"Let us weigh one against the other, and see which will kick the beam," he said, with a faint attempt to laugh and appear at his ease.

Unrolling a small chart, he spread it on the table with the self-satisfied air of a man who expects to give surprise; "Here," he said, displaying the map which was covered with lines of fortifications, "here is a plan of the works at West Point. You will perceive, on inspecting it, that besides the principal fort, there are three lines of fortifications between the river and the summit of the innermost range of highlands, composed of upwards of forty redoubts. But this map will serve only to give you a general outline of the works. Here is a paper which will show the number of men stationed at each, with the amount of military stores and provisions. Here is a third, showing the easiest paths and means of access. On examination it will sufficiently explain itself. Here is a fourth, containing the Artillery Orders which have just been published at West Point, showing how each corps shall dispose of itself in case of alarm. This you will find of vast importance, as it will enable you to know the precise condition of every part of the garrison when you attack. Here is a fifth document, in which you will find an estimate of the forces at the different posts. This, marked F. No. VI., will show how many men it will take to man the works. In this, numbered G. VII., you will find a return of

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the ordnance in the different forts, redoubts, and batteries; also remarks on the works, describing the construction of each, and its strong and weak points. Lastly, here is a report of the last council of war held at head-quarters; and it contains hints written with pencil in the margin, respecting the probable operations of the campaign. I yesterday received it from General Washington himself."

As he finished speaking he laid the remaining paper of the pacquet on the table and looked up with an air of triumph. As he anticipated, the expression of the young soldier's countenance was that of undisguised astonishment and gratification.

"Place those papers in my possession and carry out in your own person the spirit of them to the letter, and the reward you have named shall be yours," said André, with animation.

Arnold coldly smiled, and said, "It shall be mine to see that the post at West Point is weakened by such a disposition of the troops as shall leave but a small force for its defence. At those points most inaccessible, I have ordered scaling ladders, (ostensibly for a very different purpose) to be constructed in the forest, where, at the place marked with an X on the plan, you will find them piled up ready for use. What think you, Major André—is it well planned."

"It is most skilfully planned, sir," said the young man, lost in wonder at this perfection of treason.

"It is, sir. But it remains to be ably seconded on the part of Sir Henry Clinton. The only obstacle to its success will be the difficulty of openly embarking troops on the Hudson without its object being suspected. The vigilance of Washington never sleeps!" As he spoke these last words, his voice fell, and he looked hurriedly about as if he felt or feared his presence.

"This difficulty is easily settled," said André, slightly smiling at the sudden change in his manner. "Under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, of which, doubtless, you have heard some rumours, troops are now embarking in Rodney's fleet. By to-morrow morning there will be eight thousand on ship-board, ready to ascend the river at a moment's warning."

"Then is success certain. As soon as it shall be known that your ships are approaching, I shall despatch parties from the garrison to the gorges in the hills and other remote passes, under the pretence of stopping the advance of the enemy in those quarters. There I intend they shall remain until your troops have landed and marched to the garrison through other passes, where there will be left no troops to oppose them."

"I cannot refrain from complimenting you, sir, on the masterly manner in which you have laid your plans, it is the perfection of ——" André hesitated, when Arnold completed the sentence,

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"of treason. So be it, sir. If I bring about my ends I care not what name men give it."

The terms of his treachery having been agreed on, Arnold now carefully divided the papers in two equal parcels, while André filled out a *carte blanche* previously signed and delivered to him by Sir Henry Clinton for this purpose, in which the terms of General Arnold were acceded to, on the fulfilment of the conditions implied therein. He gave this, covering a cheque for twenty thousand pounds sterling, to Arnold, and received from him in return the papers in two parcels, which, at the urgent desire of Arnold, who manifested the greatest anxiety for their security, he placed separately between his stockings and feet, drawing his boots on over all.

General Arnold now pleaded the necessity of returning forthwith to his quarters at the Beverly House opposite West Point; and delaying only long enough to fill out a passport for the protection of Major André on his way to his boat, he a few moments afterward took leave of him before the house and galloped rapidly northward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERONICA'S LAMENT.

["As I conversed with the widowed wife, and saw her shrink beneath the light air like a withered flower, and fold her furred pelisse closer about her, with her thin wasted hand, I could have wept over her faded youth and blighted feelings. It is painfully evident that the memory of her error and her wrongs sits heavily upon her, and that it is a poisoned chain, whose fetters can be flung off only in the grave."—*Miss Pardoe's 'City of the Sultan.'*]

Come back, oh quickly come, sweet Spring!
I've waited for thee long;
Oh haste, and with thy flowrets, bring
Thy soft cherubic song,—
I know thou 'lt break this slumber deep,
Though settled in a dreamless sleep.

Oh come! unlock that icy chain,
And set the streamlet free,—
Meand'ring through the verdant plain,
Sweet music shall its be;
In concert all the live-long day,
With zephyr's sigh and wild bird's lay.

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Ye cold north winds! haste, haste away!
Ah ye are wondrous strong;
Around us wrecks of beauty lay,
That struggled with you long,—
Go, seek thy far off goal! for then,
Sweet Spring will quickly come again.

My soul grows sad;—I 'll sit me down
Beside the silent tomb,
Till wint'ry winds have passed away,
And with them wint'ry gloom,—
Hassura long ago was laid
Within this cold and cheerless shade.

Awake! awake! yon chrystal skies
Are glorious to behold,—
The loveliest flowers around us rise,
And clouds like liquid gold,—
Awake! it is the twilight hour;
Thou know'st full well its soothing power.

Ah! can it be that I have lived,
Till Spring's once lovely strain
Comes like a midnight requiem,
Or clanking of the chain,
To bind the wearied spirit here,
When earth becomes a desert drear!

Methought when earth again was filled
With soft melodious strains;—
When hearts went forth, and gently thrilled
O'er Nature's varied plains;—
Methought he then again would wake,
If aught this awful sleep could break.

But now the thunder, long, I ween,
Will roll above his head,
And vivid lightning's too will gleam
Around his cold, cold bed;—
Ere he again will wake to view
The earth, tho' clad in verdure new.

S. S.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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CLAIMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL ARTS.

WHAT is the true principle of conservatism? or rather, what is the principle of conservatism in a true society,—a society which has for its end, the welfare of its individual members, and the preservation of its unity among the nations? We conceive this question has to do so intimately with the subject we have taken in hand, that we must devote some pages to answering it, before we proceed to consider the claims of the Fine Arts, as a branch of national education, first upon the State Governments as representing the people, and then on the thoughtful lovers of our country, taken individually.

The spirit of the age is mechanical and utilitarian. We hear constantly of the application of science to the Arts. But it is to the useful arts,—to the preservation and commodity of the mortal life. Whatever respects the spirit's life mainly, is considered by us visionary and unreal. Beauty is hardly conceived to be a real end for a human being. It seems not to be realized, that, like justice and holiness, it is a state of immortal being, discriminating man from beasts, and much more desirable, therefore, as an object of pursuit, than wealth; which indeed is only valuable, as it is subsidiary and productive of those states of being which can be denominated beautiful, just, and holy. One would think from the language held in our lyceums and legislative halls, that the songs of Homer, the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, the high reasonings of Plato, the institutions of Numa—who built a temple to the divinity enshrined in each rule of civil duty—the statues and and temples of all antiquity, were the play-things and card-houses of an infantile condition of the race; and that we, *we alone*, were the adult. And why? Because we make our own laws, and elect our own rulers, *according to our personal interests*. Because we daily discover new means of turning time into money! The genius which in days of yore loved to ascend to the golden ages and beyond, inquiring into the final causes of human existence, and penetrating the material uses of nature for that truth and beauty which elevate and spiritualize our present being, and reconcile us to time, by proving it the transparent veil of an eternity whose central peace is realized by thought,—this genius has found, it is said by some, worthier themes and fields of action, in the political relations of men, and the economical concerns of society. Time seems to have brought forth a new Jupiter, THE WEALTH OF NATIONS, who drives into Tartarus all his Titanic brotherhood. Again is Prometheus chained to the rock, and there is little reason to hope that

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this new wiser Jupiter will bow his heavens and come down to beauty's feet, so that as of old a Hercules shall arise, to unbind the death-defying genius.

The science of the wealth of nations has indeed its end,—to destroy squalid want, and grant leisure to every individual to find out and unfold himself. But farther than this, wealth is an unqualified bane. For as far as it is the representative of bodily luxury it deceives, inasmuch as bodily luxury is an evil. And it deceives hardly less, by becoming the representative of intellectual luxury; for all the statuary, and painting, and books it can buy, are utterly in vain to supply the place of the free eye and ear, and heart, which the pursuit of wealth destroys, but into which nature's beauty always steals, when the physical system is neither enervated by indulgence nor overtasked by excessive labor.

And let us not be misunderstood. We would state the dangers of our times, and evils which our government accidentally nourishes; but we intend no doubt upon its legitimacy, nor a sigh after the despotisms and aristocracies of an old world that are passing away. We do not undervalue the political action of men, nor would we neglect the economical concerns of society. We are conscious of being only too strongly interested in these things ourselves. We have much ado to wait the reasonable time, in which the millions who are just becoming aware of their political rights may learn the duties involved in them. But it is only because our sympathies with them are so strong, that we have so little patience with their boyism, and their recklessness of consequences, their so continually exposing themselves to the wise shakes of the head, and not unmerited rebukes of those, who, by reason of their own sinking life, do not feel the resources of nature, and how youth may return from afar, provided it keep its faith and hope. It is our loving faith in the legitimacy of our government, which quickens our eyes to all the dangers involved in an imperfect developement of its energies. We desire to see its conservative principles unfolded. We feel sure that it can cherish a diviner god than this modern Jupiter, whom it has nourished into existence as its first and meanest fruit. We would dethrone him therefore, by proving that he is the son of Time, and the phenomenal, and nurtured by the earthly; and would restore to his throne Prometheus, the Son of Heaven, who, benevolent to man, teaches him heavenly arts, and brings him fire in his musical reed. Unless this is done our free institutions must decay; for nothing lasts except through the efficiency of its generating cause, and the passion for wealth was *not* the generating cause of our independence. On the contrary it would not have been gained, if wealth had not been felt to be quite a secondary matter. Witness the non-consumption, non-importation associations of those times; witness the mercantile communities of Salem and Marble-

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head, refusing to take advantage of the Boston Port bill, and magnanimously offering their ports to the merchants of the oppressed town, without charge of storage or wharfage. Not wealth, but the dignity of man, was ever present to our fathers, as the first object of the free institutions for which they were contending. The writers immediately preceding the Revolution were *transcendental.* They constantly went up beyond material and immediate interests, to principles. When they do speak of the advantages that will accrue to the trading interests, it is to be observed, that all these are to fall upon posterity. That principle of *responsibility to posterity*, one of the divinest of Heaven's inspirations, is ever more present to them than personal interests. Hence the sublime moderation of the revolutionary assemblies. Who can read their record without feelings of grandeur which archangels might share? What a contrast to the stormy assemblies of revolutionary France do their profound feelings of reverence, their slowly gathering hostility, present! Could some Carlyle dramatize for us the American revolution, how different would be the work from the wondrous representation of the French revolution, by which we have been astonished?—as different as was the ancient celebration of the festivals of Apollo, from the Bacchic orgies. For so different are the events. Carlyle calls the French revolution "a fire creation." The American revolution might then be called a creation from the world of waters, where all proceeded in order. The event so named was in no degree a destructive process; in all essential particulars, it was a constructive one. It was the final development of wise councils, in wise minds. It existed in the soul of the people, in the form of a devotion to the moral and intellectual welfare of the country, long before it wrote the Declaration of Independence, or elected Washington the commander-in-chief of its armies. In these wise minds, not less than in the argument from pure reason, is founded our trust in the legitimacy of our government. The former, indeed, might be set aside on the plea that men are not purely spirits of reason, but creatures of instinct too, and primarily. But when we recall those men, in whom pure reason seems to have been *instinct*; who *lived* freedom before they declared it, or even apprehended it as an idea; we feel that all that was revolutionary in their action was but the accidental accompaniment of the truly conservative principle of society. Republicanism is not to be judged by all that happens in a republican country. We do not ascribe the lynch law and mobs of our day to the principles of our government, for we perceive these things happen only among those who have lost sight of its true principles, in pursuit of some of its nearest fruits; but we look back on such men as the elder Quincy, who, with purest love of liberty burning in his breast, a fire that might not be quenched, and yet consumed nothing of his moral refinement, boldly came

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forward in the path of duty, and defended the British soldiers for firing on the Boston mob. At that moment nothing seemed so important for the liberties of man, as to conciliate that very mob; but Quincy acted on the principle, that just ends were to be sought only by just means.

The value of political freedom in the eyes of our Fathers, was to give scope to the moral and intellectual dignity of the individual man. Freedom was in their eyes an end, like Beauty, Justice, Truth; it was the proper state of being for humanity. And therefore was so little said or thought by them of the natural wealth which was to be poured over the land from within and without, by the combination of a free community with an unimpeded internal industry. According to them, the highest object of civil institutions is to make free individuals; and individuals are free only as they can cultivate their natures according to the ideal which each beholds impressed on his inward being.

But in our republic, are there a majority of freemen, according to this Idea? Alas, for human nature! Even in the garden of Eden, where God walked and communed with man, as friend talks with friend, it would first try the experiment of plucking the fruit of the tree pleasant to the sight and good for food, instead of seeking diligently for the tree of life, which was growing unforbidden in the midst of the garden. And this tree of our life, the generating idea and conservative principle of our government, the inward freedom of the Individual, is neglected by us for the golden apples of wealth!

This is obvious from the tone of the debates in Congress, the newspapers, the periodicals, the popular orators of the day. Our free institutions are spoken of, mainly as instruments for the production of wealth, as if man was made for wealth, instead of wealth for man. The increase of property having become the end of the people, instead of Freedom, Beauty, and Moral Elevation, it becomes the end of the servants of the people. As the electors, so will the elected be. Where wealth is the first object of society, office is sought for its emoluments. The duties of the office then succumb to the interests of the officer; impartiality and disinterestedness are lost.

And is not this beginning to be seen? Men are sent to Congress expressly to take care of commerce, to take care of manufactures, to take care of rail-roads, and canals, and banks; but who are elected with express reference to the care of the fine arts, of colleges, of the moral and religious interests of the country? Have we forgotten that scripture of Shakspeare,

> "There is a mystery in the soul of State
> Which hath an operation more *divine*
> Than our mere chroniclers dare meddle with?"

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The opponents of Republicanism would convince us that a representation of these spiritual interests in Congress is virtually excluded by our Constitution, because not expressly provided for. Pointing to the lords spiritual in the British Constitution, to whom the institutions of learning and religion are a personal concern, they tell us, that although that country does not appear so free as ours, theoretically; yet, inasmuch as a material interest gives a local habitation and a name to the spiritual interest, the elements of individual freedom are preserved in the institutions, literary and religious which are thus made independent. The children of light, they maintain must make interest with the mammon of unrighteousness, for the children of darkness are wiser in their generation. Even despotic Prussia, according to these reasoners, in providing means for the liberal culture of each of its subjects, in science, literature, and art, secures to them a personal freedom that is higher and purer than the freedom of a democratical community where, by reason of its devotion to wealth, no scope is given to any art or science not immediately applicable to the production of this sordid good.

This is an important argument, and we should have nothing to reply, did we believe that there could not be a more adequate representation of the spiritual interests of the country, than has been obtained yet. But the difficulty has its root much more superficially than among the principles of our Constitution. It results from our having fallen below the spirit in which the Constitution was conceived, by reason of our devotion to wealth. Going back to the time when our Government germinated, among the Pilgrim fathers for instance, we see that amid pinching want and every kind of hardship, a University was founded, and provision made for a more general education than any other government did at that time afford to its people. And the Revolutionary fathers, as they are called, who are the only true Conservatives the world has ever seen, since they alone acted on principles which would constitute a perfect society, formed the Constitution strictly in the Pilgrim spirit. They seem not to have anticipated the exclusive direction which the activity of the country has taken, when knowledge itself is pursued for its subserviency to a lesser good, and thus has lost its independent honors and higher relations. We may believe that they could not have conceived that the time should come, when a petition of their beloved University for a safe building for its library, the largest library in the country, and much of it—(*the American niche*) irreplaceable, would lie over from session to session of their own State legislature, neglected; and in prosperous times too. Still less, when the election of its very officers should begin to have respect to their character for business, rather than to their power of awakening and cherishing genius. We may believe that if they could have

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looked forward, to compare the Massachusetts Laws, published in 1823, and the school law of 1828, with the "Ancient Charters, and Colony, and Province Laws," they would have asked, with grieved amazement, how it could be, that when we were richest and most prosperous, we should have sunk so far below what we were capable of, in the way of providing means of education, when we were poorest and feeblest.

These things are relevant to our subject. It is the same spirit which builds colleges, and collects libraries, that patronizes the fine arts; for it is a spirit growing out of reverence for the individual man. The fine arts were never playthings. They were never conceived in amusement, nor is their end amusement. They arise out of the higher principles of our being, and they tend to expand and unfold them. They are to be cherished on the same grounds that any other means are taken to raise men above the brutes that perish. They can no more live without reflective culture, than can the moral principles of our nature without the aid of religious rites and revelation.

Our fathers, it seems, did not dwell upon the immediate consequences of our government, raising its millions, unrefined, uneducated, instinctive, physical, into self-estimation and self-direction, by saying to each, 'the world is before you, go and take your share; *the race is to the swiftest, and the battle to the strongest.*' They did not think, perhaps, of the real danger of throwing open all the avenues leading to every species of natural power, to every individual of those millions, whose physical energy, in every other country which history knows, has been coerced by one, or a few, endowed by the faith of the multitude with divine right. But this oversight, if it was one, was it not their strength, rather than their weakness? Is not the fact, that men, not merely so high-minded, but so deliberate, so moderate, did feel in themselves that which gave them this sublime confidence in the allegiance of freemen to intellectual and spiritual good, fraught with inspiration for us? Why does it not kindle in us a spirit equally sublime? Must it ever be only those who are in adversity, that can act for coming generations? Must the prosperous always be reckless and selfish?

It is in no doubt, then, respecting the legitimacy of our republican government, that we speak of the dangers which threaten the highest interests of society in this country. We are ready to grant that it is better, if such is the alternative, for millions of people to be moving towards the acquisition of such personal power and independence, as may be involved in the pursuit of wealth, than to be chained to a car, like beasts, for the purpose of dragging one or a few individuals towards the same low end. But we maintain that wealth is not the conservative principle of any state,—by reason of its nature, and its necessary effects on the personal character of

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those engaged in its pursuit. The conservative principle of all societies is one. It is that which unfolds the higher faculties of man over the lower; which creates the repose of the physical without its enervation; and the activity of the spiritual on objects beyond the reach of accident. To consider in detail the effects of the pursuit of wealth as the highest good, or as the chief means of securing the highest good, on the moral and intellectual character of the individuals engaged in it,—or to call history to witness the effects of this pursuit upon nations to whom it was a national object,—would alike involve a demonstration of our assertion. But this would take up more space than we can spare in this Article. Having indicated these two courses of thought, to our readers, and having referred them to Heeren's Researches into the ancient history of Asia and Africa for data on the latter subject, we will proceed to seek for traces of the conservative principle, which may be found, contending with the elements of destruction, in all the nations of the past; and which we would fain see in our country destroying the seeds of destruction that as yet lie near the surface. And we have hope of this; for we remember that a new element which antiquity did not know, has been added to modern times, in the religion which grows out of the ideas of holiness and love, symbolized in the Life of Jesus Christ.

This Religion is not, indeed, actually, what it is potentially; what it was in its symbol. We believe it as a written creed, as an historical fact, but we do not realize it as a life. If we did, ours would not be the mechanical age. If we did, the economical arts would not take the place of the culture of the soul. We should not place a knowledge of the political history of nations, or of the surfaces and mechanical powers of nature, above the analysis of the human being. We do indeed have the intellectual frame-work of a religion, as immeasurably beyond the religions of antiquity, as the Divine mind is beyond the human mind. And yet so little is this religion realized, that we dare to say the religions of antiquity were much more to the nations of antiquity, than the religion of Christ is to Christendom. They surely were so in the flourishing eras of those nations. Without dwelling upon the Oriental and African nations, whose halls of legislation, and civil judicature, and commercial negotiation, were the temples of the Gods—so magnificent in size and beauty, and so truly built for everlasting, that moderns stand in awe before their ruins of three thousand years, and ask if men like themselves could ever have raised structures so sublime, even under the inspiration of the Infinite,*—without dwelling on these nations, all whose refined polity and

* See Heeren's Researches into the Histories of Persia, Egypt, Ethiopia, &c.,—A work of wonderful interest.

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gigantic power grew out of their religions, let us come down to free Rome, whose Cicero, in its most philosophic age, was a minister of the omens of birds; or to still freer Greece, where there was no state priesthood, but whose lawgivers and statesmen provided for the perpetual reproduction of the religious sentiment, by all that could charm the eye, the ear, the taste for beauty. The stern Lycurgus, no less than the milder Solon, provided for a perpetual recitation to music of the songs of Homer. And Pericles, who had learnt from Anaxagoras that God was mind, was the patron of Phidias, the sculptor of gods, and the architect of temples. The acknowledged presence of the religious instinct, and its felt importance to the organization of society, is in nothing shown more clearly than in the anxious carefulness of the greatest minds of Greece and Rome, who, seeing through the symbols of their religions, and feeling all the disadvantages of the mistakes into which these led the unphilosophical, yet did not dare to give up the popular rites. Socrates' dying command to Crito, to sacrifice a cock to Esculapius, has for us the profoundest touch of pathos. This was no concession of fear, for had it been morally possible for Socrates to have truckled to the powers of the day in his life, he surely had no motive to do so at his death. No, it was a tribute from his own heart to the heart of his own countrymen. Their very superstition was venerable in his eyes, who felt that an honest mistake on this loftiest subject still left a man higher, than the shrewdest conclusion of the understanding could place one that denied there was a Divinity, or neglected so venerable a truth.

In this view, for which there is much more to be said, that we omit for want of room, it becomes a question of great interest what is the reason that Christianity, so much better adapted to our nature than the religions of antiquity, so much purer, and more elevating, is so ineffective in comparison. How is it, that when a religion of augurs and omens, of oracles and sacrifices to imaginary gods, was never, for a moment, neglected by the lawgivers and statesmen of antiquity, that the lawgivers and statesmen of our freest portion of Christendom made so little account of our religion, inquire so little into the divine will? Why is it that the acknowledged oracle in our breasts, of the truth of whose responses there is an acknowledged standard in every library in the country, is never referred to in our deliberative assemblies and halls of legislation? Why is it, that, in the warehouses of business, on the exchange, in the corporation rooms of manufactories, on the wharves and docks, it would not appear even to exist? Homer taught the Greeks that if a wall was built on the seashore, without a sacrifice to Neptune, the waves would overwhelm it. The older Oriental prophet taught, and we have it in our own sacred book, that when the children of men devised to build a tower "to make themselves a name," in despite, or careless,

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of their God,—the Lord came down and confounded their work. We may smile, and call these children's stories. It were wiser on our part, to raise ourselves to the level of children's innocence, and ask what principle, what everlasting truth, these voices convey out of the far antiquity? We may find to our surprise that these children realized more truth in their partial revelations, than we in our full one. For no matter what truth exists in the words that we pronounce with our mouths, we *have* no more than we *live*.

Christianity is indeed the true religion, if we remember to define Christianity as the Life of Jesus Christ, and not the actual spirit of Christendom. We very much doubt, as we have said, whether this latter, since the days of Constantine, who gave so fatal a blow to Christianity, by stretching it politically beyond its vital extension, has ever risen to the fervor of piety (we say nothing now of the purity and justness of the sentiments) which, during their prosperous eras, always pervaded every heathen nation. While Christendom was a society of converts merely—that is to say, from the time of the apostles to the age of Constantine—it was, indeed, a living power, moving with all the energy of the divine in human nature over the chaos of exhausted religions, gathering to itself all their religious life, and consuming their dead bodies. But immediately on this fatal patronage, it began to be amalgamated in unnatural union with these dead bodies, and the religion of Christendom, no longer burning pure on its appropriate altar of the human heart, fell back to the old heathenisms, that were, so to say, galvanised by the etherial element. History shows us that Christianity received no developement in human society worthy of the name of a developement of Christianity, during the ten centuries after Constantine.* It may be doubted whether the few truths that did get abroad, disconnected as they were from other truths which Jesus saw in the forefront of God's throne, did not do more harm than good. The doctrines of the immortality of the affections, of future retribution, an unpardonable sin, the efficacy of the prayers of saints, the power delegated to man of binding and loosing for heaven as well as on earth, unexplained by the lofty metaphysical system and morality of Jesus, put into the hands of men a power of torture and oppression, as much more terrible than any held by antiquity, as spiritual dismay and anguish are more terrible than bodily fear and pain. But this *Worship of the Devil*, as the actual Christianity of the dark ages has been admirably defined, was an effective worship; abhorrent as this religion is to human nature, it was present, in its day, to the minds of all people, as the more benignant religion which we intellectually acknowledge is *not* to ours. Hence arose the heroism of chivalry and the crusades which play

* See Sismondi's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

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in those dark clouds of time, like the lightning in the thunder-storm, with a terrible beauty. Nor let us fail to mark the immediate effect of this lightning of heroism. No sooner is it manifested than song grows beautiful again. And beautiful song wakes up architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and these reproduce each other, together with the spirit of research into the long forgotten past; and behold, a new era of the arts, a new beautiful civilization, which is, however, but an after-thought of the Grecian and Roman civilization, baptized with the name of Christianity. But the part of Christianity which galvanized European heathenism, could not make immortal what was essentially dust; and an age of infidelity, such as antiquity never knew, succeeded the ineffectual protest against the Catholic Church, all over Europe. In England, indeed, that protest produced a temporary resurrection of the mind, and an inquiry into its divine relations, out of which came the literature and poetry of of the age of Elizabeth; and, after a slight relapse, more apparent than real, the great Puritanical movement which gave birth to Milton's Spiritual Epic, and planted the root of a christian nation on the shores of America. Now, for the first time, was the political side of Christianity unfolded. It is a matter of amazement with what indifference the politicians of this day allow to lie unconsulted the writings of that fruitful era, when the mighty tree of American civilization first germinated, far down in the virgin soil of a new world. In the papers of Sir Harry Vane, to speak of but one of the great men of that period, whose name and works are hardly known amongst us, is a mine of political wisdom. His "Healing Question" plans such a government as that of the United States; and it is all drawn out with reference to giving to every individual, freedom from all masters but Christ; and in reliance upon the truth, that the more men are freed from the temptation to power over others, the more will they become sharers of that power which keeps harmonious "the communion of the just."

But because political freedom has bearings so important on the material interests of man, those relations to his spiritual welfare, for which the Puritan heroes valued it, have become of least interest. Yet we owe all that is valuable in our American freedom to that root, planted with prayers and sacrifices of the purest devotion, and watered with tears and blood. The reminiscence of Puritanism was the most powerful element of that spirit which produced the Revolution. The American Revolution was, indeed, the flower of that unsightly root. The odor of the sanctity of the Puritan saints gave its sweetness to the fragrant breath of the Revolutionary heroes. The American Government is founded on no paper constitution, although it was manifested and declared thereby. It is a tree which grew up, in all its fair proportions, amidst a storm which would have torn up any superficial growth. It ex-

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isted in the souls of men, in the habits of the people, long before it showed itself in the high places of power. It was the ultimate fruit of the Christian seed, when it was at length planted in the wild soil of nature.

There has been, then, a divine operation in the soul of our state also, which must be kept alive. We are no exception to the general rule. Here, as elsewhere, religion was the principle of generation, and must be cherished as the principle of conservation. But this brings us only to the threshold of our subject. The question now comes, how is our religion to be administered so as to answer this end? Our forefathers made no especial provision for it—involved it in no material interest—gave us no hereditary representation of it. It was something so positive, so incorporated with them, that they believed the best they could do for it was, by negative provisions, that should guard us from the domination of sectarianism, (religion *cut up*.) They left time and thought to bring to light a fit symbol and true priesthood.

From heathenism in times past had been borrowed many an unfit symbol; and dangerous had been all priesthoods proved, whose establishment depended on the caprice of men. Hence, perhaps, our fathers came to the conclusion, that the crown of thorns was the only symbol, and the Sorrowing the only priesthood, and these they had good reason, from the experience of the past, to believe that God would always provide.

And forever sacred be that symbol and that priesthood!

But it is obvious, since Christianity has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come, that sorrow is not the only means of spiritualization. If the Redeemer died in the agony of the cross, while darkness covered the noontide sun, and the earth quaked with horror, yet he did also return to his own, with countenance like lightning, and garments white as snow, and while the earth trembled with joy, rolled the stone away from the mouth of the sepulchre, and sat upon it in triumph, saying to his disciples, 'Peace be unto you,'—'the son of man shall come in clouds of glory, with all his holy angels:'—mystic words, which mean, do they not, that humanity shall be glorified even to the divinity from which it has fallen?

Spiritualization, then, in joy and gladness, is to be sought for; and when we consider on the one hand, this genius of the religion, which may be defined as the reünion of the human spirit that has fallen into matter and circumstance with God, its cause and sustainer; and, on the other, that the beautiful world around us,

> At Time's roaring loom doth always ply
> Weaving for God the garment that we see him by;

we are directly led to the means of spiritualization that may yet be wielded by our government, not only without encroaching upon our

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Constitution, but in furtherance of its spirit. And this brings us back to the subject with which we began our remarks;—that is to say, the Claims of the Beautiful Arts upon the attention of the Government.

There is an eternal alliance between the Fine Arts and Religion, for beauty is one aspect of truth. The sentiments of good and beauty are aspects of truth respectively to the conscience and imagination: and are twinborn in the spirit of man. These sentiments are best preserved in union with each other, because the nature was intended for a harmonious development. In youth, when imagination is alive and salient, religion may be brought to bear on the energies of the soul, and become its life; and thus form the life of the nation. Now if imagination is the minister of beauty, instead of being the minister of terror, and unreal objects, the character of the nation will follow accordingly. Hence artists are a natural priesthood of the race. No less than the Sorrowing, are they chosen and appointed by God, and beyond the reach of corruption, for their certificate is divine and they bring it in their hands. Their power comes by what they produce from inward inspiration, and can be increased in no degree by any artifice. Their honors are personal and intransmissible, and therefore not liable to hereditary abuse. They are perpetual symbols of the Divine in human nature, and as such should be acknowledged.

And is it an extravagant demand that this acknowledgment should take the form of "maintaining them at the Prytaneum?" It is no more than has been beforehand paid for, and with interest, by those whose works, by breaking the power of wealth over the imaginations of men, shall preserve the spirit that created the Constitution. It has been already remarked that wealth derives its charm primarily from being supposed the only and inevitable means of luxury; if leisure, and opportunity for the production of works of beauty, is afforded to all who have genius therefor; if every Corregio among us can feel that 'I, too, am a painter,' and every Claude hidden among the pastrycooks can learn that painters' colors are their elements of power, so many of those who at present pursue wealth, will be cut off from the career,—for they will find their luxury in the narrow bounds of the painter's studio. And if fine works of art are scattered every where, not only more artists will find out their genius, but multitudes, not in the high rank of creators, yet who are now uneasily pursuing they know not what, will find the true enjoyment of their natures, as men of taste, no longer stimulated to labor beyond the healthy point.

Thus, enjoyment being at hand, the fever of the times may in some degree abate, and population cluster round the seats of art, bringing society to perfection there, ceasing to spread over into the wilderness faster than the means of culture can follow. There are

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beautiful collateral employments that spring up in society which is thus refined. Among the least of these, the care of the beautiful buildings and their treasures is an employment calculated to make happy persons adapted to such quiet occupation.

Nor will society in its very economical interests flourish less than at present. From this thickening of population new demands will be made on the agricultural and mercantile classes, and all kinds of mind will thus have their element, in which to work happily and successfully. It cannot be but that in this case the new era of art, already begun by Christianity, will unfold a glory in some relation with the superiority of our religion to all others, and commensurate with the theoretical perfection of the government in which it is to preserve life. We might indeed be satisfied and grateful if nothing more were obtained than the reproduction of such eras as came and passed away with the short-lived civil freedom, and the evanescent religious life, of the nations of antiquity; but we cannot limit our imaginations to this.

But not only is a maintenance a merely just compensation for the services that artists render a government; it is an indispensable condition of these services being rendered. The care of worldly concerns is utterly incompatible with the life of an artist. Those early days, when impressions are most easily received, and imagination takes its character, should not be lost to his education. "Genius of any kind, or in any age," says the eloquent author of the Introduction to the Study of the Classic Poets, "is a being of an extremely tender and susceptible nature; its thought, temper, and dimensions, depend much on external accident; it may be stifled in its birth, enervated in its nonage, or curtailed of its fair proportion by defect of education; it has no irresistible tendency towards maturity; it has no indefeasible claim upon immortality. Whether itself shall be consummate, or its creations everlasting, rests upon other causes besides the power of its own physical essence. It is not merely a tree, the fruits of which may be sweet or sour, according to the measure of its cultivation; it is also not unfrequently a flower, which dies or blooms, as it is visited with a blight, or fostered by the dews and gales of Heaven." The biography of men of genius sadly confirms this view. How large is the proportion of those whose maturity did not answer the promise of their first unfolding, notwithstanding the success which they did attain. How large a proportion have died in the meridian of life, worn out with their fierce conflict with circumstances!

A maintenance, then, should be provided for the sons of genius, who are themselves devoted to their art. It should be liberal, but a true artist will prefer a simple life. Upholstery and other expensive caprices of fashion are far below the beauty that his eye makes, whenever it falls on the face of nature, that can never be

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shut out from the hearts that love and seek her, and that is sufficient for them in the way of luxury:

> Beauty—a living presence of the earth,
> Surpassing the most fair ideal forms,
> Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed,
> From earth's materials—waits upon his steps
> Pitches her tents before him as he moves,
> An hourly neighbour.

But he should not be condemned to a life of celibacy who needs, more than others the ministrations of wife and family, and all the comforts of home. Nor should he be condemned to toil first for the commodity of life, to whom appears that "relation of the forms of nature to mind," which "is not fancied by some poet but stands in the will of God." For he is to be employed in making it known to other men less gifted. Many can receive and enjoy what a few only can see originally or create.

But we are not pleading entirely or chiefly for the sake of the gifted individuals of whom we speak. It is the country which sustains the greatest loss when genius dies discouraged and silent. Nothing is so desirable for a country as luxuriance of genius. Had circumstance prevented Raphael and Michael Angelo from giving outward form to their spiritual visions, it would doubtless have been a personal suffering to themselves for a few years. It might have postponed to the other side of the grave some of their glorious self-consciousness. But the human race would have lost more than they. They could not have been altogether deprived of their personal enjoyment of the vision and the faculty divine, but would the human mind have suffered less loss that it suffered ignorantly?

It is common to say that great genius will find its way out. This can never be proved. We know only such genius as does find its way out. And we so often see it scathed by the storms through which it has won its way, that we may reasonably doubt whether it is not often entirely silenced. Every man of genius must be known as strangely powerful in his own circle. But we believe with Gray that many a mute, inglorious, Milton has reposed, unknown to fame, in the country church-yard.

Any one who reads carefully Dunlop's Lives of the Artists, will see proofs enough, that God has not been sparing to our country of his heavenly priests of beauty. But almost every page of these Lives is a heart-touching appeal to our governments for their paternal protection. There is no want of the spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice on the part of artists. Every one must feel that under such circumstances as are related in this book, every production was but a feeble indication of what might have been done under better auspices. With respect to the greatest artist the

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country has produced, it is a fact worth observing, that he was born with a patrimony which he could sell and apply to the purposes of his education. He did so, and went to Europe, and having studied with Sir Joshua Reynolds, proceeded to Italy, and spent years in study there. As long as this patrimony lasted, the glory and joy of successful genius was his. He once told a friend that until he was obliged to spin his brain for bread he never felt any fluctuation in his powers, but could always at will return to the state of mind out of which he paints. The glory of this genius, it is true, has not become dim, for it leans upon a philosophy which looks down on 'circumstance, that unspiritual god and miscreator.' But the joy and gladness of independent exertion is in some degree shadowed. And is it not mournful that he should have come home to his own country, away from the great patronage of England, because his love for it was so strong that it worked in him the wish to adorn it with the genius so highly commended abroad, and that the country allows him to be depressed by want, and to turn away his mind from greater works to smaller ones, because only thus can he earn his bread? In all the numerous institutions which our liberal means of public education throughout the States have endowed, is there not one which might afford to the greatest Painter in America, if not the greatest in the world, an endowment which would put him beyond the fear of want? Suppose a provision of this description, in reference to our colleges generally, were introduced to practice by some of the more influential States, would not the brilliant eloquence of Carolina burst forth in favor of such protection of the art of her native-born son; and would not his adopted Massachusetts with her deliberate reason sustain the claim? If our legislatures had no such powers, we might heave a sigh for the departed glories of Kings and Popes, who called forth genius to adorn their palaces. Better that it should be patronized and delight the eyes and cultivate the minds of a few than of none.

The difference, however, ought to be that in a democratical country these treasures are more widely diffused, and therefore not less but more in number. They should be placed, as in Athens, upon a hill, to answer and call upon the universal mind. The caprices of individual patronage have been the torment of genius in all aristocratical governments. The patronage of a great people, made through enlightened representatives of its love of art, might be adequate to cherish it in all its forms.

Another mode of performing this parental duty, (if it may not more properly be called a filial duty which our governments owe to their conservative principle) is to throw open a free academy to young artists, and since this cannot be immediately furnished with the works of the great masters, we should provide a fund for sending the most remarkable pupils abroad.

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Another mode of contributing to the same end would be to offer prizes for statues and pictures, which when purchased, might adorn the rooms of public edifices, to educate the taste of those who could not afford to own them, and serve the still farther end of being accessible models for young artists, who need to learn the details of execution, by copying what is excellent. Occasionally, master pieces from Europe would be added to these collections. Public spirited individuals, as the great importance of this subject unfolded upon the mind of the nation, would find their delight and honor in adorning our public places with the proofs of their own appreciation of beauty, and the value of the redemption of the soul thereby.

We have said nothing of architecture, because this is more obviously a national concern, and, comparatively, has not been neglected by us. It may be worth while, however, to remark in passing, that the prodigious monuments of this art of which Heeren's Researches have given us an account, were not the production of one generation of men, but works which it took centuries to complete. Perhaps it is our greatest fault, with respect to architecture, that we attempt too much at once. Being in a hurry to complete our building, we necessarily lay it out on a small scale. But is there not something sublime in that trust in posterity which lays out a work the unborn must complete? This call from the past,—has it not relations with a sense of responsibility to the future—tending to deepen the sentiment which binds the generations together; and give a sort of sensible immortality to the sentiment of patriotism?

We have left ourselves no space to speak at large of the claims of the arts upon wealthy individuals. But perhaps we have implied the chief arguments we should use. Wealth is not beauty or enjoyment. For these the richest are pensioners upon genius. They should cherish genius accordingly, with liberality of hand, and reverence of heart; not as an object of charity, but (we would be taken with due limitation) as an object of *homage*. Thus may they rise into its atmosphere; and give their material wealth a value which intrinsically it does not possess.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

Forget thee! I will school my heart,
Though hard oh hard the lesson be,
To know no more the hopes, the joys,
That mingled with the thought of thee.

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Forget thee! yea my soul no more
For thee shall kindle into flame—
No more the pulses of my heart,
Shall throb with fever at thy name.

Forget thee! if the things that were
Had stamped no image on my breast,
The sight of all that thou hast loved,
The hallowed earth thy foot hath pressed,
I would forget thee! if the voice
Of music did not sound as thine;
Or if thy heart in all I see
And love were not revealed to mine.

If when among the worshippers
I sit and offer up my prayers,
My thoughts, my worship, were the same,
And offered at one shrine with theirs,
I could forget thee,—but to thee
My inmost thoughts, my prayers, ascend,
With thee my orisons begin
In midnight dreams of thee to end.

Forget thee! if it be thy wish
I may not—dare not disobey,
Though every parting thought must rend
Some dearest chord of life away.
Thus only may thy will be done—
Thus, only thus—can I forget,
For while one trembling throb remains
Thou art its soul—its being yet.

Then when my last of tears is shed,
My last fond word of sorrow spoken,
Remember thou—I know thou wilt,
The heart, bright girl, that thou hast broken,
Then would I not my throne exchange
For crowns or all that crowns can give
One moment in thy thoughts to reign—
One moment in thy heart to live.

Y.

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NIAGARA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

My lyre, my lyre, give me my lyre,—I feel
Deep in my laboring, agitated soul,
The blaze of inspiration. Ah! how long
Since, with its sacred light, this brow has beamed,
Scattering the shades that hang around my path.
Wavy Niagara! thy glorious face
First to my heart the heavenly gift restores,
Which wo's insane and impious hand had seized.
Tremendous torrent! for an instant chase
The shadows that involve thy threatening front,
And let me gaze upon thy tranquil face.
I am not all unworthy of the sight,
For from my very boyhood I have loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To gaze on Nature in her loftier moods,
Serene in grandeur and in terror calm.
To hear the howl of furious hurricanes,
To see the thunderbolt burst o'er my head
Has been my fearful joy. And when the waves,
Chafed by the storm, have lashed my vessel's side,
And wide before me Ocean's caves have yawned,
I 've braved its perils, and its wrath I 've loved.
But never, never was my heart o'erwhelmed
By all its horrors in its fiercest rage,
As by one glance, dread Cataract, at thee.
Mild and majestic first thou pour'st along,
Then—into broken billows bursting forth,
On—on—thou rushest in resistless course,
Rolling thy myriads of whitening waves,
Hopeless to stem as Destiny's blind stream.
But when the precipice from which they leap
Is reached—what human voice can then describe
The eddying whirlpool's terrifying roar?
My soul is lost in widely wandering thoughts—
In vain my misty vision seeks its track,
As on it hastens to its utmost bound,
The ample marge of the high precipice
Millions of billows dash and madden by,
And millions, millions urge these millions on,

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And far beyond in foam and thunder die.
They reach and leap the barrier. The abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves—
A thousand rainbows arch them o'er and o'er,
And the woods echo with their deaf'ning dash.
The downward shock bursts the descending sheets,
They rush in fragments o'er the ragged cliffs,
And then—dark clouds of mist above the gulf
Extend in giddy whirls and heaven-ward raise
Their tower-like mass—while the lone huntsman near,
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.
Yet something more my anxious sight demands,
And with untiring gaze still seeks the palms—
Ah—the delicious palms that spread their leaves
Before the smiling sun, and from his rage,
Shade the dear plains of my own Cuba's isle, *
And wave their tops to Ocean's slightest breath.
Why are not *they* before my longing eyes,
With the calm sky that hangs above their heads?
But no—Niagara—the forest pine
Crowns with a wreath more fit thy awful brow.
The palm, the myrtle, and the fragrant rose,
O'er that gay garden shed their gentle sweets,
Unmanning him who breathes them—but to thee
Fate grants a nobler purpose—by thy side
The soul soars high above all trivial joys—
Man feels his freedom—and he almost seems
To share thy grandeur when he speaks thy name.
God—God of truth! in other realms than this
What execrable monsters have I seen
Blaspheme thy name at Superstition's shrine,
Bathe realms in blood, light up the blaze of war
In brother's bosoms;—subjugate the earth
And claim Heaven's sanction for the deeds of Hell!
What wonder that my soul within me burned
At sights like these! Again, too, I have seen
False Science dare to lift the sacred veil
With which thou guardest from the eye of man
Thy solemn mysteries—and reckless plunge
Its votaries into error's wretched gulf.
For this it is that when I seek thy face

* The author is a native of Cuba.

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I shun mankind and seek for it alone
In the sublimity of solitude.
Here my soul opens all to thee—it feels
Thy hand in the surrounding majesty,
And in the ceaseless thunder of these waves
It hears thy awful voice. Thou fearful stream
How do thy terrors tear me from myself
And fill my soul with wonder. Who supplies
Age after age thy unexhausted fount?
What powerful hand drives Ocean's billows back
Rushing to mix its kindred streams with thine?
God, God himself has crowned thy head with clouds,
Speaks in thy roar, shines in thy radiant bow,
And in *thy* strength shews *his* omnipotence.
Thy waters, as I watch their ceaseless flow,
Teach me how Time becomes Eternity.
Day after day of life thus glides away,
Until man wakes to woe. And I, alas!
Feel that my youth is withered—and my brow
Furrowed with woes that all my days have borne.
This stormy heart till now has never known
Its wretched solitude; has never felt
The nameless sorrow of a loveless life.
Oh! had a being such as *I could love*,
Shared my lone path to this tremendous brink,
What joy to gaze upon her speaking face,
To watch the paleness of her altered cheek,
And see her, brightening with her gentle fears,
Sink, with a smile, in my supporting arms!
But ah! such transport never can be mine.
Without a country and with nought to love,
What is there left for me but tears and wo!
Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years, and in the cheerless tomb
Thy feeble bard at last will find his home.
Oh may my strain be as thy name immortal!
May future wanderers by thy lonely side
Heave but a sigh in memory of me—
And when the sun of my brief life has set
Fearless I 'll fly where Heaven directs my flight,
And lift my head amid surrounding clouds,
To listen to the echos of my fame.

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TIME WAS.

A NEW YORK ECLOGUE.

[The best things are the most liable to abuse; and among them the happy restoration of confidence and credit. And have not these already been abused? and is there no fear that like causes may produce like effects? Are there no just apprehensions lest we should again be induced to run riot in the wildness of speculation, and to witness the luxury and extravagance that are ever seen to follow in its train? Anxious to contribute our mite to the stock of prudent preventatives, we have retouched and adopted the following Eclogue from the pen of Charles Jenner, a poet who wrote in the early part of the last century. an era rendered memorable for the mania for speculation, which resulted in the famous South Sea bubble, Law's Mississippi scheme, and other ruinous chimeras. Let us learn wisdom, dear as it is, generally, in that cheapest of schools—Experience!]

Dog-days were past, and suns of milder gleam
Shed their soft hues on Hudson's busy stream;
Along the surface of the spreading Bay,
Dimpling the wave, the evening breezes play;
The Battery's walks displayed a mingled throng
Pacing the margin of the tide along.
At such an hour, e'en men of business dare
Desert their desks to breath the bracing air;
Prudentio strolling down the street, was seen
To loll upon a bench, and vent his spleen:
He meets Avaro on the accustomed seat,
And thus, in grumbling strains, the veterans greet.

PRUDENTIO—AVARO.

AVARO. Well met, Prudentio!—Come, man, sit you down.
How fare ye?

PRUD. Sick of this confounded town.

AVARO. Aye, so am I. Time was, when it was said,
'A penny buys a pennyworth of bread;'
But now, contractors meet with no control,
Your penny scarce will buy a farthing roll.
Time was, when glutted markets fed the poor,
And good cheap things were cried from door to door;
But now, the bakers get each week a rise,
And all provisions double in their price.

PRUD. Say, how can it be otherwise? look here,
What shoals of puppies every where appear!

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That fellow wriggling on in dandy pace,
With insolence and folly in his face,
Must raise his soap and candles, to afford
To deck his precious person like a lord;
And he with long curls, and mustachios too,
Must pay his barber out of me and you.

AVARO. Time was when satin waistcoats and scratch wigs,
Enough distinguished all your city prigs,
While every sunshine Sunday saw them run
To club their sixpences at Hoboken;
When graver citizens, in suits of brown,
Lined every dusty avenue to town,
Or lead the children and the loving spouse,
To spend two shillings at the Brooklyn House:
But now each 'prentice, spruce in suit of green,
At Brighton or the Narrows must be seen,
Where in mad parties they run down to dine,
To play the gentleman, and drink bad wine;
While the spruce chariot rolls their bosses down
To country seats, a dozen miles from town;
Or railroad whirls them, with their tight-laced daughters,
And languid dames to Saratoga's waters.

PRUD. Nay, friend, you 'll own that prudence self allows
The man of wealth his coach and country house;
By common justice every man is taught
To taste the blessings by his labour bought:
But, say, if candor can forbear to scoff
When men begin just where their sires left off!
By trade to gain, is now too slow a way;
Fortunes must spring like mushrooms, in a day;
Hence came those most destructive modes of robbing,
Your dangerous under-writing, and stock-jobbing.
E'en merchants now laborious trade despise,
And find hard money the best merchandise;
Hence springs the irrecoverable debt,
Hence "WHEREAS" fills each page of each gazette.

AVARO. Time was when tradesmen laid up what they gained,
And frugally their families maintained;
When they took stirring house-wives for their spouses,
To keep up thrift and order in their houses,
Who did not blush at night to sit them down,
And make the children's clothes, or mend their own;

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Would Polly's frock to younger Bess transfer,
And trim their caps without a milliner?
But now, a shopping half the day they 're gone,
To buy five hundred things, and—pay for none;
Miss cannot brook each old domestic rule,
But lisps the bad French of her boarding school;
While every street, however small and far,
Resounds with screaming note and harsh guitar,
And every floor, however high and dirty,
Jars to the din of cracked piano-forte.

PRUD. Time was, too, when the prudent dames would stay
Till feast and holy-day, to see the play,
Now at the Park each novelty they greet,
And scarcely deign to take a second seat.
They met at cards upon high days alone,
And then at cheerful loo, or cheap Pope-joan;
Now, every lady issues invitations
For weekly routs, to far and near relations.
Each rising morn brings forth its fresh delights,
They run the city over, seeing sights;
And, spending half their lives in hackney-coaches,
Hurry to Niblo's when the night approaches.

AVARO. Hence those assemblies, where the white-gloved sparks,
Spruce haberdashers, pert attornies' clerks,
With deep-enamoured 'prentices, prefer
Their suit to many a sighing milliner:
In scraps of plays their passion they impart,
And breathe soft things of Cupid and his dart.
How lawyers clerks their genius learn t' improve,
And throw by Blackstone for the "Art of Love;"
Apprentices can frame acrostics terse,
And fill the day-book with enamoured verse,
And a soft sonnet to their Delia trace,
In act of measuring a yard of lace.

PRUD. Too true, my friend! and thus it is the fashion
For fool to rival fool in dissipation:
It matters little where their sports begin,
Whether at billiards, or the bowl and pin;
Whether they tread gay Niblo's fairy round,
Or stake their fips upon the skittle-ground,
The self-same idle spirit drags them on,
And clerk and merchant are alike undone;

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While thoughtless imitation leads the way,
And laughs at all the grave and wise can say.
The prudent youth, whom some fond parent's care
Had taught to dread the subtle gambler's snare,
A year or two enjoys a life of quiet,
But soon come down the giddy sons of riot,
They show the lure, and tempt him to the town,
Where every sharper marks the pigeon down.
Destructive custom quickly draws him in,
He plays for trifles, and they let him win;
He doubles stakes, and feels no saving rub,
And now is balloted at every club:
No more he dreads the rattling of the dice,
And what was once amusement, now is vice;
He views the Faro-bank without affright,
And cash and honor crumble night by night.

AVARO. Sad truths are these, my friend! what can we say?

PRUD. Why nothing—let the children have their way!
All we can say will never make them wiser;
Be sage Experience then their best adviser.
But hark! 'tis striking eight; then come your way:
The breeze is blowing chilly from the Bay.
"The time is out of joint," as Shakspeare says,—
Though I forget in which 'tis of his plays,—
But we can't set it right, so let it pass,
And home with me and take a parting glass.

THE SOBER SECOND-THOUGHT OF THE PEOPLE.

"As soon as the Sultan rose the next morning, according to custom, he went into his closet, to have the pleasure of contemplating and admiring Alla-ad-Deen's palace: but when he first looked that way, and saw the empty space instead of a palace, he thought at first he was mistaken, and rubbed his eyes; but when he looked again, and saw nothing of the palace any more the second time than the first, his amazement was so great that he stood for some time musing with himself, and reflecting how so large a palace as Alla-ad-Deen's, which he saw plainly every day, and the night before, should vanish so soon, and not leave the least remains behind. At last he retired to his apartment, not without looking behind him, and ordered the grand vizier to be fetched in all haste, and in the mean time sat down, but agitated by so many different thoughts, that he knew not what to resolve on."

If the Princess Scheherazade were still alive, and disposed to make a 'night's entertainment' for her sleepless lord, of the history

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of our parties in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven and thirty-eight, she could not find a more suitable illustration, than her own description of the Sultan's wonder on the occasion quoted above, to convey an idea of the blank and and dismayed astonishment with which the Whigs now look abroad in quest of the magnificent structure, with all its fond delusions and exulting hopes, which but yesterday seemed to them to tower like the pyramids towards the skies, and to rest upon a basis not less broad and secure than theirs.

——But yesterday,
And England might have stood against the world,
——Now, none so poor to do her reverence!

In an article in our September Number, on the existing aspect of the case at issue between the two parties, our readers may remember the pride and satisfaction with which we contemplated the present attitude of the Democracy, and the confidence with which we anticipated the early triumph which, it was impossible to doubt, was destined to crown this the last struggle of the long 'seven years war' in which it has been engaged. The view there taken of the actual state and prospects of things, was founded on *a priori* reasoning—on our convictions of the righteousness of our cause, the soundness of our principles, the true wisdom of our proposed measures, the unanswered and unanswerable force of our arguments—and on our reliance upon that unfailing sagacity, which Mr. Van Buren has so happily, yet profoundly termed—"*the Sober Second-Thought of the People*," to appreciate fully in the end the real merits of the great party issue in controversy. This confidence had never wavered nor grown pale in the darkest moment of adversity and seeming ruin. It was the sheet-anchor by which this Administration had rode, unappalled and unmoved, through perhaps the most severe hurricane that has ever, within the history of parties in our country, swept over the land, to try men's souls and test their principles. How fully that confidence—then exultingly derided by the Whig press, as either a blind infatuation, or a dishonest affectation—has been justified, and more than justified, by the event, is now apparent to all eyes. But we have to confess that its realization has come earlier, and more overwhelmingly, than we then expected. That it must ere long have come, was no more to be doubted than the reflux of the tide we behold ebb from before our feet—than the rising of the sun on the morrow in the East, that we see to-day sink below the western horizon. But, unlike the tide and the sun, the exact period of a great popular reaction of this character did not admit of precise calculation; nor did the uncertainty necessarily attendant upon the degree of rapidity with which the process would work itself out, in the least affect the certainty that it must and would come, sooner or later, in a mighty, majestic and overwhelming flow of the waters of public opinion. It is a remarkable fact—and the strongest evidence that could be cited of the impregnable strength of the democratic cause

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in this country—that this unwavering certainty was not alone entertained by the more profoundly reflective few of the friends of the policy of the Administration, but was the universal feeling of almost all. It was a deeply seated instinctive conviction which no defeat, no disaster, no hostile clamor of abuse, could ever shake. No cause whose truth was thus attested from within, and whose hope thus sustained by its own unexhaustible resources, ever has been, or ever can be, conquered. But none—not even the most ardent and sanguine—looked for the consummation so soon. The best that we hoped for the elections of the present fall was to make a gallant and close struggle, and possibly to hold our own; and we looked forward to the next Presidential contest, in 1840, as destined to be the grand *finale* of this long agony of political warfare, which has lasted now through two Presidential terms, and part of a third. It was manifest that the field of the argument was now wholly our own, that the panic was over, and with it all the resources of our adversaries exhausted; and we supposed that the great reaction of public opinion, which was to produce the effects we anticipated, was now about to come into play, and to consummate itself within the course of the next year or two, by a slow and gradual process. We were in error. It had been silently going forward far down through the broad depths of the popular mass, with but slight indications appearing occasionally on the surface, and was already much nearer to its maturity than the limited local observation of any individual could have ventured to imagine. We did not render full justice to the popular intelligence, in our idea of the length of time which would be requisite for its 'sober second-thought' to work out its conclusion from the chaos of delusion, sophism, and mystification, in which the industrious ingenuity and eloquence of our adversaries had so long labored to involve the great issues at stake. We acknowledge the error, and will seek to profit for the future, by the lesson which has corrected it.

The struggle is over—the battle is fought—the victory is complete—and the campaign has now at length reached its close. It began in the Presidential contest that resulted in the first election of General Jackson; and has been maintained ever since without intermission, and with many severe encounters, in which, though on the whole triumphant, the Democratic party has occasionally had to sustain some trying reverses. The struggle has been between the Democracy, under the guidance of an administration to which its cause and its representative character, alone lent the powerful energy which it wielded, and the anti-democratic party of our population (no inconsiderable power) under the guidance of its old Federal leaders, and ambitious modern apostates from the former,—united in an unholy alliance with an enormous money power, whose station has been the van of the formidable line of array, resting on the central *point-d'appui* of the Bank of the United States. In

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the earlier stages of the campaign there was a certain degree of confusion on both sides, from an accidental combination on the part of each with uncongenial auxiliaries, which, towards the close, when the natural affinities of principles had time to come fully into play, has been seen to rectify itself. We refer to the State bank interest, on the one side, and to the great Southern State-Rights party, on the other. Under General Jackson's administration a portion of the former was in a temporary alliance with the democratic cause, not more uncongenial than that of a large portion of the latter with the anti-democratic party to which its principles were in truth more essentially hostile than to the Administration which it labored to overthrow. But towards the close we have seen the mutual transfer of these two forces over to their more natural positions; and it may be to this disentanglement of the question from temporary false issues and accidental embarrassments, under the influence of the great test principle of the Independent Treasury, that we may ascribe the rapid certainty with which the sagacity of the democratic instinct of the mass of the people has reached the result we now witness, so much earlier than any anticipations, whether of foe or friend.

We repeat that we consider this long and arduous campaign at an end. The general truth of this opinion will not be affected by the local struggles in which the Whig party may still attempt to make head against the Democracy, at various scattered points. Without indulging in the common inflated exaggeration of partisanship, we cannot avoid the conclusion to which our calmest reflection on the past progress and present aspect of our politics irresistibly leads our judgment, that *the "Whig party" is, at this moment, on the eve of a total dissolution.* Like the French army at Waterloo, all the fury of their successive onsets having been successfully withstood—the last being the heaviest and hottest—they are now in full rout, streaming far and wide over the plain, disorganized, dispersed, destroyed, beyond the hope of a rally,—even did they possess the support of a patriotic cause, or the resources of the genius of a Napoleon at their head, in both of which we may safely pronounce them equally deficient. We here distinguish between the "Whig party," as a whole, and Federalism or the anti-democratic opposition which will always exist to any democratic administration, being founded on an irreconcileable hostility to the popular and liberal principles which must always animate such an administration. This old and imperishable nucleus of opposition must always retain its cohesion and vitality, having a consistent body and an animating spirit of principle of its own. But the "Whig party" which has been able to wage so long, close and seemingly doubtful a contest with the Democracy, though this old anti-popular Federalism is the nucleus about which it has formed and expanded

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itself to the numerical magnitude we have seen, yet in truth comprises vast numbers of adherents—constituting indeed the main bulk of its voters—who are not less democratic in their aspirations and sentiments than any other portion of our population. All this vast class belong naturally, by their proper instincts and affinities, to the other side; and are only retained in their present false position by the influence of accidental causes, and the temporary delusions which it is the perpetual occupation of their leaders to keep alive, by all the thousand arts of partisanship that daily disgust us. This is the class for which are intended the perpetual declamations against the personal incompetency and dishonesty of all the leading members of the Administration—all the nonsensical tirades, of which the falsehood is known to none better than to those who use them, about "the sword and purse";—about the corruption of elections by the office-holder's through the national revenue and 'British gold'—about the destructive and agrarian designs of the Democracy, their hostility to all commerce, credit, and national industry and prosperity, and the abuse of power and ambitious monarchical aspirations of their leaders. These are a few of the themes of untiring denunciation of the dominant party, which enable the Federal leaders, together with the fallacies and mystifications of their doctrines of political economy, to keep in a constant state of delusion and excitement that great bulk of their supporters, who are as honest as they are mistaken, in their opposition to the men and the measures of the existing Administration. But such delusions cannot last forever. It is manifest that a party thus constituted can never very long hold together. Its whole theory is a falsehood *ab initio*—a falsehood to the fundamental principle of our organic law, which is *Democracy*—a falsehood even to those whom it deludes into a support of its objects, by the profession of a popular character directly at variance with the true spirit of its measures, and with the known and avowed opinions of all its principal leaders and controlling influence;—and the greatest and the deepest of all moral truths (and every moral truth is a political truth,) is this, that a *lie cannot stand.* As a body it has no vital principle; its principle is on the other hand one of decay and destruction. It is a hollow and a rotten thing, and however fair it may show externally to the eye, may at any moment, when least expected, be on the very point of crumbling in dissolution.

What are the indications and the reasons on which we ground this opinion, that the Whig party is on the eve of that dissolution which is the necessary ultimate fate and retribution of all political falsehood? We will endeavour to state them as briefly and clearly as we can.

In the first place, the Whigs have assumed, in the late contest, a position which afforded no other third alternative than victory or

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destruction. Planting themselves on the ground which seemed to give a great advantage in the struggle, they committed and staked every thing on its issue, and may be said to have cut off all possibility of their own retreat, in case of the improbable contingency of failure. They assumed that the Administration was the concentrated embodiment of all that was unprincipled and unpatriotic, and that it had been driven, in the desperation of the failure of its reckless experiments and corrupt schemes for the perpetuation of its power, to such gross extremities of profligacy as to open the eyes of even its own well-meaning friends to their past delusion, and to arouse the tardy but overwhelming indignation of the great majority of the People, to hurl them from the dignities disgraced, and the authority abused by them. This was their indictment which they committed themselves, irrecoverably, to sustain, or else to be nonsuited, and driven with disgrace out of court. Under the influence of a delusion the most fatal to their own cause, they believed that, by a happy chance, they had succeeded in cajoling the majority over to their side of the case, that they were sweeping the country with a revolution which could not now be arrested,—and that the Democracy of numbers' was now with them. Believing themselves, therefore, secure of the verdict which was to crown with victory their long struggle for the spoils of power, a change was seen to come over the spirit of their dream, in relation to the intelligence of the people, and their competency for self-government, and like the Jew in the play, they shouted exultingly—

Oh wise young judge,—a Daniel come to judgment!

That judgment being now, too manifestly to admit of a doubt, rendered against them—contrary to all seeming probabilities but one short year ago—what remains to them? The very democratic professions they have lately felt compelled to adopt, preclude them from all right to except to the judgment. It is decisive, final, absolute, and overwhelming. It leaves no room for evasion, no excuse in mitigation of the penalty which it involves to the false accuser on whose head thus recoils the ignominy which he was seeking to heap on the innocent. There were no extraneous circumstances mixed up with the issue to bias unfavorably against them the popular prejudice. There was no blaze of personal popularity—no "hurrah-for-Jackson!"—no victory of New Orleans—no delusive flood of paper-money prosperity spread over the land—to the influence of which, on the ignorant and unreflecting mass' they might ascribe the judgment rendered by them. All such influences, so far as they were involved at all, bore strongly in their favor. All the plausible superficial arguments—the catch-words—the ear-tickling phrases and cries—were on their side. On the side of the Administration it was all stern, severe argument, on abstruse questions of political economy, and profound truths of constitutional law. It rested on

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its principles and on them alone—and they have been the 'sign' in which it has conquered. In such an issue—thus made by themselves, and thus contested in an incessant struggle of argument before the people, through the press, in the legislative hall, in the popular meeting, at the street corner, by the family hearth, in the artisan's workshop and the farmer's field—the acquittal of the accused is the ignominious condemnation of the false accuser; and the defeat of the present year is an overthrow and a dissolution of the Whig party which admits of no recovery and no hope.

In the second place, they have no consistency—no cohesion—no principles that can be understood and felt, to hold together in one organized mass and body elements so heterogeneous. The pretence of opposition to "Executive usurpation" has long since become obsolete, and too manifestly inapplicable to the present state and tendency of things to be any longer available. That of a National Bank they now undertake to disavow—not only, in the act, stultifying their entire policy, as a party, during the last eight or ten years, but in point of fact effecting no other object by the too tardy and compulsory disclaimer, than to convict themselves of a dishonest inconsistency between their professions and their well understood reserved intentions, which is always an unpardonable sin in the eyes of an honest democracy. That of a sincere distrust of the competency of the people for self-government, which is the real animating principle which alone gives life and any degree of efficiency to their central nucleus of aristocratic Federalism,—involving possibly an honest desire to govern them for their own good through the intelligence of the more cultivated and wealthy few—they dare not and cannot avow, but are compelled, both by their own late incautious professions, and by the manifest necessities of the case, to dissemble; and no party can ever hope to succeed in a country possessing free institutions, universal suffrage, and unrestricted liberty of discussion, which has any thing to conceal, any false professions to make, any unavowed ulterior objects to attain. They have no longer, as an 'available' principle of party organization, the clamor against the Administration, as the responsible author of the calamities brought upon the country by the insane excesses of a vicious system of universal credit, destitute of the regulating influence of a fixed standard of value. This has exhausted itself, and is recoiling heavily back on the authors of the delusive clamor themselves. The tribunal of last resort has pronounced against them—and the Administration is left only the stronger and purer from the searching ordeal of trial it has had to undergo. They have no longer any hope of success to keep them united, to fan their excitement, and to stimulate their exertions. And, finally, they have no great leaders whose personal power of popularity might avail yet a little longer to reanimate their almost extinguished hopes, and rally their broken and dissolving forces.

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Their two prominent Presidential candidates, though unquestionably perfect representatives of their party principles, and men of a high order of intellect, are already well ascertained to be worse than 'unavailable,' and will probably both be dropped—*ex necessitate rei*, —when they will certainly only serve to make the confusion worse confounded by the dissensions which will spring out of their mortified ambition. In fact, when the first blast of the tempest, from the north, struck the vessel of their cause and fortunes, and was rattling among the shrouds, we have seen them, in the suddenness of their fright and dismay, throw them both overboard with but little ceremony, to lighten the ship, as a Jonah peace-offering to the angry elements; and but a few weeks afterwards the heavy waves that swept the deck, from Pennsylvania and Ohio, have been seen to wash overboard their only remaining 'available' candidate, with his solitary negative merit of political insignificance. What adequate bond, or principle of cohesion, then, remains to them, to hold together their ill combined and now exhausted and shaken organization? We can perceive none, and none exists. Mere negative *opposition*, to an existing Administration, now fortified to an impregnable strength by the utter exhaustion and failure of their long series of desperate attack, can never suffice for a principle of cohesion or organization to a great party in this country. Mere opposition, unaccompanied with any exposition of broad and distinct principles, the converse of those professed by the party assailed, or with the proposal of specific measures as substitutes for those pursued and proposed by the latter—is plainly and unequivocally mere *faction;* and can never gain for its ambitious and unpatriotic authors such a respect or confidence on the part of the people as can afford a chance or a hope of overthrowing an existing order of things, conducted by an Administration in close representative harmony with the great democratic party of the country. This truth appears to us, in the present state of our politics, as plain and unquestionable as the blaze of the unclouded sun at noon-day; and forces upon us the conclusion already expressed above, that the Whig party is on the eve of dissolution, or such a total prostration, for an indefinite number of years, as is equivalent to an utter political annihilation. In fact the realization is already at hand, of the remark frequently interchanged among intelligent democrats during the progress of the struggle, and when it was at its fiercest point and most dangerous crisis, that such would be the case on its termination; and that a period of comparative repose for the democratic party and the country would soon crown with the rewards of peace and prosperity, the toils and the dangers yet necessary to secure them.

It is manifest that the reaction now apparent over the whole length and breadth of the land is a great national movement that must go on, that cannot be arrested or impeded. It is manifestly a movement arising upwards out of the depths of the broad popular

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mass, and neither caused nor stimulated by any assignable adventitious or temporary influences. And the natural law of such movements is to increase in force and accumulated mass as they proceed. There is an instinctive sympathy pervading the Democracy in all the respective portions of our country—the sympathy of a conscious common brotherhood, and community of sentiment, cause, and interest; and as deep calleth unto deep, so does the voice of the popular mass in one State or section of the Union, when its grand and solemn murmur rises like the sound of a heaving sea, speak to the popular heart in all others, with an appeal of power that is never without a strong influence. And when a great Democratic tendency of this character once reveals distinctly its setting direction and gathering force, it never fails to deepen and strengthen as it goes, and to draw in, by the force of an unconscious sympathy, a thousand smaller streams that swell still more deeply the majestic flow of the mighty mass of the waters. It acts by disheartening the opposite party—deterring great numbers of them from engaging with interest and hope in the party contests,—loosening their hold upon vast numbers before deluded by misconception of the true issues involved, shaking their convictions of their former erroneous opinions, and transferring their attachments over to their more natural side,—and finally by securing the present zealous adherence of the large class who love the pride of party ascendency, the fortification of their feeble opinions by the testimonial of the approval of the majority and the excitement of the triumph of constant political victory—to leave out of the account the not inconsiderable numbers whom ambitious or interested motives may marshal under the banners of the acknowledged dominant party. During the progress of the panic of last year this idea was frequently referred to by the Whigs, as containing an assurance of the completion of that popular revolution against the Democratic ascendency which appeared to them to have begun, and to have swollen up against it so overwhelmingly in so short a period. While assenting to the general truth of the principle, we always denied its application in that instance; since it was easy to trace, to our own satisfaction, the political revulsion of that period to adequate accidental causes of panic and sudden delusion, calculated to be as brief in duration as they were sweeping in their immediate action. In the present instance, no candid opponent can venture to raise an objection to the complete and decisive application of the principle in our favor; nor can a single circumstance be adduced in contravention of the view here presented of it,—setting aside, of course, as unentitled t notice, the silly pretences about the universal corruption of the ballot-boxes, the importation of foreign voters and of British sovereigns, the office-holders, the abolitionists, &c., &c. Under the influence of this natural tendency, we feel fully assured that this movement must and will result in securing to the Democratic party and the

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Administration which represents it, and is animated by its principles and spirit, a greater majority, over the whole extent of the Union, and a more secure and consolidated ascendency that it has ever perhaps yet possessed.

There is an evident analogy between the present state of things, in this respect, and that which existed at the close of the late war. The same Federal party which as now again been worsted in its death-grapple with the Democracy, had maintained a contest with the Republican party characterized by many of the same features that have marked the late one. It had been similarly furious and bitter—similarly factious and unpatriotic*—similarly illiberal and un-American—similarly exultant and rejoicing in the hour of darkest national distress and disgrace—and similarly, on several occasions, apparently on the eve of that success which would have been the greatest calamity that could have befallen the country. All know how utterly, hopelessly prostrate was the Federal party after the close of that long and arduous struggle.

The people never could, and never will forgive it. Want of nationality, of patriotism, they never forgive, and never fail in the end justly to appreciate. Error of judgment is always venial, and may be disguised and explained away by sophistry, that will not be too closely scrutinized after time has begun to smooth it over with the dimness and oblivion of the past,—but corruption of heart the people have an infallible instinct to perceive, and a relentless severity to punish. Now there has been a selfish and sordid character in the course of the late Opposition, which, we feel sure, has utterly undermined the foundations of all respect and confidence of the people at large. So many of their prominent leaders and champions, both in the press and in legislative hall, have by their own conduct brought a heavy weight of moral odium on their cause, by reason of their being sustained and caressed by their party instead of receiving the reprobation which party spirit ought not to have been suffered to mitigate,—so many acts of unequivocal profligacy of partisanship remain in the memory of the people—such as the rejection of Mr. Van Buren,—the factious abuse of the proper functions of the Senate in dealing with so many other of the appointments of President Jackson,—the exultation at the severe disasters of the country which seemed to promise a hope of overthrowing the existing Government,—the inverse coincidence be-

* We do not mean to be understood as characterizing personally by these terms, either the whole body of the old Federalists, who were, in the main, a fine, high and true-hearted set of men, though behind their age and the institutions of their country—nor that of our present political opponents; while the terms are in both cases, applicable, and most truly applicable, to the general character of party course into which we have seen both led by the vehemence of opposition, the bitterness of partisanship poured into the contests by the moneyed interests, which had entered into the field in a mutually pernicious alliance with political principles—and the morbid excess of that ambition which is converted by misdirection from virtue into vice

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tween the rejoicing of faction and the distress of patriotism, and the joy of patriotism, at the revival of the national prosperity and the dismay of faction, at the falsification of its prophecies and the failure of its hopes,—the complete identification between the Opposition and the Bank of the United States, not weakened by any late and reluctant disavowals, though rendered by them still more odious,—the powerful bonds of base pecuniary interest known to connect so many of their prominent leaders with that institution, especially some of those whose adoption of these bonds was simultaneous with an apostacy from the Democratic cause—the uniform inclination of their sympathies in behalf of the stranger and the foe, in every collision with a foreign force in which the Government of their common country has become involved, whether civilized, savage, or semi-savage—their triumph in the stigma of *bankruptcy* which themselves, most unfairly, strove to fasten upon that Government—their incessant struggle to embarrass the action of the Goverment even to the point of arresting it, and to defeat every measure it proposed, without even affecting a desire to substitute any others—their actual parracidal efforts to degrade the credit of that Government and to depreciate the temporary paper securities it was compelled to issue as a measure of relief to the very interests thus ungratefully hostile to itself—these are but a few of the recollections the people will always retain of the spirit which has characterized this long protracted struggle on the part of the Opposition; and we cannot entertain a doubt that their effect will be to make that old time-honored though abused name of "Whig" not less odious, as a party designation, than was that of "Federalists" has been ever since the period we here referred to.

And now, keeping in view this general analogy between the present state of things and that which existed at the close of the war, when the Federal opposition lay similarly prostrate and exhausted, it is to be hoped—and watchfully guarded against—that the Democratic party will not again commit the same errors which then began to disorganize its consistency; and which, undermining the foundations of its ascendancy, resulted in actually bringing Federalism into power, and in imparting to it a strength which has cost so severe and protracted a struggle again to subdue. Those errors were, on the part of the party itself, as a body, that it forgot its own vital and conservative principle of pure democracy, and did not perceive, that the tendency to consolidation of power about the Federal Administration—which, under the most plausible pretexts, then made a gigantic stride, in undertaking the regulation of the great interests of manufactures, commerce and paper currency, internal improvements, &c.—was in truth a suicidal course; and was such an unconscious faithlessness to its own fundamental principle, as could not but result in the pernicious consequences which were, in truth, soon seen to develope themselves out of that un-

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healthy tendency. Such was the great error on the part of the Democracy. That on the part of its leaders was a greater one, to which, in fact, the other is mainly to be attributed. It consisted in that personal ambition on the part of some, four or five of its favorite 'great men,' which engaged them immediately in a mutual rivalry for the ascendancy. Here was the *prima mali labes.* Hence the paralyzing dissensions—hence the "good-feelings"—hence the smooth modifications of the stern plainness of pure democracy, whose course is ever onward, as a progressive, reforming principle, instead of backward, or, what is not much better, the stationary clinging to the present—hence the feelers put forth towards Federalism by the great rival Republicans, to court that auxiliary support which promised to ensure the triumph over his competitors to whoever could bid highest for it at the sacrifice of the greatest amount of his democracy—hence the anti-democratic measures, and the new alliances and affinities which finally resulted in those political apostacies which, could metamorphose the HENRY CLAY of that day into the HENRY CLAY of this. Profound lesson of political morality! We trust that all the prominent men of the present day will lay it to heart; and pondering it well will educe from it a living realization of the great golden rule, that *honesty is the only policy,*—that in dealing with the suspicious vigilance, and the instinctive sagacity, of a great enlightened democracy, the way is straight and the path narrow that leads to its confidence—that the innocence of the dove is the true wisdom of the serpent,—and that if they would aspire to crown their political life with the highest honors with which the attachment of the people can reward the good and faithful servant, they must go straight forward with the march of the age, in single-hearted purity and transparency of course, shunning equally the by-paths of intrigue and the indecent restlessness and haste of ambition, and patiently and contentedly *biding their time and their turn.*

The best fruit of the present victory is, the evidence which it contains of the truth of our cardinal principle, the competency of the people for self-government. It must add a great stimulus to the Democratic cause. If we were democrats before, our confidence in the soundness of our political theory, and our zeal in the maintenance of its high and noble truths, could not but have received a new confirmation and a new incentive to enthusiasm. Who, that has stood firmly by the glorious cause that we sustain, through the dark period of danger and trial through which it has had to pass, does not feel proud of his political faith—proud of the people who have so well vindicated that faith from the aspersions lavished upon it by that shallow sciolism which cannot rise to its elevation, nor expand to its comprehensiveness—and proud of the leaders of his party who have so well justified the confidence that raised them to their arduous posts of honor? Who does not feel, in the high

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position, in which this fine triumph places our party, a more than ample reward for the difficult fortitude which it required, during its late season of seemingly overwhelming adversity, to bear up against the general storm of odium and reviling which assailed the Democratic cause; and to listen unmoved to the exulting taunts with which its approaching doom of downfall, already seemingly pronounced and sealed, was hailed—especially in those sections of country and classes of society where the general current of opinion usually sets most strongly against it? We can well afford to be magnanimous in the consummation of so noble a victory; and it will behove us to prove not unworthy of it, by a generous moderation in prosperity equal to the calm fortitude which rebuked all the insolence of adversaries so bitter and loud in their scorn, in our day of adversity.

But, above all, the true mode to profit best by it is to let the lessons of principle which it teaches sink more deeply, and with a more real and living power, into our minds. The PEOPLE, who have so nobly justified our confidence, and vindicated their own sagacity, integrity, justice, and full competency for self-government whenever their "Sober Second Thought" has time to come into play—in a degree so signal as even to exceed our own most sanguine expectations—let us never distrust them, never doubt them, never fear them. Let us never hesitate to approach them in candor, confidence, and not only with the truth but the whole truth. The more closely we draw the bands of Union between them and their representative agents, of all grades, characters and functions, the better. The more immediate the communication, and the more intimate the harmony, between the two, the stronger will the latter be in all in which they should be strong, and the less powerful for evil, in all in which the strength of the Government is the weakness of the people. And let us never fear to commit our safety to a principle of the soundness and true Democratic spirit of which our convictions are once well assured. However the smooth and oily tongue of *expediency* may insinuate danger and present sacrifice, and advise that temporizing policy which is so often, practically, the abandonment of principle, let us not, when once we see our way clearly onward, heed the subtle voice that would paralyze, as with an evil spell, all that is generous, free, energetic and noble, in the young Democracy in whose hands rests the destinies of our country, and of far more than our country. The *people* have justified our trust in our political faith, and our confidence in them—in one of the greatest and finest of party triumphs ever obtained, under such a heavy combination of disadvantages—let us never be false to the people. A *principle* has proved its own indestructible vitality and its own invincible power, and has saved us out of the jaws of destruction—let us never be false to a principle. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

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THE COMING SESSION.

WHAT will the "Whigs" do at the present session of Congress —what will they say? Or rather what can they do—what can they say? That is the question—and a question easier for us to put, than for them to answer.

We shrewdly apprehend that not a few of their leading politicians will re-assemble within the halls of the Capitol, on the approaching "First Monday," with feelings much akin to those with which that unfortunate day is regarded by reluctant school-boys all the world over, and which have gained for it the expressive *soubriquet* of "Black Monday," or, according to another equally common reading, "*Blue* Monday." The latter color, perhaps, would be the most appropriate to its present application,—unless the combination of the two, forming that uncertain sort of double hue, a *blue-black*, might more expressively typify the present nondescript, indefinable ambiguity of their opinions and principles as a party.

The memories of many of them, in the process of resuming their accustomed posts, must doubtless revert, by natural association, to the same occasion one little twelvemonth ago. The association of contrast is not less vivid and rapid in recalling the scenes and impressions of the past, than the association of similarity. The reminiscence must be a most dismally unsatisfactory one; for if the enjoyment of present affluence is enhanced by the recollection of former distress, how sadly reversed the effect, of the contrast of present poverty with the boundless profusion of a former day—especially when that present poverty is unrelieved by the sustaining consolation of *a good conscience!*

They then came with bold and haughty front, like the giant exulting in his might, which scorns and scoffs at the resistance to be anticipated from an enfeebled and exhausted foe. It must be confessed that they had the Administration indeed at sore disadvantage. There was the actual distress—the suspension—the stagnation of

industry and business, under the reaction of their former morbid state of excitement—the failure of the State bank "Experiment"—the fulfilment of the threats of disaster so long and loudly thundered against it by the partisans of the Bank of the United States—the apparent necessity, to superficial thinkers, of a return to the protection of a powerful central "regulator" to the disordered chaos of the paper currency—as strong a *prima facie* case against a dominant party, as was ever made out, by an Opposition vigorous, eloquent, ingenious, and thoroughly versed in all the *ad captandum* arts of partisanship. There was the zeal of hope, now stimulated to a certainty of confidence unknown before, by overwhelming triumphs in all the important popular elections, against the discouragement of division and universal disaster. Never, indeed, was an Administration more hard bested. Never did all circumstances combine to apply a more perfect test to the power of truth and principle, to sustain, single-handed, a cause seemingly abandoned to the destruction of the wrath to come, by every other auxiliary force or influence.

But the Administration stood firm as the rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. We cannot sufficiently express our admiration of that noble and gallant stand. It was one of those crises that occur but at rare intervals, and then teach men great lessons of political truth, worth the experience of centuries, and which remain forever stamped on a nation's history in letters of living light. May those lessons be but rightly read and deeply felt. We have before given some general remarks on the lessons we have been taught by the severe ordeal of the late critical struggle, and shall develope our views on the subject more fully in future Articles. Our present immediate purpose leads us in rather a different direction.

Overflowing as they were, at the commencement of the last session, with the amplest materials of partisan attack; argument, invective, sarcasm, and all the terrors of panic in a highly excited state of the public mind, how sad, we repeat, the contrast which the Opposition orators must now experience, as they cast about for some "available" means of prosecuting the contest, of which the present period again brings round the necessity of a renewal! Again we ask—and in all soberness and sincerity "only for information"—what will they, what can they have to say? We are indeed at a loss to conjecture; and verily fear that, for very lack even of the slender material usually requisite for the purpose, there will be a lamentable falling off in those copious torrents of Whig eloquence which have been wont to flood the country, at every session, with such a deluge of rhetoric. We shall not again witness the spectacle of last winter, when some three or four scores of bursting orators were to be seen, ranged around in concentric horse-

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shoe curves,—like so many bottles of spruce-beer, or ginger-pop, straining at their corks, on a sultry summer's day, with all the fury of the frothy effervescence 'cabin'd, crib'd, confined' within them —each ready with his thunderbolt to hurl, flashing and pealing, upon the devoted head of this most patient of Administrations; and each tormented with anxiety lest the favorable hour should escape him, and all the patriotic eloquence of wrath, intended to electrify all "Bunkum," should die away, for want of a satisfactory opportunity of getting the floor, 'unsyllabled, unsung!' A very different spectacle, we venture to predict, will the Speaker have to look round upon at the present session; and as we have often before looked with commiseration upon his unfortunate position, we now tender him our sincere congratulation upon the agreeable contrast to be anticipated.

If we cannot answer the question, of what they will say, it is easy to answer that, of what they will not and cannot say.

Shall we hear again for example, of the ruin brought upon the country by the ignorant "tampering" of this reckless and profligate Administration? Shall we again be pointed to a depreciated currency, an annihilated commerce, a paralyzed industry, an universal distress and distrust, and hear that Administration charged with all the guilt, and held to all the responsibility of this sudden complication of disaster? Shall we again be referred to the sweeping series of Whig triumphs, in all parts of the Union, as that universal sentence of condemnation against the men and measures of the Democratic party, which was to be regarded as decisive of the truth of the charges urged against them, and of the ignominious fate which was soon to visit them with a just, though long delayed retribution? Shall we hear these strings again harped on as of old? Alas, they are too far gone, with time and usage, to yield any more the eloquent music of their first freshness! All this was then urged, powerfully, ingeniously, brilliantly—while the people was still groaning under the actual distress—while the Administration thus charged was still refusing to lend itself to any of the temporary palliatives, for which the suffering interests were so loudly clamoring, and was insisting on following out the same policy to a still further developement of its principles. Yet has it all failed—and, worse than failure, has recoiled upon the party that then so vehemently urged these topics. It is evident that the giant of Democracy, cast for a season to the ground, has gathered itself up with a renewed vigor drawn from the bosom of its mother earth. The charges were made and met, under every circumstance favorable to the accuser and hostile to the accused; and it is manifest that the verdict is already made up, as one of acquittal. The issue was joined on such ground that no middle alternative remained. The one party or the other was right, the decision of which in favor of

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either must cast upon the other an overwhelming weight of odium from which it could never hope to recover. The long protracted campaign of political warfare had plainly reached its close; the balance so long held in doubtful suspense could not now but settle itself decisively; and the one party or the other must be left in undisputed possession of the whole field of contest. This truth does not admit of question. The spell of Jacksonism was broken. There were no longer any adventitious circumstances to bias the public judgment, in favor of the Administration, or the substantial merits of the great issue between the parties—no enthusiasm of personal popularity—no delusive paper-money prosperity—none of the consolidated organization of a great majority, continuing to retain the ascendency because once possessed of it. The Administration a year ago was unquestionably in a minority—perhaps we may even safely say, in a small minority—over the Union. A Presidential election at that period would have hurled it out of power, and would have carried in the Opposition almost by acclamation. We have more than once, during the course of the year, made the same admission. If, now, under such relative circumstances, an Administration so situated should be seen maintaining an unquailing front—exhibiting an unwavering confidence of ultimate triumph—meeting and repelling every charge, and hurling them back on its assailants—justifying itself fully by profound and thorough argument on the principles involved on the controversy at issue, and proving, from the very catastrophe unjustly imputed to its misconduct, the soundness of its views and the wisdom of carrying them still further out into practice—and then, within one short year, gradually but surely recovering itself from the first shock of the tempest—not only saving itself from destruction, and maintaining its ground, but regaining much that it had lost, and working its way upward from minority to majority—exhibiting every where immense gains over the results of the elections of last year—recovering Democratic States then lost, and even winning over States that had been under the sway of Federalism from time immemorial—what candid observer, we ask, on such a spectacle, can deny the complete triumph of that Administration; a triumph establishing its ascendency on an impregnable basis, and the overwhelming overthrow of that Opposition, an overthrow to be soon followed, of certain necessity, by its inevitable dissolution.

We may safely, then, assume that these topics will be virtually abandoned. They have been already strained to the utmost, and have proved but "Love's Labor Lost." Again to serve up that same *crambe bis récocta* would be too nauseating to the stomach of the public sense; and certainly if not effectual last year, but little is to be hoped from a repetition of the dose at the present time. For it is fairly to be presumed, that if its operation has hitherto

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been to gain over to the Administration States long bitterly hostile to it, and to enable it to recover the States lost last year, (with the exception of one, in which, however, the Whig majority has been reduced about *six thousand*) the only effect of its continuance must be to complete the recovery of that one, within the course of another revolution of the Earth around the Sun.

These topics being, then, exhausted and unavailable, what material will remain for the exercise of that eloquence, whose thunders have so often reverberated amidst the multiplied echoes of the Hall of Representatives? It is plainly impossible to get up another panic; and unless an auspicious fortune throw into the midst some minor apples of discord, on incidental questions that may chance to arise, such Whig orators as are determined to make speeches of some sort or other, will find themselves reduced, for very dearth of something to say, to congratulate the Administration on the happy effects of its firm attitude, and of the public sentiment which it stimulated; in forcing the banks from behind their "cotton-bags," compelling a resumption of specie payments and reviving the healthy business of the country, some years earlier, in all probability, than would have been the case, had it yielded to the clamors of the Opposition, and the demands of the moneyed and mercantile interests, at the period of the suspension. This would be a topic worthy of their eloquence and their liberality, and we beg leave particularly to commend it to their attention.

It is not more easy to anticipate what they will *do*, than what they will *say*. One thing is very certain—that they cannot rest for another session on the same ground that they occupied through the two last, that of *inertia*, of doing nothing, and suffering nothing to be done by the Administration. The period within which mere temporizing expedients might profess some show of decency, has gone by. The banks *have* resumed, and healthy confidence *is* restored. Business *has* revived. No farther excuses are possible for the postponement of action, and for confining the efforts of the Opposition to the simple frustration of the destructive fury of the Administration. They must now come forth openly and manfully, and stand on the merits of their own measures, and no longer on the mere negative ground of opposing those of their adversaries. Their two sections, of National Bank Whigs and State Bank Conservatives, must now come together, and on comparing notes must settle between themselves upon which of their respective lines of policy they will unite. The issue can no longer remain "Sub-Treasury or No Sub-Treasury," but must be, positively and distinctly, between the former on the one hand, and a National Bank, or else a State Bank system, on the other. This can no longer be avoided, no longer procrastinated. They cannot again leave the public treasury in its present unsettled and exposed condition, with

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very inadequate provisions of law for its security, and dependent mainly on Executive responsibility. They cannot do so without a virtual confession of that mere dishonest factiousness of opposition, which would revolt the blindest of the partisans they are yet able to delude.

And which of the two can they take? Is it to be expected that the main bulk of their party will yield to the handful of Conservatives whose importance has consisted solely in the ability which the peculiar relations of parties have given them, for a time, of casting the nicely suspended balance in favor of the Opposition? Can the former forget and unsay all their speeches of the last three or four years preceding the suspension? Can they take up the "Pet Bank" System after it has proved by experience the truth of the worst anticipations of evil, with which they themselves so long and loudly under other circumstances, denounced it? or can they again take it as they before offered, confessedly as a "half-way" gradation to a National Bank, for the express purpose of forcing the country upon the latter by a repetition of its own disastrous failure? They cannot take it at all. It would be too gross and too flagrant a contempt of all honesty and consistency. Or even if thus assumed, it will be plainly impossible to escape any longer the explicit and direct statement of the issue, as between *the Independent Treasury* and *a National Bank.*

To this complexion it must come at last. And yet on the other hand, how is that any more possible than the other alternative? A proposition of that character could scarcely command much more than one-third of either branch of Congress, when two-thirds of both would be requisite to carry it. The favor it would be likely to experience at the hands of the people may be sufficiently inferred from the pains which that party have recently taken to disavow its responsibility. Dare the Conservatives yet come out openly on this ground, before the spring elections, if previous to the late elections the Whig convention at Utica, New York, in sole reference to them felt itself compelled to disclaim it. They will not dare to do so, though that will not avail to arrest the ripening of the question, which must simplify itself, more and more plainly every day, down to the single leading issue already stated.

In the actual impossibility, then, which exists, of an union of the two sections of the Opposition upon any other measure,—and the equal impossibility of again adjourning without establishing some legalized system for the administration of the public finances, without openly forfeiting whatever portion of public respect or confidence yet remains to them as a party,—we cannot see what the Whigs can or will do, but to suffer the Independent Treasury bill to pass. It is certainly an embarrassing and mortifying position for them to occupy, but what alternative is there open to them?

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Something must be done—the Administration offers a positive measure—and they cannot choose but either to accept it, or offer a substitute; and bitter as may be the necessity of the former, it is less hard for them to bear, in the present state of things, than the *onus* of the latter. We cannot, therefore, but think it extremely probable that the Congress which has twice rejected the Executive propositions for the independence of the Treasury, will not terminate its political existence on the fourth of March next, without an acknowledgment of its own former error, by establishing the same as the law of the land, confining their opposition to the mere modification of some of its stronger features.

In their internal concerns they appear to be placed in circumstances of no less embarrassment than those already adverted to, in their open relations with the Democratic party and the country. Their Presidential convention is to assemble in September of next year, and the present session must be so managed as to restore some degree of harmony to their distracted counsels on this subject. Last year all appeared straight and smooth. The name of Mr. Clay then blazed on high, resplendent with triumph, and eclipsing all imaginable pretensions on the part of inferior competitors.

——————Sicut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Mr. Clay's enjoyment of his palmy pride of place, in the ranks of his party, was manifest on a thousand occasions. It is still fresh in the memory of all who will now have to look upon him in the very different light of his present position. There was then a boldness in his bearing, a triumph in his eye, an exulting confidence in all his words and acts, which attested the intensity of his enjoyment of even that distant approach to the consummation of his long deferred and often baffled hopes. He seemed then nearer to that long coveted prize than he had ever been before—than he can ever be again. Alas, for the fleeting character of human enjoyments! Thus passeth away the glory of the earth! Confident in the position of his party, Mr. Clay, at the last session—by way of securing his prominence and ascendancy in it, by placing himself still more unequivocally than before at the very head of counter-revolution which he supposed triumphant in favor of a National Bank,—brought forth his great *projet de loi*, of a new one with enlarged capital and an altered location. Yet we have seen the Whig party, in the very State whose attachment was to be secured to himself by this magnificent bid, undertaking to *disavow a National Bank!* Mr. Clay has overleaped himself, and fallen on 't'other side!' It is a bad combination, unprincipled ambition with too bold and sanguine a temperament. If he was an "unavailable" before, by this very move designed to perfect the fancied strength of his position, he has made himself still more so. Not only is it perfectly manifest

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that the Whig candidate for the succession to the Presidency cannot have the slightest chance of success, but equally that Mr. Clay is no longer even the candidate of this party. It is plain that he must again bend his high-reaching spirit; and, still bitterer necessity! in favor either of the one he most despises, or the one he most hates!

But is so proud and soaring a spirit to be thus tamed and yoked, without a struggle? We confidently answer, no. If he cannot be the *first in the nation*, Henry Clay will not surrender the position of the *first in his party*, without an effort to retain it which will agitate and embarrass it in no inconsiderable degree. He cannot avert his fate, but he will not fall unresisting,—perhaps not unavenged; and, like the perishing strong man of old, we bid those beware who would mock him between the pillars of their gates!

For our own part we regret it. There is a something bold and manly and dashing about Mr. Clay which awakens a certain sort of admiration even in the minds of those who most condemn both his principles and his want of principle. If he is a mere political gambler, he at least plays a gallant and gentlemanly game, "bragging" daringly, dexterously, and high. There is not much *cant* about him, comparatively with most of the politicians of his time and his party; and when he does assume it, to impose upon the "swinish multitude" at a distance the affectation is made so transparent to those about him, and the burlesque so open and broad, that it loses the effect of hypocrisy, and is half forgiven, as being rather a good joke, on the part of one not professing any other maxim than that "all is fair in politics," than as being a piece of personal dishonesty, to be reprobated in the same manner as in the case of any other man. We have therefore a certain kind of liking for Mr. Clay, and should regret to witness the mortification which must attend his dethronement from the place in his party that he occupied so proudly last year. And since the slight rally of encouragement afforded to the Whigs by the result of the New York Election, may still, it is to be presumed, induce them to attempt to contest the next Presidential Election (contrary to all the apparent probabilities before it took place) we should vastly prefer to see it done under something more than a mere man of straw for a leader.

And moreover, we assure our friends the Whigs, in all sincerity, that Mr. Clay is still, after all, their strongest man; and if they feel confident of being a fourth time beaten under him, it is the misfortune and weakness of their cause, and no individual fault of his, relatively to the other members of his party. Destitute as he is of a chance at the South, weak as he has become at the West, in some portions of the North he does possess a certain kind of popularity with his party to which his humble competitor of North Bend can make no pretension; and for him they may yet be willing to make

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a struggle, which, made in behalf of one for whom they themselves do not affect to dissemble their contempt, would be spiritless and feeble indeed. And certainly in the recent demonstration of the exact measure of his strength in Pennsylvania and Ohio, General Harrison has clearly forfeited all that claim on the Whig party which he before derived from his political insignificance, and his comparative freedom from personal objection. He was, before, the candidate of mere *opposition*,—the representative of nothing but of the mere negative prejudice against the Administration, on the part of a large proportion of the Whig party, growing out of the long and embittered political struggles of late years. But we have already seen that, from the progress of the contest and the development of the issues between the two parties, the Whigs can no longer occupy that mere negative ground. In the nature of things it is impossible. They must either virtually abandon the contest, which we have no doubt they would have done, but for the unexpected encouragement of the late New York election; or they must enter into it manfully on the strength of avowed principles and measures, of some sort or other. If they again shrink from that course, and again go through the campaign of another Presidential canvass not as a *party*, but as a mere *opposition*, which is clearly nothing more nor less than a mere *faction*, they cannot fail to encounter an overthrow still more easy, inglorious, and decisive of their political fate.

It would be difficult, then, to conceive a state of circumstances more embarrassing to a party than those under which the Whigs come to the Capitol at the present session, to meet their Democratic opponents face to face before the nation. All their old arguments exhausted or exploded—their charges repulsed and rebuked by a grand popular movement in favor of the Administration, too unequivocal to admit of serious question—the impossibility of longer postponing the adoption of some positive and decisive position, and the equal impossibility of agreeing upon one, or of venturing to assume it, if agreed upon,—dissension distracting their counsels from within, from the simple want of any principle of union, and hopeless impracticibility staring them in the face in every direction in which they might attempt a distinct movement—we again ask, unenlightened by the most candid reflections we can bestow on the subject, what can they say, what can they do? and must be content to await patiently the answer that time alone can bring to the question.

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DIDIER'S YEAR IN SPAIN.

THERE is perhaps no country in the world whose national character has been so little understood as that of Spain. This very interesting work, which has recently been published in Paris, throws considerable light upon a subject of the highest interest, at a moment when this singular nation is convulsed by a civil war, marked by the most uncommon and opposite features of ferocity and heroism. It is a subject of much regret that the modern literature of France is so little known or appreciated in this country. Apart from the more cultivated natives of the country, resident among us, a very limited circle here, only, is acquainted with its richness and variety, and few indeed of the numerous important works which are continually appearing in Paris, in every branch of science and literature, ever reach our shores, much less become known to the mass of our population.

A few extracts, translated from the work of an intelligent and accurate observer, as we turn over its pages, will give to our readers, for instance, some new and interesting glimpses of Spanish history and politics, from a quarter where, we venture to say, a large proportion of them would not have become acquainted with them, and the touching details of the Young Napoleon's short and mournful destiny, which we gave in a late number from the well known work of Montbel, were found to possess as much freshness of interest and attraction, as if the palace doors of the child of destiny had then first been opened to the imagination of every reader. Again and again, we shall return to the stores of French literature.

The first volume contains a narrative of the author's arrival at Barcelona; an account of Saragossa, Madrid, and Toledo; portraits of the most distinguished members of the Spanish Ministry, during the last century, and a sketch of the events that have taken place since the marriage of Ferdinand VII. with Christina, now Regent.

We will begin our extracts with the following remarks on the capital of Catalonia:

"Barcelona bears some resemblance to Palermo; but, as far as manners, customs, and civilization are concerned, is to Spain, what Milan is to Italy. Since the decay of Cadiz, it has been the principal commercial town of the peninsula. It surpasses the capital in wealth and elegance. It is, of all the Spanish towns, that in which the theatre is the most constantly attended. The opera is often well organized; but they have little national music. Rossini reigns as an absolute master over the hearts of the Catalonian *dilettanti*. The Barcelonian is essentially maritime. He is adventurous and loves the sea; the greater part of the emigrants, who, during the last century, went to seek their fortune in the Indies, were natives of Barcelona."

*Une année en Espagne, par Charles Didier, 2 Tomes.—Paris, 1838.

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After remaining thirty-eight hours at Barcelona, the author proceeded to Bruch, a miserable village which derives its whole celebrity from the Benedictine convent in its vicinity.

"The guide I hired at Bruch," says M. Didier, "is, I think, the personification of a Spanish peasant. Before setting off, he had prudently provided himself with a leathern bottle of wine. When he became hungry, he, with a very nonchalant air, made me a sign to stop, and seating himself by the road side, took a piece of bread, and a handful of nuts, out of his portmantle, which he quietly ate, not forgetting to invite me to share in his frugal repast. There is something in this *sans-gêne* that pleases me, for it proceeds from a feeling of pride and of personal dignity that is noble in itself, and that seldom disgusts one with low and servile obsequiousness. False shame is unknown in Spain. The poorest peasant speaks to the king without being abashed; but notwithstanding the ease and freedom of his manners, he possesses uncommon tact, and never infringes on the rules of politeness and respectful reserve. You never have to dread his becoming indiscreet or troublesome from being treated with familiarity."

M. Didier, although a *Christinos*, gives no very flattered portrait of the Queen Regent. Of her daughter, the innocent Isabella, he says:

"It is a singular, and, truth to tell, ridiculous sight, to see the monarchy of Charles V., the monarchy of Spain, and of the Indies, represented by a doll, four years old, who has been taught to smile and bow. I saw her infantine Majesty driving on the Prado. She wore an immense hat and blue feathers that threatened to crush her. She is exceedingly like her father, and looks like a little old woman."

Solemn illustration of human folly! In this country, where the divine principles of Democracy have made the once awful mysteries of Government as simple as the parent's control of his child, and rendered every man of the land's millions, a participant of the national sovereignty, it seems almost as impossible to believe that millions of rational and educated human beings, are so firmly persuaded of the Divine right of this poor infant to rule over them,—so devout in the belief that Heaven has endowed it with a sacred knowledge of the arcana of government for ever occluded to themselves, that blood has been spilt like water, and years of national horrors, wretchedness, and crime, have been endured like a fate and a necessity, to secure to her the throne and the perpetual privilege of monarchy without molestation—as it was for the Japanese Emperor of old, to credit the first Dutch voyager's relation that once every year in his country the water became so hard that men and horses could walk over it in security. And is not the same spectacle, in a state of peace and harmony, witnessed also in England, the honored land of our fathers, exulting under the Heaven-born sway of a young woman who, under a better political system, would be deemed trusted to the extent of her capacity, were she to have the management of her household. In Thibet the grand Llama, is viewed with the same reverence and allegiance, and wields as much power, as beneficially, certainly, for the happiness of the governed.

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The author's judgment of the Spanish character, is, we think, correct, and appears to account for the duration of the present struggle, and the apparent indifference manifested by the mass of the nation as to the ultimate success of Carlos or Christina.

"The Spaniard does not see what he can win or lose by the triumph of either party. He will stand by the window to see Isabella or Don Carlos pass; he has no more sympathy with one than with the other; he has always been so badly governed that he has no hope of being well governed. Any government seems to him an evil, and the consequence of this is, that he has become resigned to it as we are resigned to sickness, death, or any other evil. As to civil war, he bears it as he bore the cholera. It seems as if so slow and deliberate a people ought, by way of compensation, to be an extremely reflecting and provident people, but quite the contrary; no one in this country calculates, every one acts from impulse."

The second volume of M. Didier's work contains a short biographical notice of Mina and Zumalacarregui; an account of the Spanish Government during the last century; a visit to Seville, etc., together with much curious and general information as to the present state of Spain. Among the sketches given of the most distinguished members of the Cortes, we select the following of Martinez de la Rosa:

"Martinez de la Rosa was born at Granada, in 1788, and possesses all the flowery and flowing eloquence of his countrymen. He early began the study of the law, and the French invasion of 1808 found him occupying a professor's chair at Granada. When this city was taken by the French, the young professor found a refuge at Cadiz, the last and inviolable sanctuary of Spanish independence, where he wielded his pen in the most sacred of causes. He abstained from mixing in all public affairs until 1813, when he was named deputy of the Cortes, by his native town. The national assembly, which at first met at Cadiz, was transferred to Madrid, after the retreat of the French army, where it continued its sittings for some time. After the return of Ferdinand, Martinez was one of the first victims offered to the ingratitude of the royal perjuror. After having languished for two years in imprisonment, he was transported, without trial, and by means of a simple *lettre de cachet*, to the African fortress of Penan de Velez, an unhealthy rock, where he lived, or rather vegetated, for four long years, when the revolution of 1820 released him, and a government vessel brought him in triumph to his country. He was reelected by the town of Granada, and appeared once more in the Cortes. He took his seat among the moderate party, and inspired Ferdinand with sufficient confidence to induce him to confide the reins of government to those hands he had formerly loaded with fetters. Martinez was named minister of foreign affairs and entrusted with the formation of the cabinet. He fulfilled this duty, but without success. His resignation became indispensable, and he gave it five months after entering the ministry, (July, 1822.) He then gave a proof of disinterestedness which entitled him to that reputation he has since enjoyed. When he left the ministry, the official Gazette announced that he had refused the emoluments of his place and given them to the treasury. Another incident made considerable noise in the foreign newspapers. Martinez was accused of having, in concert with Ferdinand, meditated an arbitrary act against the constitution of 1812, which he desired to replace by a charter and two legislative chambers. The execution of this plan had already began. The Royal Guard rose in insurrection, but was put down by the National Guard. The resignation of Martinez soon followed this event. Thus, even in 1822, he showed considerable lukewarmness as to revolutionary ideas. The second restoration was more indulgent to him than the first; he was not even exiled. He voluntarily went to Italy, and from thence to Paris, where he gave himself up to literary

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pursuits, and was considered by his countrymen as entirely independent of politics. He took no share in the expedition of 1830, and soon after returned to Spain. * * * *

In less stormy times, Martinez de la Rosa would have made an excellent minister of the fine arts or public worship, but he was never destined to be placed at the head of a revolution. He is an honest man, but not a statesman, not even a man of business. His is not the talent of action, nor the instinct of reform. He is not so blind as not to see the abuses under which Spain labors; but he fears using the axe; he ventures to touch nothing with the hand of reform, because he fears being compelled to touch every thing. His eloquence is pompous; to exhibit it he requires the excitement of the forum; in a drawing-room he has no conversation. He has a bad memory and is obstinate, which two circumstances do not facilitate business.

On his return to Madrid, after an excursion to Valencia and Seville, M. Didier found that the ministry had resigned. Valdes has been named minister of war, but what will he, what can he do? His administration will be upright but powerless, I fear. It is not the minister who reigns, it is the army of official clerks. The minister issues orders, or signs a law voted by the Cortes, and then lies down to rest, believing that he has done something, while in reality he has done nothing. If the ordinance or law does not suit these tenants of the bureaux (and as they live upon abuses it may readily be imagined what laws suit them) it might as well not be passed; they have a thousand ways to prevent its being put into execution. Thus, in Spain, a law is often but a sheet of paper. I often see a young poet, a man of talent, but rather hotheaded, who has been exiled these three months, but who, nevertheless, goes to every ball, and meets Martinez de la Rosa every day on the Prado the fashionable walk of Madrid. The minister gives orders but it is thus they are executed. Valdes is minister, but how can he make war? Can he conjure up an army by magic? Can he coin money from the rocks of Navarre? Money is wanting—men are wanting; and besides, that almost supernatural enthusiasm, which alone leads a nation through a revolution, and which performed the miracles of the French republic."

M. Didier then goes on to say that he believes in the possibility of Don Carlos taking Madrid, but that even should he enter that city, he could not remain there.

"His reign, however, should it last but a day, would be a great calamity for Spain, where vengeance is implacable, and reaction horrible, but still, this calamity would be useful, by uniting in a compact body all the fractions of Spanish democracy, which are now dispersed and divided. An absolute government is no longer possible in Spain, and however contradictory may appear to be the scene offered by the peninsula, it will forever remain the domain of liberal ideas. I feel, therefore, no anxiety as to the final result of the struggle; the dogged perseverance of Don Carlos is in vain. The lukewarmness of the people for the cause of the Queen does not prove that they feel any devotion for Don Carlos; with few exceptions, the nation is neutral; now neutrality is not sympathy. An incontrovertable fact; one which has been proved by events, is, that if the Spanish nation has not yet rallied visibly to the new social order, it has, at least, completely separated itself from the ancient. It is in a state of doubt, of transition; it is deliberating before taking a decisive step. It takes its time for that, as for every thing; and when it has taken a resolution it need only breathe on the civil war in order to extinguish it."

The following remarks on Count Toreno, written at the time when he took the place of Martinez de la Rosa, may interest our readers:

"Some days before his fall, Martinez had solicited the intervention of the French. As soon as Toreno entered the cabinet, he renewed this request, which was refused. With the loss of the hope of foreign intervention, Toreno lost courage, and felt that he could no longer retain his post. But, to tell the truth, had Toreno undertaken the

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direction of affairs earlier; had he obtained the intervention, his reign would still have been transitory. Toreno is not the man of a revolution; he is sceptical and not ambitious. Without that firm conviction which produces civil virtues, he does not heartily embrace public principles, nor seriously embark in the public cause. Toreno, I repeat, is not ambitious. He does not aspire to power. He loves it not. Now ambition is a necessary virtue for a statesman; it is almost indispensable in any high social position; it is ambition which makes a great minister; it is ambition which triumphs over difficulties; it is by means of this passion that a name is imprinted on he rock of ages, and that the wo rld is shaken; without ambition there are no durat ble conceptions, no firm devotion to any cause, no great designs, no powerful execution! But here, be it understood, I speak not of that vulgar ambition that destroyed the temple of Ephesus. The love of notoriety is but an inferior appetite. Ambition is another thing! It is Julius Cæsar who pursues one only object for fifteen years; and then in the field of Pharsalia breaks the Roman patriciate; it is Richelieu who sees the end he proposes to himself, and marches steadily on to it; he dies, but with him expires the French aristocracy; he leaves the people and the throne; it is Napoleon who places the people on the throne, and inoculates Europe with plebian royalty. Such is ambition! and it is a ray of this ardent flame of life that I would wish to see in Toreno. I would, that the regeneration of Spain should be his constant idea; that he should devote himself to it, that he should resolve to accomplish it at any price. But he is not anxious to acquire fame by performing a glorious work. Besides he does not love Spain sufficiently. Accustomed, during his long exile, to European customs, his country seems to him barbarous, and so much behind all others, that he despairs of it. Such are the faults of Toreno."

Here our space compels us to close our translations from this valuable little work. We refer those of our readers who may wish to know more of it, to the original, which we doubt not can be readily procured.

SONNET

THE DISTANT LAND.

Ask him, if in that land beyond the sea
  Which I have pictured in my mind so fair,
  With fragrant hills and skies forever clear,—
Ask him, if in that land of melody
He pines to tread these quiet vales with me!
  If the warm spring, the ever balmy air,
  All that he sees, all that he smiles on there,
Awaken still the fount of memory!
Ask him, if in the lonesome hour of night
  He seeks the shadow of some silent grove,
  To whisper in that pale and holy light
Fond thoughts of endless and unconquered love!
Oh, ask him this, and tell him from my sight
Nor time, nor power, his image can remove.

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MEXICO AND TEXAS.*

ARTICLE SECOND.—MANIFESTO OF GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

In our former article upon the Campaign in Texas, in 1836, we drew largely upon "The Diary" of General Urrea, a publication marked by all the blunt honesty of the soldier, and bearing upon it the impress of manliness and truth. We now enter upon the examination of a document, the characteristics of which are the very reverse of all that we felt called upon to commend in the former publication. The "Manifesto" of General Santa Anna has more the air of a piece of special pleading, painfully and cautiously elaborated in the closet, than the strait-forward story of a soldier, penned in haste upon the drum-head, and amidst the tumult of the tented field. At every page, we are reminded of the wary policy of one who is studious to make the best of a bad cause, and compelled to mask the poverty of his reasoning under a profusion of rhetorical phrase, and periods rounded for effect. In a word, his composition smells more of the lamp, than of honest gunpowder. For instance, he talks of "la fortuna, y ella sola, cortò las álas à la victoria que nos venia á alcanzar," (fortune, and she alone, clipped the wings of that victory which was just alighting upon us;) the very plain and simple fact that Thompsontown was too important a post to leave in the hands of the enemy, figures thus: "En Tompson estuba aun la urna del destino, y quise apoderarme de sus decretos," (in Thompson stood the urn of destiny, and I wished to possess myself of its decrees;) but ere we reach the close of the sentence the trope is changed, and we have "me fué imposible asir esa ancora de salvacion," (it was impossible for me to grasp

* Diario Militar del General Jose Urrea, durante la Primera Campana de Tejas.—*Victoria de Durango*, 1836.

(Military Diary of General Jos. Urrea, during the first Texas Campaign.)

Manifesto que de sus Operaciones en la Campana de Tejas, y en su Cautiverio dirige a sus conciudadanos, el General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.—*Vera Cruz*, 1837.

(Manifesto of operations in the Campaign in Texas, and of his captivity, addressed to his fellow-citizens by General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.)

Exposician de los operaciones en la Campana de Tejas, del General D. Vicente Filisola.—*Mexico*, 1837.

(Exposition of operations in the Campaign of Texas, by General D. Vincent Filisola.)

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this anchor of salvation.) The battle of San Jacinto is characterized as "los mismos escombros donde se quiere sepultar mi gloria," (the very ruins under which it was sought to entomb my glory.) He describes himself as "mas desdichado que Manlio, acusado ante el pueblo Romano, las heridas recibidas por la patria, lejos de procurarme una absolucion injusta de un crimen cierto, son ellas mismas al recibirlas y al curarlas, los delitos de que tengo que vindicarme," (more unhappy than Manlius, accused before the Roman people,—the wounds received for my country, far from procuring an unjust absolution for a crime that was certain, are themselves, at the very moment I was receiving and dressing them, the delinquencies from which I have to vindicate myself.) Certain scribes in the Mexican newspapers had taken it into their heads to compare Santa Anna to Napoleon, and he takes cares to let us know the fact: "Algun periodista soñò comparar mis campañas á las de Napoleon, y mis enemigos esperaban que la de Tejas me seriatan funesta, como al héroe Corso la de Rusia," (some periodical writer bethought himself of comparing my campaigns to those of Napoleon, and my enemies hoped that that of Texas would prove as fatal to me, as that of Russia to the Corsican hero;) all this is curious, but the effect which he gravely describes these evil wishes of his enemies as producing on his mind, is still more so; "era para mi una inagotable fuente de reflecsiones desconsolatorias," (it was to me an inexhaustible source of desolating reflection.) Speaking of his imprisonment in Texas, he has the following flourish: "Yo me proponia, cuando escuchaba el çrugido de los grillos que me aherrojaban, en llegando à romperlos presentar las señales que en mi dejaron, en ofrenda á mi patria!" (I proposed to myself, while listening to the clanking of the chains by which I was held captive, that should I succeed in bursting them, I would present the marks they had left upon me as an offering to my country!) From this we may gather, that at least Santa Anna has no mean opinion of himself; but whether his country would feel flattered by such an oblation, and deem it of such paramount value, is another question. We might continue to amuse our readers with a hundred other specimens of the same tone—the true 'Ercles' vein'—but these are sufficient for our purpose. They will tend to throw more light upon the character of the man, and afford more certain data for estimating the calibre of his mind, than any portrait we could presume to attempt. We now proceed to the pamphlet itself.

In our former article, we traced the progress of the Texan campaign till towards the middle of April, 1836, up to which time every thing had succeeded favorably to the Mexicans. We now come to the memorable day on which the tide turned in favor of the young Republic; the battle of San Jacinto took place on the 21st April,

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and the capture of Santa Anna on the day following We will allow this grand actor in this extraordinary scene to tell his own story, or rather to draw up his own apology for his errors on that eventful day; and sorry we are that it comes in the shape of an apology; a round unvarnished tale, in the manner of Urrea, would have satisfied us far better. After Santa Anna has, in his usual vein, edified us with a most complaisant commentary on his skill in taking up a commanding position, and arranging his plan of attack, he surprises the reader with this question:

"But, if all things were thus favorable to us, and the military arrangements so good, whence comes it that the day of San Jacinto proved so fatal to us? It is to be ascribed to the disproportion of recruits in the five hundred men commanded by General Cos, who, as is well known, are not only unavailable in action, but cause the greatest disorder, especially in irregular movements, and in case of a surprise. It was also owing to the sending on of a convoy which I had prohibited, and which, for its safe conveyance, deprived me of one hundred, out of five hundred men I had sent for. It is also in part attributable to the interception of a letter, and of the officer bearing the same, which, contrary to my express orders, was sent from Thompson. It was no less due to excessive fatigue, and want of provisions for the five hundred men of General Cos, and for my escort; being pressed by imperious necessity, I had allowed them to use the rations of the former. It was likewise owing to the contempt, well founded enough up to the present time, though carried to excess, with which our troops had taught themselves to look upon the ever-flying foe. It also arose from the sinuous nature of the ground occupied by us, which enabled the enemy to occupy a wood to the right, and of which, through a relaxation of the vigilance recommended by me, they at last, by a desperate effort, possessed themselves. None of these causes depended directly or indirectly on myself; all I can be considered responsible for is physical debility, or after having marched the whole of the previous day, and spending the night in watching, and the morning on horseback, I yielded to repose, which I was unfortunately induced to prolong in consequence of the delay of General Cos' troops. As General-in-Chief, I had fulfilled my duty, by disposing every thing on the field, and issuing the necessary orders; as a man, I yielded to the insurmountable necessity of nature, which cannot, I think, with justice be charged as a crime against any general, or me, much less when it took place at mid-day, underneath a tree, and in the camp itself; a proof that I did not abandon myself immoderately to that which, after all, is but a comfort a balm, or gentle tribute to human nature, with which the greatest men have been unable to dispense, not excepting HIM, the great military exemplar of our age; and yet for this they were not accused of rashness and want of foresight, and due caution. We were conquered at San Jacinto, and, on the twenty-second of April, I was brought into the presence of the Texan leader, Houston."

The reader will not fail to remark, that while the hero of Tampico enters into so elaborate an apology for taking a nap in the middle of the day, he adroitly glides over, in two short lines, the very delicate scene of his capture by a single Texan soldier, on the twenty-second, and the curious minutiæ by which that capture was attended. Another important fact is also covered with the decent veil of silence, but which is notorious to all Santa Anna's countrymen, and that is, the *motive* by which he was induced to undertake this march in advance of his main body, with a mere handful of his forces. It is known to have originated in a feeling altogether un-

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worthy of one aspiring to the character of a patriot, a feeling which should have been merged in the greatness of the object he had in view, in which were involved interests so vital to his country. It was a mean feeling of cupidity. He had received information that Galveston Bay was the great point of meeting for those who waited, with *all their valuables* around them, the issue of the campaign; and it was the strong desire of securing something more solid than etherial glory, that led him, by forced marches, in that direction. He continues:

"In my new position, as a prisoner, I was doomed to numberless sufferings of every kind, which, had they terminated my existence, would have sheltered me from all those accusations on the part of my fellow-citizens, to which I have listened with so much sorrow. In their opinion, the tomb was the destiny to which honor pointed me, accusing me of rashness and imprudence in the first instance, and in the second, of pusilanimity and treason. As no other victories were expected at my hands, death, instead of a disgrace, would have formed my apotheosis, &c. The first thing which I did in my prison, was to claim the treatment and consideration of a prisoner of war. The word *relaliation*, which met my ears at Houston, brought me into a discussion, which was in every way dangerous, considering my position, drawing as I did, a parallel between Mexico and the Texas, in which the justice of the war, and the character of the two belligerant parties were freely discussed. The son of D. Lorenzo Zavala served me as an interpreter, and at last I became extremely offended at a proposition made to me, that nearly the whole of the army under my command, should lay down their arms. The idea thus advanced was in the highest degree offensive to the national honor, and so greatly was my indignation raised by the proposition, that Houston himself blushed at his having proposed it, and contented himself with simply demanding the retreat of the army. Let it not be supposed that I pretend to give myself more importance than my position as General-in-Chief is entitled to; I could well conceive that my troops would fall into dismay at the news of my being a prisoner, and that it would require no little tact to re-animate their drooping spirits. I tried to make the best I could of the present untoward state of things, which doubtless was to save the lives of my companions in misfortune, as well as my own, in the first moments of excitement and danger, and to gain time so that the troops composing the army might unite, and decide on what was best to be done. It appeared certain, that, in the first moments of disorder produced by a misfortune of such a character as that of San Jacinto, the operations of our troops ought to be suspended for a season, while the courage of the soldier was re-animated by the noble idea of avenging the recent outrage, under the conviction, that, as superiority and justice were on his side, he could and ought to attempt a new issue of things, by a new attack upon the enemy.* Judging by the present aspect of things, and left as we were to the mercy and the interest of our enemies, it did not appear likely that our lives would be spared, though in the end it so turned out. The retreat

* It may be well to compare this statement with an assertion of the General's, p. 27-8.)

"Two days would have been sufficient for the single body of forces that had joined in Thompson, to have given a blow to the enemy that would readily have repaired the misfortune of the twenty-first. By the twenty-seventh, their whole forces ought to have been destroyed, and their provisions, &c., in our power. The general who succeeded me, ought to have made an attack; for I flatter myself, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, that if I had succeeded in reaching Thompson, as I projected, before three days, victory would have lighted on our ranks."

In another place he speaks of the enemy's forces, "que podian facilmente pulverizar, p. 73," (which they could easily have *pulverized.*)

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of General Filisola must have been the result of a view of things altogether different from my own; and hence, in a reply to my despatch of the twenty-second, he said that nothing but a consideration for my personal safety, and a desire to save my life, as well as that of the other prisoners, could have urged him to such a step, persuaded as he was of the advantages that would result to the army by a continuation of hostilities. My gratitude for the noble motives by which he was guided, will ever remain engraven on my heart.

In the meantime, the so called Directory of Texas, the arbiters of my life, and that of six hundred Mexicans, demanded that the whole of the expeditionary army with which I had marched from Mexico, should be considered as having surrendered themselves prisoners of war; that Generals Filisola, Gaona, Urrea, and Ramirez Sesma, should concur with me in sealing their infamy, promising, when set at liberty never again to take up arms against Texas. I limited myself to my personal engagement to that effect, which, as a prisoner, I could not do otherwise than make. I was required to use my influence that all the nation, aroused in so just a struggle should lay aside their arms; I converted this pretension into a negative—in other words—not to use my influence that the contest should be continued; and I would ask, did the Mexicans, in order to obtain possession of their own, to love their country and heroically to defend it, did they need any excitement on my part? It was required that the independence of Texas should, from that moment, be recognized, and its limits determined; that an insurrection in my army should compel the Government to approve this gigantic step, and to ratify a Treaty of Commerce, the said prisoners of San Jacinto remaining as hostages for the fulfilment of the same. I protracted to a limit honorable to myself, and free from compromise for the nation, this abortive and vicious assumption of power. I declined attempting to engage any leader in the army to acquiesce in such arrangements; and refused with horror to recognize Texas as a nation, or determine its limits. It is true, that I testified a desire to terminate the present struggle in a friendly manner, and by pacific measures; but I left it open to Government to determine whether such a proceeding was in accordance with the interests of the nation. It is true that the recent most fatal retreat of our troops gave me no very flattering hopes in respect to farther warlike operations,* yet could I not permit my hopes to die with those of the nation. But if I promised to procure the commissioners of Texas a hearing, this in no way obliged the Government to receive them, nor if once admitted to a hearing, were all their pretensions to be allowed. In a word, I gave no other guarantee in all my compromises, than what was personal, not acting in the official character of President of the Republic, *which I was not then exercising*, nor in that of its Plenipotentiary, nor even in that of Commander-in-Chief; my position as a prisoner having annulled that power. My prison, if I may so express it, gave me the advantage of rendering it impossible for me to injure my country by any action; or more properly speaking by any promise of mine; and if thereby I did not fulfil the ardent desire of my heart, by saving my comrades from captivity, which was the consequence of the first step of considering them as prisoners of war; I have at least saved them from the alternative, implied in every pledge, of remaining at the discretion of the party who receive it, or of witnessing the fulfilment of a promise so deeply offensive in our position, as would have been a recognition of the independence of Texas.

In a word, I offered nothing in the name of the nation; in my own name alone did I promise what it depended on my Government to render null and void, and in return I received a promise of being set at liberty without delay. In all this, where is the treason, where the pusilanimity and cowardice of which I have been accused? My voice has ever been raised in support of the rights of my country, and of my own honor; nor is it necessary to enter into a long discussion to show, that a prisoner over whose head the axe of vengeance was incessantly hung, could not, without dis-

* This confession seems very extraordinary after the avowal, (p. 12.) "I have divided my army into three divisions, each one of which is of itself capable of beating the forces of the enemy."

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missing from his bosom every unworthy fear, have withstood and gainsaid for twenty-two days together the precepts of the sword, refusing to subscribe to pretensions involving points the most essential, and on which was based the clemency of the victor.

I need not have dwelt so long upon these conventions, for it was not to them I was indebted for my liberty. True is it that they began to comply with their engagements by putting me on board the schooner *Invincible*, on the first of June, but the arrival of one hundred and thirty volunteers from New Orleans was sufficient to make this pretended *nation* break its engagements. Yes, one hundred and thirty recruits from New Orleans demanded my death, and the Texan Government, whose phalanges, three thousand men had shrunk from attacking ever since the 21st of April, yielded to the savage and tumultuous demand of these one hundred and thirty recruits. In the very act of being disembarked and delivered over to military power, I earnestly invoked death, as a desirable deliverance, declaring that every obligation on my part, be it what it might, depended on my being immediately set at liberty. The subsequent proceedings of the Texans did but confirm me in this clearest of all consequences, following from one of the universally recognised principles of the right of nations. I suffered in being exposed as a spectacle to the rude gaze and cowardly insults of this rebel rout; I suffered imprisonment of the closest kind; I suffered from the knowledge that some of the very prisoners who had escaped from Goliad, men under the highest excitement, were the sentinels of my prison, who planned one project after another to assassinate me; * I suffered the pain and indignity of having heavy irons fastened to my person to prevent my escape; † in fine, on the 30th June, as a climax to my sufferings, I received an order to march to Goliad, to be shot on the same spot where Fanning and his followers suffered. I saw the approach of death with indifference; the only feeling that mingled in my sorrows at being torn for ever from my children and the wife of my bosom, was a tender thought of Mexico, accompanied by a fear that her destinies might be unhappy. Life was, however, offered me, and not thinking it worth sacrificing to my country on a scaffold, I listened to the generous counsels of Colonel E. Austin, to whom I had rendered some services in Mexico, and who, touched at beholding me a prisoner and on the point of death, remembered in the Texas, favors infinitely more insignificant than those that had been entirely forgotten in the Capital, and sought to save me.

Austin recommended the captive general himself, to write to General Jackson, whose character and influence were equally respected by both parties, to invoke his mediation. In conformity with this

* In another place he observes: "To such a pass did the infuriated spirit excited against me proceed, that every volunteer thought himself authorized to take my life. On the twenty-seventh of June a pistol ball was fired into the window of my prison, which passed close to my bed, and was near killing Colonel Almonte." Could Santa Anna have ceased for a moment to forget his own precious self, he would not have failed to record a trait of courage displayed on this occasion by the partner of his captivity. At the moment the pistol was fired, Almonte was seated with his back to the window. He immediately sprang to the window, and exclaimed: "Sirs, if you will have my life, don't shoot me like a deer, but like a man: strike here!" laying his hand upon his heart.

It may be remarked that Almonte is perfectly master of the English language, and that he now fills the situation of Charge d'Affaires to the Court of Great Britain.

† Santa Anna might have mentioned the fact, that Colonel Almonte was ironed in the same manner, and that when the shackles were put on he began to dance a hornpipe, to the great amusement of his keepers, who were heard to pity the fate of so gallant a man, whose spirit no reverses could subdue. In the meantime Santa Anna sat dolefully in a corner, with sentimental tears falling from his eyes at the sight of this "deep indignity offered to the President of the Mexican Republic." Minute as the author of the "Manifesto" generally is in his narration of particulars, he has also a most convenient absence of memory when it suits his purpose.

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advice, Santa Anna addressed a letter to that distinghished person-which he significantly dated on the fourth of July.

'In this letter," he continues, "I flattered the favorite pretensions of the Texans, without venturing any thing positive; I expressed my desire to see the war terminated, and to behold Texas establish her demand to be a nation through the pacific medium of negotiations: I flattered the distinguished personage, to whom my letter was addressed, describing such a result as *possible*, should Mexico and the United States act in concert, and the only point upon which I formally dwelt in my letter, was that his influence should be exerted to obtain my liberty, in virtue of the annulled convention of the 14th May, which I offered to fulfil anew."

It is not often that men are found hardy enough to confess to a system of duplicity, and still less to glory in their shame. But we have an instance before us altogether unique in its kind; and it is detailed with a naïvété, at which we doubt whether to laugh, or to blush with shame. If this, and previous passages, were translated into plain honest English, would they not run as follows?—"I, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Republic of Mexico, and Commander-in-Chief of her Armies—(and yet no President of Mexico, as having merged that office in the station of Commander-in-Chief; and yet no Commander-in-Chief, that being annulled by my position as a prisoner of war—) have humbugged, and do hereby humbug the Texan so styled authorities, and what is more, my brother President, General Jackson himself, all of whom are innocent and utterly unaware of my mental reservation, and are simple enough to believe that they are treating with me as Chief of the Mexican nation, and Commander-in-Chief of its armies; but at which simplicity I laugh in my sleeve;" or to use Santa Anna's identical words, (p. 37.) "Yo debo en cierto modo alegrarme de estas equivocaciones," (I ought in a certain manner to rejoice at these equivocations.) The fact is, that the great oversight of the Texans was that of not having given Santa Anna his liberty, and conveyed him to the shores of his country, the moment he had signed the treaty of May 14, which we publish below, while a sympathy was yet felt for him in Mexico—the true history of the Texan business being yet unknown, and while his influence over the public mind was still alive. Under such circumstances, there is little doubt but his influence would have been sufficient to obtain some of his stipulations in favor of Texas. But delay was fatal. Between the months of May and December, the public mind in Mexico had undergone an entire change, the spell which had so long hung round the name of the Hero of Tampico, this kind of second edition of Napoleon the Great, was dissolved, and the man was seen in all the nakedness, not to say ignominy, of his actual position.

But we resume our translations from Santa Anna's narrative.

"A copy of my letter was forwarded to Sr. Gorostiza, our Minister at Washington, and by him placed in the hands of President Jackson; and in the mean time

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Colonel Austin took care to circulate it among the Texans. It had the effect of engaging them to spare my life, in virtue of the hopes with which it flattered them, and my march to Goliad was suspended. The ideas formed by them of a possible treaty between Mexico and Texas, which they imagined would be guaranteed by my acting as mediator in their behalf, facilitated the attainment of that liberty which was afterwards granted me, without, however, rendering either the treaties of May, or the letter of the 4th of July, obligatory on my part. It has already been seen that these were annulled, and as to the reply given by General Jackson to my letter, while it supposes ideas on my part, which I not only never expressed, but not even conceived, it has become for me a weapon of defence, the more powerful, as it was employed to attack me. It is to be remarked that the President of the United States believes that the principal object of my letter was to put an end to the disasters of the civil war in Texas, and to ask the intervention of the United States to that effect; that the conventions signed by me on the 14th May, were so signed by me in quality of *Representative of Mexico*, and that I claimed the intervention of his country. My letter has but to be read to see that it is written in my individual capacity, manifesting a desire to see the struggle terminated by pacific negotiations, without proceeding to the ridiculous extreme of giving them an official character, reserving that for the nation. That I addressed myself to a respectable man, beloved by the Texans and highly influential in the post he occupied, in order, that through his medium, but not in his official character, I might regain my liberty; that there is not a syllable in it respecting the intervention of the United States, neither with respect to the latter object, nor the putting an end to the war; nor in these conventions do I affirm that I acted as the Representative of Mexico, nor that I claimed the intervention of the nation for their fulfilment, nor, I again repeat it, for any other object than the interposition of his personal influence to obtain my liberty.

I ought in a certain manner to rejoice at these mistakes, which though they furnished my enemies with arms against me, have called forth a declaration which doubtless will be received as a good proof of my innocence (!). The upshot of the matter is this, I wrote to Mr. Andrew Jackson, and he replied to me as President of the United States of America.

Meanwhile, the execution of the sentence of death, intimated to me on the 30th June, was suspended; the Texan leader, Houston, who had been to New Orleans for the cure of a wound received in the battle of San Jacinto, returned to resume the command of the army and fill his political station. His return was marked by many acts of kindness towards me, the first of which was to order the irons with which I had been ignominiously loaded, to be taken off, with a promise of his endeavours to procure my liberty. An opinion prevalent among the Texans of the existence of a treaty for securing their independence, through the mediation of the United States, and which afterwards gained ground with the rest of the nation, favored his project. Far from attempting to counteract this erroneous notion, it was convenient as well to Houston, as to myself, to strengthen it; and hence it was that I was afterwards enabled to take my journey by land, through the heart of the United States, to Washington. In the meantime the reply of General Jackson to my letter reached me, but not till the 23d October. The negative character of his letter was another proof of the uprightness of my conduct, and of my being uninfluenced by no unworthy motives. My liberty, was not a consequence of this letter, nor of the conventions of the 14th May, but a spontaneous act on the part of Houston;* if he had any ulterior views, he did not impart them to me, alledging no other motive than that of a generosity for which I shall ever be grateful.

* Santa Anna might have added a circumstance of which he was well aware, *viz.* that he was in a great measure indebted for his liberation to a letter written warmly in his behalf to General Houston, by a very intimate friend of the General, holding an official appointment in Washington.

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Three weighty motives induced me to undertake a journey to Washington, two of them arising from necessity, and the third from public conveniency. It was important not to alarm the Texans, but to confirm them in the idea of my deference to their plans; it was neither prudent nor secure to direct my course to New Orleans, which was the focus of the revolution, as my return might be prevented. No such obstacles stood in the way of my journey to the Capital of the United States, where my presence, without bearing my official character, might enable me to observe the public mind relative to ourselves and the Texans, and perhaps to destroy some of the sinister prepossessions of the American Cabinet against Mexico. I remained but six days in Washington, where I received the most flattering marks of attention from the President of the nation, and other respectable persons, who gave me their assurances that the friendly relations of their country with my own, would suffer no interruption, nor did I remark any disposition to press the recognition of the independence of Texas. In reference to my letter of July 4, General Jackson did nothing more than repeat to me the assurances of his friendly disposition to mediate in the contest between Mexico and Texas; but neither my will, nor the consciousness of my being invested with no official character, nor the invariable principles recognised by the Chief Magistrate of that nation in his letter of the 4th September, nor, in fine, my very limited stay in that Capital, were elements or circumstances, not only not to conclude, but not even to originate any treaty, convention, or confidential arrangement of any kind, having for its basis the sale of Texas, as the recognition of its independence; and I repeat it, neither to the treaties of May, which remained null and void, nor to the revival of the same which was proposed but refused, was I indebted for my liberty, but only to the generous efforts of Mr. Samuel Houston, to whom I shall ever live indebted. As to my own countrymen, the magnanimity of their character is to me a sufficient guarantee that this my gratitude will not be imputed as a treasonable offence.

To conclude, my public career is terminated. That its close was not crowned by victory is a result painful beyond measure to my feelings; nor less paihful is it, that my reputation as a soldier, and all that a Mexican can hold as dear, should have been lacerated; that, in place of a feeling of compassion, due to the misfortunes of a prisoner, some of my enemies have so far mocked at my misery as to cause to be printed in the Capital the writings of a Mirabeau Lamar, and to talk of my death as of an event worthy of a national jubilee.—In the meantime, in this my quiet retreat, I have no fear that the reflecting part of my countrymen will be unjust to my deeds: nor that history, in recording the campaign in Texas, will call forth a blush for my conduct either from my country or from posterity.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA."

Mango de Clavo, May 10, 1837.

On the 26th of January, Santa Anna quitted Washington, and proceeding, by way of Baltimore, embarked at Norfolk in the Pioneer, a public vessel provided for him by the President, and which was ordered to convey him to Vera Cruz. On arriving at Vera Cruz, Santa Anna sent one of his friends on shore to reconnoitre, well aware that the public mind had undergone an entire change,* and

* The truest indication of this are the following election returns, of March 1st, for the Presidency of the Republic:

Anastasia Bustamente - - -	57 votes.
Manuel Gomez Pedraza - - -	6 "
Nicolas Bravo - - - -	4 "
Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna - -	2 " !!

So much for the idol popularity, to worship which, its votaries are content to stoop so low, and to sacrifice so much!

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that it might not be prudent to expose himself to effects of the general indignation now felt against him. The report made, was so far satisfactory as to induce to General to go on shore, but

Heu quantum mutatus ab illo!

The Hero of Tampico was seen to land almost in disguise, none but a few curious loungers met him upon the Mole; no array of troops received the Commander-in-Chief; not a single cheer was heard, the few friends who still adhered to him, thinking it prudent to remain quietly at home, and reserve their joy for a more favorable occasion. Santa Anna's country seat of Mango de Clavo, is at about twelve miles distance from Vera Cruz, and thither he immediately repaired to solace as he might his chagrin and disappointment in pastoral occupations, "turning his sword into the ploughshare, and his spear into the pruning-hook." Santa Anna's farm, or rather domain, for it extends thirty miles in length, is one of the most noted in these quarters, and is said to graze two or three thousand head of cattle. The Ex-President is rich, yet his economy is said to border upon meanness, a quality which he shares in common with his wife, who was a plain farmer's daughter of industrious habits, and whose whole learning is limited to a knowledge of the value of what she has earned, and of guarding it with a watchful eye. Hence, any thing but luxury presides at the table and domestic arrangements of Mango de Clavo. And yet by an anomaly of character, not unfrequent, Santa Anna is said to be extravagantly addicted to gambling, especially cockfighting, in which he spends immense sums, and has been known to stake as much as twenty thousand dollars on a single main.

The facts here stated, the truth of which may be relied upon, afford some clue to the *motive*, above spoken of, which urged Santa Anna to make a forced march upon Galveston, forgetful of that prudence and circumspection, the absence of which threw him into the hands of General Houston.

The following Mexican State Papers are here inserted as necessary to the correct understanding of the present article, not less than as curious historical documents:

LETTER OF SANTA ANNA TO GENERAL JACKSON.

To General Andrew Jackson,
President of the United States of America.

Columbia, (in Texas,) July 4, 1836.

Much Esteemed Sir: In fulfilment of the duties which patriotism and honor impose upon a public man, I came to this country at the head of 6000 Mexicans. The chances of war, made inevitable by circumstances, have reduced me to the condition of a prisoner, in which I still remain, as you may have already learned. The disposition evinced by General Samuel Houston, the Commander-in-Chief of the Texan army, and by his suc-

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cessor, General Thomas J. Rusk, for the termination of the war—the decision of the President and Cabinet of Texas in favor of a proper compromise between the contending parties, and my own conviction, produced the conventions of which I send you copies enclosed, and the orders given by me to General Filisola, where he was posted, to the other side of the river Bravo del Norte.

As there was no doubt that General Filisola would religiously comply, as far as concerned himself, the President and Cabinet agreed that I should set off for Mexico, in order to fulfil the other engagements; and, with that intent, I embarked on board the schooner Invincible, which was to convey me to the port of Vera Cruz. Unfortunately, however, some indiscreet persons raised a mob, which obliged the authorities to have me landed by force, and brought back into strict captivity. This incident has prevented me from going to Mexico, where I should otherwise have arrived early in last month; and, in consequence of it, the Government of that country, doubtless ignorant of what has occurred, has withdrawn the command of the army from General Filisola, and has ordered his successor, General Urrea, to continue its operations. In obedience to which order that General is, according to the latest accounts, already at the river Nueces. In vain have some reflecting and worthy men endeavored to demonstrate the necessity of moderation, and of my going to Mexico, according to the convention; but the excitement of the public mind has increased with the return of the Mexican army to Texas. Such is the state of things here at present. The continuation of the war, and of its disasters, is therefore inevitable, unless the voice of reason be heard in proper time, from the mouth of some powerful individual. It appears to me that you, sir, have it in your power to perform this good office, by interfering in favor of the execution of the said convention, which shall be strictly fulfilled on my part. When I offered to treat with this Government, I was convinced that it was useless for Mexico to continue the war. I have acquired exact information respecting this country which I did not possess four months ago. I have too much zeal for the interests of my country to wish for any thing which is not compatible with them. Being always ready to sacrifice myself for its glory and advantage, I never would have hesitated to subject myself to tumults and death, rather than consent to any compromise—if Mexico could thereby have obtained the slightest benefit. I am firmly convinced that it is proper to terminate this question by political negotiation: that conviction alone determined me sincerely to agree to what has been stipulated; and, in the same spirit, I make to you this frank declaration. Be pleased, sir, to favor me by a like confidence on your part; afford me the satisfaction of considering approaching evils, and of contributing to that good which my heart advises. Let us enter into negotiations by which the friendship between your nation and the Mexican may be strengthened, both being amicably engaged in giving being and stability to a people who are desirous of appearing in the political world; and who, under the protection of the two nations, will attain its object in a few years.

The Mexicans are magnanimous when treated with consideration. I will clearly set before them the proper and humane reason, which enjoin noble and frank conduct on their part, and I doubt not that they will act thus as soon as they have been convinced.

By what I have here submitted, you will see the sentiments which animate me; and with which I remain your most humble and obedient servant,

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

GENERAL JACKSON'S REPLY.

The President of the United States to the President of the Mexican Republic.

HERMITAGE, September 4, 1836.

To Gen. ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the fourth of July last, which has been forwarded to me by General Samuel Houston, under cover of one from him, transmitted by an express from General Gaines, who is in command of the United States forces on the Texan frontier. The great object of these communications appears to be, to put an end to the disasters which necessarily attend the civil war now raging in Texas, and asking the interposition of the United States in furthering so humane and desirable a purpose. That any well-intended effort of yours in aid of this object should have been defeated, is calculated to excite the regret of all who justly appreciate the blessings of peace, and who

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take an interest in the causes which contribute to the prosperity of Mexico in her domestic as well as her foreign relations.

The Government of the United States is ever anxious to cultivate peace and friendship with all nations. But it proceeds on the principle that all nations have the right to alter, amend, or change their own Government, as the sovereign power, the people, may direct. In this respect, it never interferes with the policy of other powers, nor can it permit any on the part of others with its internal policy. Consistently with this princple, whatever we can do to restore peace between contending nations, or remove the causes of misunderstanding, is cheerfully at the service of those who are willing to rely upon our good offices as a friend or mediator.

In reference, however, to the agreement which you, as the representative of Mexico, have made with Texas, and which invites the interposition of the United States, you will at once see that we are forbidden, by the character of the communications made to us through the Mexican Minister, from considering it. That Government has notified us that, as long as you are a prisoner, no act of yours will be regarded as binding by the Mexican authorities. Under these circumstances, it will be manifest to you that good faith to Mexico, as well as the general principle to which I have adverted, as forming the basis of our intercourse with all foreign powers, make it impossible for me to take any step like that you have anticipated. If, however, Mexico should signify her willingness to avail herself of our good offices in bringing about the desirable result you have described, nothing could give me more pleasure than to devote my best services to it. To be instrumental in terminating the evils of civil war, and in substituting in their stead the blessings of peace, is a divine privilege. Every government, and the people of all countries, should feel it their highest happiness to enjoy an opportunity of thus manifesting their love of each other, and their interest in the general principles which apply to them all, as members of the common family of man.

Your letter and that of General Houston, Commander-in-Chief of the Texan army, will be made the basis of an early interview with the Mexican Minister, at Washington. They will hasten my return to Washington, to which place I will set out in a few days, expecting to reach it by the first of October. In the meantime, I hope Mexico and Texas, feeling that war is the greatest of calamities, will pause before another campaign is undertaken, and can add to the number of those scenes of bloodshed which have already marked the progress of their contest, and have given so much pain to their Christian friends throughout the world.

This is sent under cover to General Houston, who will give it a safe conveyance to you.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

SECRET TREATY,

CONCLUDED BETWEEN SANTA ANNA AND THE TEXAN PRESIDENT.

Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, General-in-Chief of the Army of Operations and President of the Mexican Republic, solemnly engages himself to the Government established in Texas to the fulfilment of the following articles, as follows:

1. He will not return to take arms, nor will he use his influence for the taking up the same against the People of Texas, during the present struggle for independence.

2. He will make provisions for the vacating of the territory of Texas by the Mexican troops within the shortest space of time possible.

3. He will prepare things in the Cabinet of Mexico for the admittance of the Commission to be sent by the Government of Texas, in order that through the medium of negotiation the independence declared by the convention may be and recognised.

4. A treaty of commerce and friendly feeling, and for the adjustment of the boundaries between Mexico and Texas, shall be made, the territory of the latter not to extend farther than the Rio Bravo del Norte.

5. The prompt departure of General Santa Anna by the way of Vera Cruz, being indispensable for carrying into execution the solemn oaths made by him, the Government of Texas shall provide a vessel for that purpose without loss of time.

6. This document, as binding on both parties, shall be signed in duplicate, remaining sealed till such time as the recognition is concluded, when it shall be returned in the same

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form to His Excellency, General Santa Anna, and shall be used only in case of its infraction by one of the contracting parties.

Port Velasco, May 14, 1836.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.
DAVID G. BURNET.

JAMES COLLINSWORTH, *Secretary of State.*
BAYLEY HARDEMAN, *Secretary of State.*
P. H. GRAYSON, *Attorney General.*

A curiosity will naturally be felt to know what course of action Mexico would, in all probability, have pursued, in case of a re-occupation of Texas. Some light is thrown upon this subject in a communication from Santa Anna to the Supreme Government, dated from Head-quarters at the town of Guerrero, February, 16, 1836; in which, anticipating in imagination the re-conquest of Texas, he drew up a series of regulations for the same as if actually conquered. Litt le does he appear to have dreamed that, at the very moment of his penning this very singular document, he was realizing the old proverb—'of counting chickens before the eggs were hatched.'

"TO D. JOSE MARIA TORNEL,
Minister of War and Marine.

EXCELLENT SIR: The army of operations under my command, being on its march to Bejar, I shall find myself involved in difficulties, should not the Supreme Government send me the necessary instructions as to the line of conduct to be pursued by me in regard to the settlers in Texas, after I have reduced them to order. In my opinion, it is necessary that, without loss of time, the Executive and Legislative bodies should proceed to consider what new regulations are to be given to this country, that the instructions for my conduct may be precise, ample, and definitive, that I may act promptly, and suitably to the interests of the nation. Animated with a lively desire of co-operating to my utmost in this great work, I will review as briefly as possible the points to which, in my view of the subject, they should give the earliest attention.

Supposing the campaign to be terminated, nothing appears more natural than to examine the causes that gave rise to it. Such examination will show that these ungrateful settlers provoked the war; again, it is known that, in case of a war, the aggressor is responsible for the consequences, and therefore the rebels of Texas should defray the heavy expenses of the march of the army to the frontier. But in what manner is the payment of the debt necessarily due to the nation to be exacted? Upon this important point it is necessary that a definitive answer should be given me. The next question is—What is to be done with the Mexican and foreign prisoners, taken by main force, by capitulation, or by surrender at discretion? Again, what is to be done with their property and families? Shall they be sen out of the Republic; shall they be sent into the interior, or be left were they were? And what is to be done with those Anglo-American or European settlers, who have taken no part in the revolution? Shall they be sent to the frontiers or to the coast, or shall their property se valued, and shall they be remunerated with other vacant lands, or in money? There are also several foreigners who have introduced themselves without passport or any recognition of the authority of the Republic, these it would appear proper to treat as invaders, or at least to send off at once from the Mexican soil.

There are also in Texas considerable numbers of slaves, introduced there by their masters under certain pretexts of apprenticeship. These, according to our laws, ought to be free. Shall we longer permit these unhappy beings to groan in chains, in a country whose beneficent laws protect the liberty of man, without any distinction of color or caste? These are points of which it is important to anticipate the consideration, and which, I hope, will be settled with wisdom, that we may not fall into another error, like that committed by us in permitting Texas

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to be colonised by Anglo-Americans. In my opinion, these have already a known and determinate value, as well in America as in Europe, and there is no need of favouring foreigners with them, when we can make use of them ourselves. Military settlers, after the mode of those established by Russia in Siberia, by England in the East Indies, by Spain herself in these countries, would, in my opinion, be suitable for the Texas. It will also be proper, that the General Congress, instead of devising a new colonization law, should concert a plan by which the pay of such civil and military employés as are willing to avail themselves of such offer, may be formed into a capital, giving them two thirds of their due in lands and one in money, for the forming of their establishments; it being understood, that, to guard against abuses, the Government shall take strong measures for the due regulation of the same, and for effecting the desired end. From such a measure, I am persuaded that the greatest advantages would result to the nation, among which the first would be a diminution of the annual expenses; the second, the population of Texas by Mexicans, and third, (by far the most important of all) the preservation of the integrity of our territory. Nor let it be said that we have not laborious Mexicans, capable of establishing themselves on the limits of our frontier, when in my long journey from Mexico to this point, I have ascertained that the contrary is the fact. I have observed in the population of the farms and hamlets the best disposition to advance as pioneers into the interior, the major part of them being composed of laborers and shepherds. The case may be otherwise in great cities, where the kind of industry exercised by the mass, and unfortunately too, their demoralized state, may disqualify them from any other kind of occupation than the manufactures to which they have been brought up.

If the officers, civil and military, who had formed their pay into a capital, were obligated to people their lands with Mexicans, the result would be, that as many of their families as went to the Texas would be so many individual *empresas* (legal settlements of land,) gathering round them a multitude of useful and laborious hands. If, on the other hand, the Texas should be peopled with Europeans, or be left deserted, it would be necessary constantly to maintain there a numerous and increasing body of troops, exposed, in the first instance, to continual inroads and annoyances, for be these foreigners of what nation they might, they would always assimilate more to the customs and interests of their neighbours, than of our people, removed at so great a distance from them; and, in the second instance, the said troops would always be exposed to a want of provisions in a country so deserted. But be it as it may, it is my firm persuasion that we ought not to run the risk a second time of a frontier covered either by Anglo-Americans or Europeans, and still less of the lands lying upon our coasts, which should not be left open even to those who took no part in the actual revolution of Texas. If we listen to the counsels of prudence, we shall station them more in the centre of the Republic, in order not again to expose ourselves to lessons for which our former inadvertence has paid so dearly. Nor must we lose sight of the fact, that the war waged upon our people by the barbarous hordes upon our frontiers, is fomented by the said settlers, who in exchange for the articles received from them, furnish them with arms and ammunitions, a commerce as iniquitous in itself as it is lucrative to the reckless beings who carry it on. All these are, in my opinion, considerations which the Supreme Government should present for the action of the legislative body, towards definitive arrangements in regard to the Texas. A fatal experience ought to lead us to the conclusion, that such foreigners as henceforth present themselves as candidates for any civil employ, should have been naturalized for the term of at least ten years, should be proprietors to a certain amount, and should have established themselves according to the regulations exacted by law. Unless some such laws as these be established, it will be impossible to prevent the introduction of lawless foreigners, who will contaminate the rest by their revolutionary ideas, too many of which have already taken root in the soil of this country.

But, in order to carry into effect the above mentioned plan for forming a capital, only a very small portion of the territory of Texas will be required; and what is to be done with the remainder of the immense vacant lands of this beautiful province? Supposing that the borders, and the land adjacent to the shore, are to be peopled with Mexicans, as was before proposed, I should be of opinion that the said lands ought to be divided into acres; this done, an office should be established, similar to the land offices in the United States of America, and which are one of the great sources of wealth in that Republic. There the minimum price per acre, taking the good with the bad, is fixed by a decree of Congress at one dollar and a quarter; now, considering that our lands are considered to be superior in every respect

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to those here spoken of, could we not sell the acre at a dollar? It appears to me we could, and I am of opinion that, if the sale of these lands, at that price per acre, was granted, the nation could find new resources for recruiting our treasury, and would at the same time be spreading the blessing of civilization to those places, which, on the other hand, may readily be brought into frequent communication with the rest of the Republic, by means of the Mexican Gulf. If we may judge by the maps that have been made, and by the relations of persons who have traversed Texas in different directions, this territory cannot contain less than a hundred millions of acres, an estimate that may convey some idea of its importance. But, in order to neutralize the influence which Europeans purchasing lands might exert, not speaking of Anglo-Americans, for they ought to be excluded in toto, it would be proper not to sell to the French, for example, more than five millions of acres; to the English an equal portion, to the Germans a somewhat greater quantity; but to every nation speaking our language, no limits might be set, since neither the inhabitants of Colombia, of Cuba, of the Canaries, or of Old Spain, feel any desire to unite with our nation. Nothing could be lost in making this essay, and much might be gained; and if so, why should we hesitate to carry it into execution? Should it correspond to our wishes, in other words, should the nation derive from it, solid advantages, it might equally well be applied to California, New Mexico, Colima, Goazacoalcos, &c.; and in proportion as our population increases, we should have facilitated resources for the nation, without being prodigal of her lands, and without having bound her to a contract calculated to bring upon her ruin and disgrace. The project is feasible, for the lands of Texas now bear a recognised value, as the late revolution has shown, the main object of which was, in part, to realize the value of the same. To Congress does it belong to take such a measure into its serious consideration, upon which I do not think I ought farther to enlarge, lest I should appear to trespass upon its domain.

I now pass to another point, perhaps the most important under existing circumstances; I say existing circumstances, inasmuch as upon a clear view of this question will depend a greater or less degree of resistance on the part of the revolters in Texas, whose interests are compromised therein: I speak of the grants made by the Legislature of the State to various individuals, as well Mexicans as foreigners. In what light are those grants to be considered? as valid, since the revolt of those who have been favored with them, or as null? Can there be any sufficient title to authorize the sales of lands that have been made in the United States by the purchasers of the same, they not having complied with the requisitions of the law of colonization? I think not; but I consider it very important, and of the utmost moment, that a declaration should be made by the Sovereign Congress on this subject; or, at least, that prompt and ample instructions should be given me relative thereto, that I may in no way become implicated in a revision of the said grants. It also seems proper for the Supreme Government to consult respecting various tribes that have emigrated from the United States into our territory, and of whom advantage may be taken in favor of the Republic, if certain lands are assigned them. One of these tribes, the Cherokee, rendered important services to the nation in 1827, and has, as far as I understand the matter, a solemn promise from the Government, of lands for their settlement—a promise that has not yet been complied with. And then, what is to be done with the said tribes? Shall they be left without any guarantee, leaving us in such case exposed to their hostilities, or shall we intimate to them that they must evacuate the country? All this, I repeat it, ought to be taken into consideration in time, if it be desirable that I should not walk in the dark. As for the rest, I will do all in my power to bring things to a probable issue; but yet, without the aid and instructions of the Government and the Chambers, I foresee that I may be embarrassed in my determinations.

In accordance with justice, I also think it my duty, before closing this note, to manifest to the Government the expediency and policy of establishing premiums of land for such leaders, officers, and troops, as may voluntarily wish to remain in Texas, and to whom it may be thought suitable to grant them. It appears needless to urge the utility of this measure, since it must be evident at first sight, that the farther the military are withdrawn from the bosom of their families and their means, the more liberally should they be dealt with, and on this very endeavor to contribute to their comforts, will the result to the present undertaking, in a great measure, depend. It appears to me that a square league to the heads of the army, half a league to the officers, and a lot to each soldier, would be sufficient for this purpose. In my view of the subject, the proportions are indifferent, so that a provision of the nature here indicated be established.

I cannot terminate this note, without calling most particularly the attention of the Govern

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ment to the fulfilment of the treaty of limits with the United States of America, which has so often proved abortive, and which it is so important to bring to a speedy conclusion. The mission extraordinary which, according to report, is to be sent to Washington, will assuredly present a favorable opportunity for attaining the desired end, especially considering the known intelligence of the person selected for that office of negotiation. The march of the army to the frontier will also facilitate the demarcation of the boundary line. My view of the matter is in accordance with the observation of the President of the United States of America, that, on account of the revolution in Texas, it is well to prorogue the term stipulated in the last treaty concluded with Mexico.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA."

From Headquarters at the town of Guerrero, February 16, 1836.

I SEEK THEE NOT WHEN MIRTH IS HIGH.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

I seek thee not when mirth is high,
When homage beams from every eye,
And all proclaim thee fair.
In hours like these I do not move
Around thee with light words of love—
I feel thou art too dear.

I seek thee not amid the throng
Who fascinate with voice and song,
And kneel before thee there.
Oh no, I flatter not, nor vow
When others kneel, when others bow,
I feel thou art too dear.

The vain and giddy follow thee,
They proffer love's idolatry,
They murmur in thine ear!
Ah little effort for that train
Love's outward agony to feign,
They feel not thou art dear.

Believe that yet I love thee well,
My soul yet owns the secret spell
That whispers thou art dear—
The spell that makes all language weak
That sends the fever to my cheek
Whenever thou art near.

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TALES OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE.

No. III.

LADY ELEANORE'S MANTLE.

By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Mine excellent friend, the landlord of the Province-House, was pleased, the other evening, to invite Mr. Tiffany and myself to an oyster supper. This slight mark of respect and gratitude, as he handsomely observed, was far less than the ingenious tale-teller, and I, the humble note-taker of his narratives, had fairly earned, by the public notice which our joint lucubrations in the Democratic Review, had attracted to his establishment. Many a segar has been smoked within his premises—many a glass of wine, or more potent aqua vitæ, had been quaffed—many a dinner had been eaten by curious strangers, who, save for the fortunate conjunction of Mr. Tiffany and me, and the wide dissemination of our favorite journal, would never have ventured through that darksome avenue, which gives access to the historic precincts of the Province-House. In short, if any credit be due to the courteous assurances of Mr. Thomas Waite, we had brought his forgotten mansion almost as effectually into public view as if we had thrown down the vulgar range of shoe-shops and dry-good stores, which hides its aristocratic front from Washington street. It may be unadvisable, however, to speak too loudly of the increased custom of the house, lest Mr. Waite should find it difficult to renew his lease on so favorable terms as heretofore.

Being thus welcomed as benefactors, neither Mr. Tiffany nor myself felt any scruple in doing full justice to the good things that were set before us. If the feast were less magnificent than those same panelled walls had witnessed, in a by-gone century—if mine host presided with somewhat less of state, than might have befitted a successor of the royal Governors—if the guests made a less imposing show than the bewigged, and powdered, and embroidered dignitaries, who erst banquetted at the gubernatorial table, and now sleep within their armorial tombs on Copp's Hill, or round King's Chapel—yet never, I may boldly say, did a more comfortable little party assemble in the Province-House, from Queen Anne's days to the Revolution. The occasion was rendered more interesting by the presence of a venerable personage, whose own actual reminiscences went back to the epoch of Gage and Howe, and even supplied him with a doubtful anecdote or two of Hutchinson. He was one of that small, and now all but extinguished class, whose attachment to royalty, and to the colonial institutions and customs that

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were connected with it, had never yielded to the Democratic heresies of aftertimes. The young queen of Britain has not a more loyal subject in her realm—perhaps not one who would kneel before her throne with such reverential love—as this old grandsire whose head has whitened beneath the mild sway of the Republic, which still, in his mellower moments, he terms a usurpation. Yet prejudices so obstinate have not made him an ungentle or impracticable companion. If the truth must be told, the life of the the aged loyalist has been of such a scrambling and unsettled character—he has had so little choice of friends, and been so often destitute of any—that I doubt whether he would refuse a cup of kindness with either Oliver Cromwell or John Hancock; to say nothing of any Democrat now upon the stage. In another paper of this series, I may perhaps give the reader a closer glimpse of his portrait.

Our host, in due season, uncorked a bottle of Madeira, of such exquisite perfume and admirable flavor, that he surely must have discovered it in an ancient bin, down deep beneath the deepest cellar, where some jolly old butler stored away the Governor's choicest wine, and forgot to reveal the secret on his death-bed. Peace to his red-nosed ghost, and a libation to his memory! This precious liquor was imbibed by Mr. Tiffany with peculiar zest; and after sipping the third glass, it was his pleasure to give us one of the oddest legends which he had yet raked from the store-house, where he keeps such matters with some suitable adornments from my own fancy, it ran pretty much as follows:

Not long after Colonel Shute had assumed the Government of Massachusetts-bay, now nearly a hundred and twenty years ago, a young lady of rank and fortune arrived from England, to claim his protection as her guardian. He was her distant relative, but the nearest who had survived the gradual extinction of her family; so that no more eligible shelter could be found for the rich and high-born Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, than within the Province-House of a trans-atlantic colony. The consort of Governor Shute, moreover, had been as a mother to her childhood, and was now anxious to receive her in the hope that a beautiful young woman would be exposed to infinitely less peril from the primitive society of New England, than amid the artifices and corruptions of a court. If either the Governor or his lady had especially consulted their own comfort, they would probably have sought to devolve the responsibility on other hands; since with some noble and splendid traits of character, Lady Eleanore was remarkable for a harsh unyielding pride, a haughty consciousness of her hereditary and personal advantages, which made her almost incapable of control. Judging from many traditionary anecdotes, this peculiar temper was hardly less than a monamania; or, if the acts which it inspired were those of a sane

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person, it seemed due from Providence that pride so sinful should be followed by as severe a retribution. That tinge of the marvelous which is thrown over so many of these half-forgotten legends, has probably imparted an additional wildness to the strange story of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe.

The ship in which she came passenger had arrived at Newport whence Lady Eleanore was conveyed to Boston in the Governor's coach, attended by a small escort of gentlemen on horseback. The ponderous equipage with its four black horses attracted much notice as it rumbled through Cornhill, surrounded by the prancing steeds of half a dozen cavaliers, with swords dangling to their stirrups and pistols at their holsters. Through the large glass windows of the coach, as it rolled along, the people could discern the figure of Lady Eleanore, strangely combining an almost queenly stateliness with the grace and beauty of a maiden in her teens. A singular tale had got abroad among the ladies of the province, that their fair rival was indebted for much of the irresistible charm of her appearance to a certain article of dress—an embroidered mantle—which had been wrought by the most skilful artist in London, and possessed even magical properties of adornment. On the present occasion, however, she owed nothing to the witchery of dress, being clad in a riding-habit of velvet, which would have appeared stiff and ungraceful on any other form.

The coachman reined in his four black steeds, and the whole cavalcade came to a pause in front of the contorted iron balustrade that fenced the Province-House from the public street. It was an awkward coincidence, that the bell of the Old South was just then tolling for a funeral; so that, instead of the gladsome peal with which it was customary to announce the arrival of distinguished strangers, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe was ushered by a doleful clang, as if calamity had come embodied in her beautiful person.

"A very great disrespect," exclaimed Captain Langford, an English officer, who had recently brought despatches to Governor Shute. "The funeral should have been deferred, lest Lady Eleanore's spirits be affected by such a dismal welcome.

"With your pardon, sir," replied Doctor Clarke, a physician, and a famous champion of the popular party, "whatever the heralds may pretend, a dead beggar must have precedence of a living queen. King Death confers high privileges."

These remarks were interchanged while the speakers waited a passage through the crowd, which had gathered on each side of the gateway, leaving an open avenue to the portal of the Province-House. A black slave in livery now leaped from behind the coach, and threw open the door; while at the same moment Governor Shute descended the flight of steps from his mansion, to assist Lady Eleanore in alighting. But the Governor's stately approach was antici-

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pated in a manner that excited general astonishment. A pale young man, with his black hair all in disorder, rushed from the throng, and prostrated himself beside the coach, thus offering his person as a footstool for Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe to tread upon. She held back an instant; yet with an expression as if doubting whether the young man were worthy to bear the weight of her footstep, rather than dissatisfied to receive such awful reverence from a fellow-mortal.

"Up, sir," said the Governor sternly, at the same time lifting his cane over the intruder. "What means the Bedlamite by this freak."

"Nay," answered Lady Eleanore playfully, but with more scorn than pity in her tone, "your excellency shall not strike him. When men seek only to be trampled upon, it were a pity to deny them a favor so easily granted—and so well deserved!"

Then, though as lightly as a sunbeam on a cloud, she placed her foot upon the cowering form, and extended her hand to meet that of the Governor. There was a brief interval, during which Lady Eleanore retained this attitude; and never, surely, was there an apter emblem of aristocracy and hereditary pride, trampling on human sympathies and the kindred of nature, than these two figures presented at that moment. Yet the spectators were so smitten with her beauty, and so essential did pride seem to the existence of such a creature, that they gave a simultaneous acclamation of applause.

"Who is this insolent young fellow?" inquired Captain Langford, who still remained beside Doctor Clarke. "If he be in his senses his impertinence demands the bastinado. If mad, Lady Eleanore should be secured from further inconvenience, by his confinement."

"His name is Jervase Helwyse," answered the Doctor—"a youth of no birth or fortune, or other advantages, save the mind and soul that nature gave him; and being secretary to our colonial agent in London, it was his misfortune to meet this Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. He loved her—and her scorn has driven him mad."

"He was mad so to aspire," observed the English officer.

"It may be so," said Doctor Clarke, frowning as he spoke. But I tell you, sir, I could well nigh doubt the justice of the Heaven above us, if no signal humiliation overtake this lady, who now treads so haughtily into yonder mansion. She seeks to place herself above the sympathies of our common nature, which envelopes all human souls. See, if that nature do not assert its claim over her in some mode that shall bring her level with the lowest!"

"Never!" cried Captain Langford indignantly—"neither in life nor when they lay her with her ancestors."

Not many days afterwards the Governor gave a ball in honor of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. The principal gentry of the colony received invitations, which were distributed to their residences, far and near, by messengers on horseback, bearing missives sealed

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with all the formality of official despatches. In obedience to the summons, there was a general gathering of rank, wealth, and beauty; and the wide door of the Province-House had seldom given admittance to more numerous and honorable guests than on the evening of Lady Eleanore's ball. Without much extravagance of eulogy, the spectacle might even be termed splendid; for, according to the fashion of the times, the ladies shone in rich silks and satins, outspread over wide-projecting hoops; and the gentlemen glittered in gold embroidery, laid unsparingly upon the purple, or scarlet, or sky-blue velvet, which was the material of their coats and waistcoats. The latter article of dress was of great importance, since it enveloped the wearer's body nearly to the knees, and was perhaps bedizened with the amount of his whole year's income, in golden flowers and foliage. The altered taste of the present day—a taste symbolic of a deep change in the whole system of society—would look upon almost any of those gorgeous figures as ridiculous; although that evening the guests sought their reflections in the pier-glasses, and rejoiced to catch their own glitter amid the glittering crowd. What a pity that one of the stately mirrors has not preserved a picture of the scene, which, by the very traits that were so transitory, might have taught us much that would be worth knowing and remembering!

Would, at least, that either painter or mirror could convey to us some faint idea of a garment, already noticed in this legend—the Lady Eleanore's embroidered mantle—which the gossips whispered was invested with magic properties, so as to lend a new and untried grace to her figure each time that she put it on! Idle fancy as it is, this mysterious mantle has thrown an awe around my image of her, partly from its fabled virtues, and partly because it was the handiwork of a dying woman, and, perchance, owed the fantastic grace of its conception to the delirium of approaching death.

After the ceremonial greetings had been paid, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe stood apart from the mob of guests, insulating herself within a small and distinguished circle, to whom she accorded a more cordial favor than to the general throng. The waxen torches threw their radiance vividly over the scene, bringing out its brilliant points in strong relief; but she gazed carelessly, and with now and then an expression of weariness or scorn, tempered with such feminine grace, that her auditors scarcely perceived the moral deformity of which it was the utterance. She beheld the spectacle not with vulgar ridicule, as disdaining to be pleased with the provincial mockery of a court festival, but with the deeper scorn of one whose spirit held itself too high to participate in the enjoyment of other human souls. Whether or no the recollections of those who saw her that evening were influenced by the strange events with which she was subsequently connected, so it was, that her figure ever

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after recurred to them as marked by something wild and unnatural; although, at the time, the general whisper was of her exceeding beauty, and of the indescribable charm which her mantle threw around her. Some close observers, indeed, detected a feverish flush and alternate paleness of countenance, with a corresponding flow and revulsion of spirits, and once or twice a painful and helpless betrayal of lassitude, as if she were on the point of sinking to the ground. Then, with a nervous shudder, she seemed to arouse her energies, and threw some bright and playful, yet half-wicked sarcasm into the conversation. There was so strange a characteristic in her manners and sentiments, that it astonished every right-minded listener; till looking in her face, a lurking and incomprehensible glance and smile perplexed them with doubts both as to her seriousness and vanity. Gradually, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe's circle grew smaller, till only four gentlemen remained in it. These were Captain Langford, the English officer before mentioned, a Virginian planter, who had come to Massachusetts on some political errand; a young Episcopal clergyman, the grandson of a British Earl; and lastly, the private secretary of Governor Shute, whose obsequiousness had won a sort of tolerance from Lady Eleanore.

At different periods of the evening the liveried servants of the Province-House passed among the guests, bearing huge trays of refreshments, and French and Spanish wines. Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, who refused to wet her beautiful lips even with a bubble of Champaigne, had sunk back into a large damask chair, apparently overwearied either with the excitement of the scene or its tedium; and while, for an instant, she was unconscious of voices, laughter, and music, a young man stole forward, and knelt down at her feet. He bore a salver in his hand, on which was a chased silver goblet, filled to the brim with wine, which he offered as reverentially as to a crowned queen, or rather with the awful devotion of a priest doing sacrifice to his idol. Conscious that some one touched her robe, Lady Eleanore started, and unclosed her eyes upon the pale, wild features and dishevelled hair of Jervase Helwyse.

"Why do you haunt me thus?" said she, in a languid tone, but with a kindlier feeling than she ordinarily permitted herself to express. "They tell me that I have done you harm."

"Heaven knows if that be so," replied the young man solemnly. "But, Lady Eleanore, in requital of that harm, if such there be, and for your own earthly and heavenly welfare, I pray you to take one sip of this holy wine, and then to pass the goblet round among the guests. And this shall be a symbol that you have not sought to withdraw yourself from the chain of human sympathies—which whoso would shake off must keep company with fallen angels."

"Where has this mad fellow stolen that sacramental vessel?" exclaimed the Episcopal clergyman.

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This question drew the notice of the guests to the silver cup, which was recognized as appertaining to the communion plate of the Old South Church; and, for aught that could be known, it was brimming over with the consecrated wine.

"Perhaps it is poisoned," half whispered the Governor's secretary.

"Pour it down the villain's own throat!" cried the Virginian, fiercely.

"Turn him out of the house!" cried Captain Langford, seizing Jervase Helwyse so roughly by the shoulder that the sacramental cup was overturned, and its contents sprinkled upon Lady Eleanore's mantle. Whether knave, fool, or Bedlamite, it is intolerable that the fellow should go at large."

Pray, gentlemen, do my poor admirer no harm," said Lady Eleanore, with a faint and weary smile. Take him out of my sight if such be your pleasure; for I can find in my heart to do nothing but laugh at him—whereas, in all decency and conscience, it would become me to weep for the mischief I have wrought!"

But while the bystanders were attempting to lead away the unfortunate young man, he broke from them, and with a wild, impassioned earnestness, offered a new and equally strange petition to Lady Eleanore. It was no other than that she should throw off the mantle, which, while he pressed the silver cup of wine upon her, she had drawn more closely around her form, so as almost to shroud herself within it.

"Cast it from you!" exclaimed Jervase Helwyse, clasping his hands in an agony of entreaty. "It may not yet be too late! Give the accursed garment to the flames!"

But Lady Eleanore, with a laugh of scorn, drew the rich folds of the embroidered mantle over her head, in such a fashion as to give a completely new aspect to her beautiful face, which—half-hidden, half-revealed—seemed to belong to some being of mysterious character and purposes.

"Farewell, Jervase Helwyse!" said she. "Keep my image in your remembrance, as you behold it now."

"Alas, lady!" he replied, in a tone no longer wild, but sad as a funeral bell. "We must meet shortly, when your face may wear another aspect—and that shall be the image that must abide within me."

He made no more resistance to the violent efforts of the gentlemen and servants, who almost dragged him out of the apartment, and dismissed him roughly from the iron gate of the Province-House. Captain Langford, who had been very active in this affair, was returning to the presence of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, when he encountered the physician, Doctor Clarke, with whom he had held some casual talk on the day of her arrival. The Doctor stood apart, separated from Lady Eleanore by the width of the room, but

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eyeing her with such keen sagacity, that Captain Langford involuntarily gave him credit for the discovery of some deep secret.

"You appear to be smitten, after all, with the charms of this fair aristocrat," said he, hoping thus to draw forth the physician's hidden knowledge.

"God forbid!" answered Doctor Clarke, with a grave smile; "and if you be wise you will put up the same prayer for yourself. Wo to those who shall be smitten by this beautiful Lady Eleanore! But yonder stands the Governor—and I have a word or two for his private ear. Good night!"

He accordingly advanced to Governor Shute, and addressed him in so low a tone that none of the bystanders could catch a word of what he said; although the sudden change of his Excellency's hitherto cheerful visage betokened that the communication could be of no agreeable import. A very few moments afterwards, it was announced to the guests that an unforeseen circumstance rendered it necessary to put a premature close to the festival.

The ball at the Province-House supplied a topic of conversation for the colonial metropolis, for some days after its occurrence, and might still longer have been the general theme, only that a subject of all engrossing interest thrust it, for a time, from the public recollection. This was the appearance of a dreadful epidemic, which, in that age, and long before and afterwards, was wont to slay its hundreds and thousands, on both sides of the Atlantic. On the occasion of which we speak, it was distinguished by a peculiar virulence, insomuch that it has left its traces—its pitmarks, to use an appropriate figure—on the history of the country, the affairs of which were thrown into confusion by its ravages. At first, unlike its ordinary course, the disease seemed to confine itself to the higher circles of society, selecting its victims from among the proud, the well-born and the wealthy, entering unabashed into stately chambers, and lying down with the slumberers in silken beds. Some of the most distinguished guests of the Province-House—even those whom the haughty Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe had deemed not unworthy of her favor—were stricken by this fatal scourge. It was noticed, with an ungenerous bitterness of feeling, that the four gentlemen—the Virginian, the British officer, the young clergyman, and the Governor's secretary—who had been her most devoted attendants on the evening of the ball, were the foremost on whom the plague-stroke fell. But the disease, pursuing its onward progress, soon ceased to be exclusively a prerogative of aristocracy. Its red brand was no longer conferred like a noble's star, or an order of knighthood. It threaded its way through the narrow and crooked streets, and entered the low, mean, darksome dwellings, and laid its hand of death upon the artisans and laboring classes of the town. It compelled rich and poor to feel themselves brethren, then; and

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stalking to and fro across the Three Hills, with a fierceness which made it almost a new pestilence, there was that mighty conqueror—that scourge and horror of our forefathers—the Small-Pox!

We cannot estimate the affright which this plague inspired of yore, by contemplating it as the fangless monster of the present day. We must remember, rather, with what awe we watched the gigantic footsteps of the Asiatic cholera, striding from shore to shore of the Atlantic, and marching like destiny upon cities far remote, which flight had already half depopulated. There is no other fear so horrible and unhumanizing, as that which makes man dread to breathe Heaven's vital air, lest it be poison, or to grasp the hand of a brother or friend, lest the gripe of the pestilence should clutch him. Such was the dismay that now followed in the track of the disease, or ran before it throughout the town. Graves were hastily dug, and the pestilential relics, as hastily covered, because the dead were enemies of the living, and strove to draw them headlong, as it were, into their own dismal pit. The public councils were suspended, as if mortal wisdom might relinquish its devices, now that an unearthly usurper had found his way into the ruler's mansion. Had an enemy's fleet been hovering on the coast, or his armies trampling on our soil, the people would probably have committed their defence to that same direful conqueror, who had wrought their own calamity, and would permit no interference with his sway. This conqueror had a symbol of his triumphs. It was a blood-red flag, that flutters in the tainted air, over the door of every dwelling into which the Small-Pox had entered.

Such a banner was long since waving over the portal of the Province-House; for thence, as was proved by tracking its footstep back, had all this dreadful mischief issued. It had been traced back to a lady's luxurious chamber—to the proudest of the proud—to her that was so delicate, and hardly owned herself of earthly mould—to the haughty one, who took her stand above human sympathies—to lady Eleanore! There remained no room for doubt, that the contagion had lurked in that gorgeous mantle, which threw so strange a grace around her at the festival. Its fantastic splendor had been conceived in the delirious brain of a woman on her death-bed, and was the last toil of her stiffening fingers, which had interwoven fate and misery with its golden threads. This dark tale, whispered at first, was now bruited far and wide. The people raved against the lady Eleanore, and cried out that her pride and scorn had evoked a fiend, and that, between them both, this monstrous evil had been born. At times, their rage and despair took the semblance of grinning mirth; and whenever the red flag of the pestilence was hoisted over another, and yet another door, they clapt their hands and shouted through the streets, in bitter mockery, "Behold a new triumph for the Lady Eleanore."

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One day in the midst of these dismal times, a wild figure approached the portal of the Province-House, and folding his arms, stood contemplating the scarlet banner, which a passing breeze shook fitfully, as if to fling abroad the contagion that it typified. At length, climbing one of the pillars by means of the iron balustrade, he took down the flag, and entered the mansion, waving it above his head. At the foot of the staircase he met the Governor, booted and spurred, with his cloak drawn around him, evidently on the point of setting forth upon a journey.

"Wretched lunatic, what do you seek here?" exclaimed Shute, extending his cane to guard himself from contact. "There is nothing here but death. Back—or you will meet him!"

"Death will not touch me, the banner-bearer of the pestilence!" cried Jervase Helwyse, shaking the red flag aloft. "Death and the pestilence, who wears the aspect of the Lady Eleanore, will walk through the streets to-night, and I must march before them with this banner!"

"Why do I waste words on the fallen?" muttered the Governor, drawing his cloak across his mouth. "What matters his miserable life, when none of us are sure of twelve hours' breath? On, fool, to your own destruction!"

He made way for Jervase Helwyse, who immediately ascended the staircase, but, on the first landing-place, was arrested by the firm grasp of a hand upon his shoulder. Looking fiercely up, with a madman's impulse to struggle with, and rend asunder his opponent, he found himself powerless beneath a calm, stern eye, which possesses the mysterious property of quelling frenzy at its height. The person whom he had now encountered was the physician, Doctor Clarke, the duties of whose sad profession had led him to the Province-House, where he was an infrequent guest in more prosperous times.

"Young man, what is your purpose?" demanded he.

"I seek the Lady Eleanore," answered Jervase Helwyse, submissively.

"All have fled from her," said the physician. "Why do you seek her now? I tell you, youth, her nurse fell death-stricken on the threshold of that fatal chamber. Know ye not, that never came such a curse to our shores as this lovely Lady Eleanore? that her breath has filled the air with poison?—that she has shaken pestilence and death upon the land, from the folds of her accursed mantle?"

"Let me look upon her!" rejoined the mad youth, more wildly. "Let me behold her, in her awful beauty, clad in the regal garments of the pestilence! She and Death sit on a throne together. Let me kneel down before them!"

"Poor youth!" said Doctor Clarke; and, moved by a deep sense

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of human weakness, a smile of caustic humor curled his lip even then. "Wilt thou still worship the destroyer, and surround her image with fantasies the more magnificent, the more evil she has wrought? Thus man doth ever to his tyrants! Approach, then! Madness, as I have noted, has that good efficacy, that it will guard you from contagion—and perchance its own cure may be found in yonder chamber."

Ascending another flight of stairs, he threw open a door, and signed to Jervase Helwyse that he should enter. The poor lunatic, it seems probable, had cherished a delusion that his haughty mistress sat in state, unharmed herself by the pestilential influence, which, as by enchantment, she scattered round about her. He dreamed, no doubt, that her beauty was not dimmed, but brightened into superhuman splendor. With such anticipations, he stole reverentially to the door at which the physician stood, but paused upon the threshold, gazing fearfully into the gloom of the darkened chamber.

"Where is the Lady Eleanore?" whispered he.

"Call her," replied the physician.

"Lady Eleanore!—Princess!—Queen of Death!" cried Jervase Helwyse, advancing three steps into the chamber, "She is not here! There on yonder table, I behold the sparkle of a diamond, which once she wore upon her bosom. There"—and he shuddered—"there hangs her mantle, on which a dead woman embroidered a spell of dreadful potency. But where is the Lady Eleanore!"

Something stirred within the silken curtains of a canopied bed; and a low moan was uttered, which, listening intently, Jervase Helwyse began to distinguish as a woman's voice, complaining dolefully of thirst. He fancied, even, that he recognized its tones.

"My throat—my throat is scorched," murmured the voice. "A drop of water!"

"What thing art thou?" said the brain-stricken youth, drawing near the bed and tearing asunder its curtains. "Whose voice hast thou stolen for thy murmurs and miserable petitions, as if Lady Eleanore could be conscious of mortal infirmity? Fie! Heap of deceased mortality, why lurkest thou in my lady's chamber?"

"Oh, Jervase Helwyse," said the voice—and as it spoke, the figure contorted itself, struggling to hide its blasted face—"look not now on the woman you once loved! The curse of Heaven hath striken me, because I would not call man my brother, nor woman sister. I wrapt myself in PRIDE as in a MANTLE, and scorned the sympathies of nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium of a dreadful sympathy. You are avenged—they are all avenged—for I am Eleanore Rochcliffe!"

The malice of his mental disease, the bitterness lurking at the bottom of his heart, mad as he was, for a blighted and ruined life,

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and love that had been paid with cruel scorn, awoke within the breast of Jervase Helwyse. He shook his finger at the wretched girl, and the chamber echoed, the curtains of the bed were shaken, with his outburst of insane merriment.

"Another triumph for the Lady Eleanore!" he cried. "All have been her victims! Who so worthy to be the final victim as herself?"

Impelled by some new fantasy of his crazed intellect, he snatched the fatal mantle, and rushed from the chamber and the house. That night, a procession passed, by torch light, through the streets, bearing in the midst, the figure of a woman, enveloped with a richly embroidered mantle; while in advance stalked Jervase Helwyse, waving the red flag of the pestilence. Arriving opposite the Province-House, the mob burned the effigy, and a strong wind came and swept away the ashes. It was said, that, from that very hour, the pestilence abated, as if its sway had some mysterious connection, from the first plague-stroke to the last, with Lady Eleanore's mantle. A remarkable uncertainty broods over that unhappy lady's fate. There is a belief, however, that, in a certain chamber of this mansion, a female form may sometimes be duskily discerned, shrinking into the darkest corner, and muffling her face within an embroidered mantle. Supposing the legend true, can this be other than the once *proud* Lady Eleanore?

Mine host, and the old loyalist, and I, bestowed no little warmth of applause upon this narrative, in which we had all been deeply interested; for the reader can scarcely conceive how unspeakably the effect of such a tale is heightened, when, as in the present case, we may repose perfect confidence in the veracity of him who tells it. For my own part, knowing how scrupulous is Mr. Tiffany to settle the foundation of his facts, I could not have believed him one whit the more faithfully, had he professed himself an eye-witness of the doings and sufferings of poor lady Eleanore. Some sceptics, it is true, might demand documentary evidence, or even require him to produce the embroidered mantle, forgetting that it was consumed to ashes. But now the old loyalist, whose blood was warmed by the good cheer, began to talk, in his turn, about the traditions of the Province-House, and hinted that he, if it were agreeable, might add a few reminiscences to our legendary stock. Mr. Tiffany, having no cause to dread a rival, immediately besought him to favor us with a specimen; my own entreaties, of course, were urged to the same effect; and our venerable guest, well pleased to find willing auditors, awaited only the return of Mr. Thomas Waite, who had been summoned forth to provide accommodations for several new arrivals. Perchance the public—but be this as its own caprice and ours shall settle the matter—may read the result in another Tale of the Province-House.

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LOVE'S DOMINION.

The infant world beneath the sun's warm gaze,
Was lovely, as a seraph's song of praise;
The verdant branches of the shadowy trees,
Bent down in grateful homage to the breeze,
Alluring fruits hung ripening in the air,
And fragrant flowers, blushed in beauty there;
Through the green earth, the sparkling rivers rolled
To the broad sea, where billows tipped with gold
Bounded in gladness to the mountain's side,
And faintly murmured. as in foam they died.

Man, guileless man, his fair dominions trod,
Master of all, and image his God,
Thought sat upon his brow, and from his eye,
Gleamed the bright fires of immortality;
In unrobed beauty ever by his side,
Glowed the soft graces of his lovely bride,
She who was deemed by Heav'nly wisdom meet,
To crown his joy, and make the world complete.

But soon the tempter came, with thoughts of ill
Plotting foul treason with deceptive skill,
The prize he sought, in triumph dark was won,
And Sin exulted, as the deed was done.
Then Evil cursed the earth, and in her train
Stalked War, and Famine, Pestilence, and Pain,
Great was her baneful sway, but not supreme,
For Love was there, to hallow and redeem,
To bless the wanderer in life's devious maze,
And fill his grateful heart with songs of praise.
And as successive years have come, and gone,
And Time still speeds his restless chariot on,
That faithful friend, bids man from gloom arise,
Cheers his sad soul, and points him to the skies.

When the *first-born*, with its appealing cry,
Wakes a new chord in human sympathy,
How the fond mother clasps it to her breast,
That safest haven of infantile rest!

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What smiles of pure emotion light her face,
As oft inclining with unconscious grace,
She feasts her eyes, with fond, untiring gaze,
On this the firstling of the flock!—what praise,
From the heart's living altar freely given,
Is upward borne on angel wings to Heaven,
Oh! with what earnest and beseeching tone
Her prayer is breathed before Creation's throne
That the dear pledge of love may live to know,
Each joy that this world's treas'ry can bestow,
And when no more in mortal vesture drest,
Wing his bright way, to realms forever blest.
Whatever ties there be our thoughts can scan,
Which bind the mortal to his fellow-man,
Whate'er the time, condition, or the place,
There is no feeling known to Adam's race,
No earthly tie, the human heart can move,
Exceeds in tenderness a mother's love.

But yearns the mother towards her darling boy,
Her hope, her pride, her comfort, and her joy,
Does she so oft in solemn hour of night,
Watch his soft breathings by the taper's light,
Reluctant still to sink 'neath slumbers charm,
Lest her beloved should haply come to harm.
Fancying awhile, some dread, and distant day,
When thronging evils shall beset his way,
And as maternal weakness swells her fears,
Trying in vain, to check the rush of tears,
Pours she from out affection's sacred urn,
This gushing flow of love without return?
Ah no! these feelings in her bosom stored,
Find in her offspring's love a rich reward;
When in the morn he lifts his bird-like voice,
Her answ'ring smile, bids his young heart rejoice,
And as she clasps him with a pure embrace,
Her glowing kisses greet his joyous face;
He looks to her with hope, and trust, and pride,
Alike his friend, his counsellor, and guide,
She leads his footsteps in the path of truth,
And moulds aright the pliancy of youth,
Heart leaps to heart, soul answers unto soul,
Mother and child delight in love's control.

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The scene, the boy, is changed! the march of time
Has led him on to youth's luxuriant prime
The hot blood courses through his healthful frame
And his heart burns,—but with a novel flame.

Fast by that stream whose playful wavelets dance,
Beneath the young moon's mild, and tender glance,
Where the wind whispers to the quiet grove,
That youth reveals the story of his love;
Never did moon on fairer features beam,
Ne'er was reflected in the rural stream,
More sylph-like form than that his arm enwreathes,
While he with trembling voice his passion breathes;
There all unnerved by love, and hope, and fear,
She lends a willing, though a timid ear,
And smiles, and tears, and blushes, *will* reveal,
That which she cannot speak—or yet conceal!

The bird of music as in twilight dim,
He sings reposing Nature's vesper hymn,
Boasts not of tones so thrilling, or so sweet,
As lovers' vows, poured forth at maiden's feet;
Ay! could we hear the music of the sky,
When stars swell out the choral harmony,
With which they sing forth from the realms of light,
All hail! thou virgin queen of love and night,
That song celestial, soon the ear would tire,
Compared with words that flow from hearts of fire.

Our youthful loves! who does not on the track
Of by gone years, with wistful eye look back,
Upon the sunny time, when one dear theme,
Filled up each waking hour, each mystic dream,
When passion, taste, and sentiment combined,
To tinge with golden hues, the trustful mind.
Love comes in other shapes, new forms she wears,
Though still the same, in various garb appears;
When the gay visions of our youth depart,
Connubial love, supremely rules the heart,
Uniting kindred spirits firm, and fast,
True through all scenes, and faithful to the last.

So when the rainbow colors, one by one,
Fade from the place, where momently they shone,

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There still remains to the admiring view,
The pure expanse of Heaven's unclouded blue.
Oh thou! for whom the powers on high provide,
A blessed treasure, in that lovely bride,
'Tis thine to nourish, shelter, and protect,
Let love be mingled with a sweet respect,
Nor let a careless word, or blameful deed,
Invade her peace, or make that fond heart bleed,
So Hymen's torch shall burn with constant light,
Supremely mild, and beautifully bright.

Though strong the tie that binds thee to thy home,
A stronger still, may summon thee to roam,
To leave the chosen partner of thy days,
And that loved spot, where blest affection's rays.
Shed a mild light upon the household hearth,
Relieve its woe, and sanctify its mirth.

The troubled land is filled with war's alarms,
And the loud cry resounds to arms! to arms!
Though nuptial love leaves not his noble breast,
The love of country calls him from his rest,
He flies to where that country's flag is borne,
Where rolls the drum, and sounds the echoing horn,
Where rally stern-browed men a dauntles band,
The brave defenders of their father-land,
And as the trumpet's onset note rings out,
And eager thousands raise the battle shout,
He with a solemn vow his falchion draws,
Nerved by the hope that gilds his glorious cause.

While rages now the hot and earnest strife,
How lives the lovely, and the lonely wife?
Does she in weakness to regret give way,
And mourn with tears the well-remembered day,
When that domestic bond was rent in twain,
Which ne'er on earth might be re-knit again?
See where the lattice in the evening hour,
Opened to catch the south wind's balmy power,
Allows that breeze to fan the clustering locks
Which half conceal a face, whose beauty mocks
The limner's pencil, and the poet's pen;
There bends a form, beneath th' all seeing ken

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Of th' eternal Father;—there lowly kneels
That guileless wife—there each desire reveals,
And with a touching earnestness implores,
That he, whom her fond heart almost adores,
May all unvisited by war's fierce harms,
Safely return to her expectant arms.

"But still" (she prays) "whate'er his fate may be
Let nothing wean me, oh! my God from thee!
Let nothing weaken that true faith I owe
To thee, who ev'ry blessing did'st bestow,
And if thy will no other fate allows,
And Death's fell shaft must reach my warrior spouse,
As brave and good men perish, may he fall,
And patriot tears, bedew his honored pall,
To his last hours may peaceful thoughts be given,
And Freedom's martyr find a home in Heaven!"
Fond, virtuous Wife! the love that bears thee up,
To taste unquestioned any bitter cup
Thy Maker's wisdom may prepare for thee,
And bow in meekness to the just decree,
That love shall shelter thee, whate'er betide,
A guardian angel ever at thy side;
And though black clouds should gather o'er life's sea,
While rage the wild-winds of adversity,
Though terrors come with each advancing wave,
The *love of God* remains, to shield and save.

Time still rolls on:—the direful voice of war,
Is hushed to silence, and is heard no more,
The hum of labor greets each coming day,
And household joy resumes her former sway,
He who the humble suppliant ever hears,
Answers that fond Wife's meek but earnest prayers,
And safely passed through scenes of strife and pain,
The war-worn husband finds his home again.

Domestic Love endears his rural rest,
And sons and daughters rise, and call him blest;
Old age at last comes on with gentle pace,
And touches manhood with a reverend grace;
His children's children climb his trembling knee,
And make their grandsire share their playful glee;

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Or else implore the good old man to tell,
The oft-told tale, they love to hear so well,
How Independence was maintained, and bought,
How foes retreated, and how freemen fought,
How noble men, in days long past and gone,
Their rights supported, and their glory won,
And still remained, despite the tyrant's rod,
True to themselves, their country, and their God.

At last his shortened breath, and weakened frame,
The coming of the final hour proclaim,
Love ministers beside his dying bed,
With tender care supports his aged head,
With reverence listens unto each request,
Soothes every pang, and watches o'er his rest;
Love stoops to catch the last, the solemn sigh
That speaks his entrance on eternity;
Love keeps her vigils by his sacred tomb,
And plants fresh flowers around that narrow home.

Thus in our childhood's hour Love watches near,
And still attends us through each passing year,
Comes to our side when first we draw our breath,
Gives joy to Life, and takes the sting from Death.

Though yet Love reigns not with undoubted sway,
And lawless Passion still will have her day,
Though Heaven's best gifts are blent with earth's alloy,
And all-imperfect is each human joy,
A time in God's just providence draws near,
When Love in perfect aspect shall appear.

Sages of old with Inspiration's eye,
Have scanned the regions of futurity;
And through the thickness of its curtained gloom,
Beheld the glories of an age to come;
When by the forest's lord the lamb shall lay,
And guileless babes unharmed with serpent's play,
When Sin shall conquered lie with Pain and Strife,
And Holiness walk hand in hand with Life.

Come blessed hour! when war and woe shall cease,
And the Sun's rays illume a world at peace,
When earth below, like yon blue heaven above,
Shall rest in Joy, in Innocence, and Love!

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ROMANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—NO. II.

WEST POINT.—A TALE OF TREASON.

By the Author of "Burton," "Lafitte," &c.

(Concluded from page 250.)

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

"So the Gen'ral's off without never a thankee," said a voice in not the best humoured tones in the world. André turned round and beheld Smithson.

"Ha! boatswain," said he quickly, "you are in good time. Loose not a moment in conveying me on board the Vulture."

"There are two parties to that bargain," said the man in an indifferent manner, proceeding to place his oars in bickets on the portico.

"What, fellow."

"Fellow not me," said the boatswain doggedly; "I am at no man's beck and bidding. I have my reasons for serving the General, but am not every man's servant you may depend. If you want to get back to your ship you have arms, and can pull an oar I reckon, as well 's another body."

Annoyed and irritated at the unexpected position assumed by his guide, André paced the ground a few seconds, reflecting upon his situation and deliberating on the course he should pursue; then turning to the man who was removing his thick over coat with great deliberation, he said in a tone of mild entreaty:

"Smithson, my good fellow, take this gold and conduct me to your boat."

"Mr. John Anderson, what Jack Smithson wont do for favor he wont do for gold. Besides I have been up all night and I want sleep. The Vulture lays full two leagues below, and it would be broad day before I could reach her. No, no, nothing less than the General's orders will make me put oar in row-lock this night."

"Fatal negligence on the part of Arnold not to leave instructions to this effect," said André bitterly. Turning full upon the man he suddenly drew a pistol and levelled it at his breast—saying in a stern voice, "swear to guide me to your boat or you are a dead man."

"Is this your game, ha!" said Smithson with a laugh, quickly seizing the muzzle of the pistol in his gigantic grasp and turning it upward—"now Mr. Anderson if you are wise you 'd best put up that play-thing, for I am not a going to be frightened at such things

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as them. Good night." Thus speaking, he released his hold of the pistol and entered the dwelling.

Mortified at his want of success, indignant at the supposed carelessness of Arnold, and not a little alarmed at the danger of being discovered within the American lines, the young man stood still for a moment with indecision. Then approaching a light Smithson had placed in a window, he unfolded Arnold's passport, which he had not yet examined, to see to what extent it could protect him. To his surprise and infinite relief, he saw that there were two passports, one authorising him to return to New York by land, the other by water, with duplicates for Smithson, who was directed to see Mr. John Anderson safe beyond the American lines.

With a face, from which all traces of anxiety had disappeared, he entered the room and placed the passports in Smithson's hands. The man read them twice over with the most annoying deliberation, and without speaking placed his own passport in his pocket, and returned the others, resumed his dreadnaught and flapped hat, walked out of the house, and gazed steadily at the eastern skies for a few seconds, when he spoke:

"Mr. Anderson, it will be day-break in twenty minutes. It is no use trying to get back to the Vulture, for it's flood tide and blowing a dead head wind. The best oarsman on the Hudson, could'nt pull to her before ten o'clock, and during that time, there's no knowing what might happen to us. I would'nt like to trust myself in a boat, for there are boat-rower's along shore that little care for passports. We must ride to King's ferry just above here, and cross to Verplanck's Point, and so go down on the west side if you want to get to New York."

After putting a few questions to him, André was satisfied that the danger by land was less than by the river, and that there remained no alternative but to take the land route.

Hitherto he had worn his uniform concealed, even from Smithson, beneath his great coat; but he saw the danger of travelling in this manner, and the necessity of appearing simply as a plain citizen. To effect this change, it became necessary to make a confidant, in some sort, of his guide.

"Smithson," he said, as the other was busily saddling a second horse, "if you have a worn coat I should like to exchange mine for it, as I fear the one I wear may subject me to suspicions." As he spoke he approached the light in the window, and threw open his surtout.

The eyes of the man opened with surprise as they fell on the dazzling uniform of a British officer of high rank.

"By the twelve apostles!" he said advancing, "this is a discovery. A British officer in the——"

"Hush, my dear fellow," said André, affecting the voice and

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manner of an exquisite—"a—a—you see a—Mr. Smithson—that we young fellows, a—that is you know—we like to dress gaily—"

"Well."

"Why—a—foolish vanity, a—that is all—nothing more I assure you—I thought I might fall in with some of the pretty rustics—Ha, ha, ha! you understand me Smithson, my good fellow, ha?—and so I borrowed this coat of an old acquaintance. You take, ha?"

"D—n your gibberish," muttered Smithson, and then added, in a tone of supreme contempt; "Yes, I understand." From that moment, Mr. Smithson set down Mr. Anderson as one of the genus between the ourang outang and human. Whether the young man succeeded in blinding him altogether, was doubtful; but he made no further remark, and went into the house with the gorgeous uniform in his hands, and returned with a claret-colored coat, and nankeen waistcoat, which André put on, covering his head with a round hat, and wrapping himself again in his blue overcoat. In a few minutes the horses were ready, and mounting, they moved away from the house at a fast trot in the direction of King's ferry.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

About nine o'clock the morning following these events, on a broad hill-side that swept from a ridge half a mile from the Hudson to its shores, and within sight of the village of Tarry-town, a foraging party consisting of three yeomen were seated on the ground beneath a tree, playing at cards. The tree stood a little retired from a public road, which coming from the village below, wound across the face of the hill and disappeared over the ridge towards the interior. Each of them had a powder horn and shot pouch slung over his shoulder, while a musket lay across the knees of one, and a rifle and long ducking-gun stood against a tree where apparently they had been placed by the others to leave them more at liberty to pursue their pastime.

Although intent on their game, every few seconds they lifted their heads and took a keen survey of the road.

"Trumps!" exclaimed one slapping the card down upon his brawny thigh.

"Its your trick, John, by the livin' Jerusalem!" cried he with the musket.

"Luck's agin me this mornin', boys," said the third, a stout built, jolly faced farmer, with a twinkle in his eye and a globular nose, on which was scored in carmine many a deep potation; "I'll into the road and see if I can't find some better luck with game of another sort."

"If you can light on one of them ere tory cow-boys, Ike, we are on the look out for, driving our yankee cattle to make beef for John

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Bull's carcass down in York, I,ll give up every copper I've won on ye," said the first speaker, a thin cadaverous looking man with long legs and long hair.

"Then fork out Davy, for here comes a prize as good, or may I never take aim again at the sun with the butt-end of a quart-pot."

The men sprung to their feet, seized their guns and joined their comrade in the wood. "Whose cut and deal is this?" said the last speaker pointing up the road, along which a single horseman was advancing at the best speed he could get out of a jaded horse.

At the period of which we write, there was a tract of country along the East bank of the Hudson between the American and British lines, called the Neutral ground, thirty miles wide. By a law of the State of New York any person was authorised to seize and convert to his own use, all horses, and cattle or beef that should be driven across it southward towards the British lines if it was taken within ten miles of these lines. The consequence was that the whole of the neutral ground was closely watched by the inhabitants, who sallied from their homes in small parties and waylaid the high roads; so that it was difficult for the cow-boys, whose occupation was stealing cows for the 'lower camp,' to get with their booty safely across the debateable land. Stragglers, and all suspicious persons were also stopped and made to give an account of themselves, and not unfrequently peaceful travellers were civilly invited to pay toll of a few dollars to some of these guardians of the roads, who were not over nice in their distinctions between those who drove horses and those who rode upon them. With this explanation the character of the party in question will be readily seen.

"He's a gentlemen-like looking chap," said he of the carmine nose who had been called Ike; "broadcloth and boots, and a heavy purse I'll warrant me."

"You're always thinkin o' the purses, Ike," said he of the long limbs; "I would 'nt wonder if natur' had 'nt gen ye a spice o 'the foot-pad in your liver. Come, John, suppose you step out and speak to him," he said, addressing the winner at cards, a substantial, respectable-looking young farmer, "if Ike does it, it will be like your regular banditty, one o' your touch and go. We must stand by the honor o' the country at all odds."

The one addressed stepped in advance of his comrades towards the horseman, who was looking as he rode, earnestly towards a vessel of war some miles above on the river, and did not see the man until he came within twenty paces of him, when he suddenly checked his horse; the next instant he spurred him on as if he would pass him at full speed, reined him up before the glittering bayonet levelled at his chest, and then, making a demi-volte across the road buried his spurs deep and would have dashed past, but the cool yeoman caught the animal firmly by the nostrils and check-

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ed him so suddenly as to throw him backward nearly upon his haunches.

"It was well done, sir," said the yeoman, "no doubt you are in a hurry, but then we want to become a little acquainted with you before you travel farther. The times are out of joint and we know not true men from bad."

The stranger was enveloped in a blue great coat buttoned to the neck, with nankeen breeches and military boots and an ordinary black hat; and had that indescribable air and manner that betrays under the meanest disguises, the gentleman and soldier. "Gentlemen," he said, in a collected manner, as the rest of the party came up, "I hope you belong to our party."

"Which party?" asked the first.

"The lower party."

"Aye, aye, that we do, don't we Davy?" said the knight of the carmine.

"To be sure! what else does the gentleman think?" replied he of the long hair, winking at his fellow.

"I am glad to learn it," replied Major André, whom the reader has already recognised. From Smithson's house he had crossed King's ferry and ridden southward along the eastern side under the guidance of Smithson, and only dismissed him a few miles back when he entered the neutral ground, where he considered himself comparatively secure. From the top of the ridge above alluded to, he descried the Vulture a few miles above where she had anchored beyond the fire of the American batteries. It occurred to him that he might get some one to take him on board from the village whereby he should be saved the fatigue and danger of a long ride of ten miles to the British lines. His spirits hitherto depressed by the loneliness of the road and extreme peril of his situation, became elevated at the prospect, and urging his horse forward he found himself all at once in the midst of an ambuscade. "Gentlemen," he continued, "I am gratified to know that you are friends, for I am a British officer absent from New York on particular business and I beg you will not detain me, suspecting me to be other than I say I am." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a richly chased gold watch and anxiously consulted it.

"Aye, aye, Paulding, he 's a Britisher by his yeller gim-cranks," said carmine; "we Yankees are too pesky poor to have sich gear—General Washington himself only fobs a silver turnip."

"You must dismount, sir," said the sturdy yeoman sternly.

"My God! I must do any thing to get along, my good fellows! Here is General Arnold's pass, that, perhaps, you may respect if you do not a British officer."

"Dismount, sir, and we will read it," said Paulding, who still

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held the horse by his nostrils. "We have no idea of letting you escape till we know your business."

"Hold on like grim death to a dead nigger, John," said Ike of the nose," as the horse grew restive under the gripe; "gold watches don't grow in every body's corn-patch."

"Gentlemen, you had best let me go or you will get yourselves into trouble. Examine this pass. Be brief! for I have been too long detained already."

"I cannot read it till you dismount," said Paulding, holding the closed paper in one hand.

André sprung lightly from the saddle to the ground, when the yeoman released his gripe on the horse, passed the bridle beneath his arm, and opened and read the passport. "I hope you 'll not be offended, sir," he said, with the air of respect, which he had hitherto preserved, notwithstanding his resolute manner, "but there are spies and other dangerous people abroad, and I only want to know if you are a true man. If you are proved to be, why there is no harm done, if you ain't, why——."

"Then we 'll have his watch on shares, and pull straws for the chain," said Isaac.

"The name in the pass is Anderson, is it yours, sir?"

"It is. Let me go and I will give you my watch, horse, saddle, and bridle."

"Your anxiety and your offer leads me to suspect you. Here is General Arnold's signature—that is all right enough, and we would let you pass with it, if you had not just now called yourself a British officer."

"Considerable suspicious!" said he of the hair.

"He 's a regular circumstance—and no mistake," said carmine, fumbling about his waistband for a fob that the sagacious tailor had prophetically constructed therein. "Let's search him!"

"Aye, that 'll show what 's trumps!" said the knight with the legs.

"There is no alternative," said Paulding; "you must excuse us, but it must be done, sir."

Leading him into the wood they proceeded to examine his hat, coat, and waistcoat, without making any discovery. At length they compelled him to resign every article of his apparel to their scrutiny. He of the long locks pulled off his boots, while Ike opened his watch and examined the case. Their search was vain, and he was directed to resume his apparel, when Paulding thought he heard a rattling like paper as André drew on his boot. His fine thread stockings alone had not been taken off, the captors satisfying themselves with passing the hand along the outside of the calf and ancle.

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"Mr. Anderson, you will oblige me by removing your stocking," said the vigilant yeoman.

"I had thought this foolish search was ended," said the young man, his heart sinking.

"Your stockings must come off, sir."

"Take them off," said André, placing his palm on his brow, and turning away his face, wrung with an expression of the keenest anguish.

In the feet were discovered the fatal pacquets given him by General Arnold. A glance at the contents of one or two of the papers at once gave them an idea of their importance and dangerous nature. After they had consulted together for a few minutes as to the disposal of their prisoner, he who was called Ike, approached André, and said:

"Now what 'll you give us to let you go free?"

"Any amount of money you may ask," was the eager reply.

"Will you give me your watch and chain, and these gentlemen your horse, saddle, bridle, and a hundred guineas told?"

"Cheerfully. And the money shall be directed to this very spot if you say so, so that you shall be sure to get it."

"Is that all you will give?" coolly asked Paulding.

"I will give you whatever you demand, goods or money to the amount of a thousand pounds."

"Now, mister," said he of the nose, in a patriotic tone, and with a look of inconceivable magnanimity, "if you'd give us ten thousand guineas, and your watch to boot, yes, your gold watch and chain to boot, we would not let you stir a step. Hey, boys?"

"If he 's an enemy, poor as we be, I'd rather be without the money than he should escape to do mischief," responded Davy.

"Would you escape if you could?" asked Paulding.

"Most assuredly."

"I don't intend you shall," was the quiet reply of the American. In a few minutes afterward they directed their prisoner to remount his horse, and with Paulding leading the animal by the bridle, and the two others marching, one a few paces in advance, and the other in the rear, they reëntered the road, and moved at a smart pace northwardly towards North Castle, the nearest military post of the Americans.

CHAPTER NINTH.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, two miles southwesterly from West Point, there stands, at the present day, a time-worn dwelling. It is a long, rambling structure, two stories high, and erected apparently at different periods—a low gallery, in some places sunken, runs around it, with vines creeping about its slender

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columns, and grass growing in its crevices; shrubs have got root-hold on its moss-covered roof, and hang over the eaves in graceful festoons. It is in the centre of a lawn, from the bosom of which, numerous fine old trees of a century's growth, send up their trunks to a great height, and form a broad canopy of foliage above the venerable roof. Every thing about it—its worm-eaten fences; its thick soft grass, like piled-velvet, which age only can give; its long range of noble old barns, once red, but now browned and blackened with tne storms of eighty winters; its gigantic shrubbery; an avenue of box trees that look as if planted under a woman's eye ere the Revolution, all give it an air of old family dignity and antiquity that is seldom found in this young western world. A forest shuts out the prospect of the river from the south gallery, but a range of mountains, Dunderbeg and his satellites, fill the eye instead, while Antony's Nose, clothed with trees to its top, rises abruptly from the lawn, which is blended with its base to the height of a thousand feet. On the west and north, Fort Putnam, now nearly hid by the trees that have been suffered to grow up immediately around it, and old Crow Nest, are striking objects in the prospect. From the house a winding carriage roads leads through a romantic wood to a small cove of the Hudson, near the outlet of a brawling brook which intersects the grounds, where is a landing place for small boats. This is called Beverly Cove, and the dwelling above described Beverly House. Here Arnold held his head quarters during his command at West Point.

In a large, square room of the mansion, its low ceiling intersected by transverse beams, carefully white-washed, the capacious fireplace flanked by panel-work and little closets, with but a single door (besides that opening into the hall) leading into a small room lighted by a single window looking to the north, there sat, the morning after André's arrest, a party at breakfast. It consisted of General Arnold, who was in an unusually gay and social rein, his youthful and lovely wife, whose maiden charms had won the admiration of André,* and Colonels Hamilton, and McHenry, aids-de-camp of Generals Washington and La Fayette.

In the midst of their meal, and an animated conversation on the subject of the contemplated attack on New York, a horseman rode up to the door, and a moment afterward an orderly entered the room with a note, which he gave to General Arnold. Putting down an egg he was about to break into a little china cup before him, he opened the letter and read with a palpitating heart and a sensation of suffocation:

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* It is a singular fact that André was an admirer of Miss Shippen, afterwards Mrs. Arnold, who was a daughter of Chief Justice Shippen, of Philadelphia, where he first saw her during its occupancy by the British army.

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"Sir:—I send forward, under charge of Lieutenant Allen and a guard, which will arrive at Beverley House by noon, a certain John Anderson, who had been taken while going towards New York. He had a passport signed in your name, which, doubtless, is forged, and a parcel of papers, taken from his stockings, which are of a very dangerous tendency. I send him to you as commanding officer, feeling that it is a case presenting too many difficulties, and involving too much for me to decide upon. JAMIESON, *Colonel, &c., &c.*"

Till this moment Arnold had believed that his treason was successful. From the hour of his arrival at Beverly House, after taking leave of André, he had been singularly active and alert in all his duties, and with the officers about his person was on more than usual terms of confidence and intimacy. That morning Colonels Hamilton and McHenry had rode forward to his house from Fishkill to announce the approach of Washington and La Fayette to dine with him. Such was the confidence this great man reposed in him—alas, how repaid! The friendship (which he had) of such a man as Washington; the moral atmosphere he diffused around him should have saved him from so great a fall!

With an effort of self-command almost supernatural, he read the information of the capture of André and the defeat of his plans, so long forming. He folded the letter, suppressing his emotions the while, so effectually as to prevent the least suspicion of the occurrence of any extraordinary event, and taking up the egg he laid down, deliberately broke it into the cup, and for a few seconds longer continued to eat his breakfast, and addressed with ease a few common place-words to Colonel Hamilton. At length he said:

"Gentlemen, I beg you will not let my departure interrupt your meal. I have just received a note requiring my immediate presence at West Point. George, have my horse immediately saddled and brought to the door. Then rising from the table he hastened up stairs to his private room, situated at the northeast corner of the house, and despatched a servant to the breakfast room to say to Mrs. Arnold that he desired to speak with her.

"Mary," he said, in a voice of the deepest agitation, closing the door, and taking her in his arms, "we have been united but eighteen months, but we must now part forever. I have been, unknown to you, engaged in a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. The note I have just received tells me of the arrest of his messenger to me, with papers on his person, either of which would become my death warrant. Nothing remains for me but instant flight to the enemy. My barge is at the landing. I can reach the Vulture by noon. Escape now will be easy. No one here is yet aware of my criminality. An hour hence it will be too late. Though Jamieson is too dull to suspect me, Tallmadge or others may ere this have seen the papers, and be on their way to arrest me. Instantly burn all my papers. Now, farewell, dearest. God

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bless you. The heaviest blow this inflicts will reach me through you. Now, God bless you—bless you!"

Hastily embracing her he fled from the apartment, and though a shriek, prolonged and wild, and a heavy fall reached his ears as he descended the stairs he lingered not, but flung himself on Col. Hamilton's horse, his own not being yet at the door. Giving the animal the rein, he took a by-path around the stables, galloped rapidly along a hedge, and descended a wooded hill through a dry, rocky ravine, almost impracticable to horse, but down which he recklessly urged the noble animal, which, by plunging, leaping, and sliding on his belly, the spurs of the rider cutting into the rocks as he bore upon them with his heels, reached the bottom, and leaped the brook clear into the carriage road. Riding forward like wind through the wooded bottom, Arnold gained the cove, where, beside a small pier, his barge, with six men, was in waiting to convey him, as usual, at that hour, across to West Point.

He threw himself from his horse, and sprung into the boat.

"Push off, Cuyler!" he said to the coxswain, with anxious impatience. "Lively, men, lively! Clear from the shore! Set your oar to that sunken rock, and help her! There, she 's off. Thank God! Now let fall and give way. Starboard, Cuyler! Hard a starboard!"

The boatman stared. "Are we not going to West Point, sir?"

"No, below! Urgent affairs require my presence on board the Vulture. Pull out into the middle of the river, and take the full force of the tide. Lay to your sweeps well, men. You shall have a guinea a piece when you run your boat under the counter of the Vulture.

The men gave utterance to a kind of cheer, and bent to their oars with a good will. Cuyler sat in the stern sheets, steering her with a steadiness and skill that added almost the force of a seventh oar to her speed. For awhile the barge stood steadily down the river, passing on either hand scenery of savage grandeur, every commanding eminence of which was frowning with a redoubt.

In about an hour they emerged from the Highlands into a broader part of the river, and approached the fortress at Verplanck's Point, commanded by Colonel Livingston. Arnold, who hitherto had sat in the stern of the boat, with his arms folded, only rousing himself from a gloomy reverie by cheering the boatmen to renewed exertions, on nearing the post placed in the stern a white handkerchief fixed to his sword, which had the effect intended, for Colonel Livingston regarding it as a flag-boat, permitted it to pass without ordering it to be stopped and examined. This was a trying moment to the traitor, and he scarcely breathed till the barge was beyond gun-shot. The Vulture was now in sight a league below, and in another hour he was on board of her.

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We will here dispose of the traitor in a few words. Although his plan had failed, he was made a Major-General in the British army, and was otherwise rewarded for his intentions and previous services as Clinton's correspondent. But honorable men of the British army refused to associate with him, and officers to serve under him. After living twenty years in merited contempt and infamy, he died, miserably, at his residence, in Grosvenor square, London; not only unpitied and unhonored, but leaving behind him a name which has become a by-word for treason among both the British and American people.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Two hours after the flight of Arnold, General Washington, accompanied by Knox and La Fayette, on their return from a visit to Count Rochambeau at Hartford, arrived at Beverly House, as previously arranged, to repose themselves and dine. Here learning from his aids that General Arnold had been suddenly called over to West Point on urgent business, he remained only long enough to take a late and hasty breakfast, and hastened to the garrison to ascertain if any thing important had transpired. Accompanied by all his suite except Colonel Hamilton, who was detained in writing letters, he rode to the cove by the usual carriage road. This is a firm gravelled avenue, running northwardly with an easy descent, through a line of old trees for a hundred yards, to the bottom of a dell, through which the brook before mentioned runs brawling over stones. Here, at a gate, the road makes a sharp angle to the left, and follows the course of the rivulet. A roof of densest foliage shields it from the noon-day sun, and seats placed at intervals along its borders, invite the rambler to repose; while the ceaseless gurgle of the flowing water, the singing of countless birds, the silence of the forest trees, save when their tops are moved whisperingly by the winds, tempt him to linger in its delightful seclusion. Such was the pleasant woodland path through which the party rode, such, save that time has made it lovelier, is it now. Just before they arrived at the cove they discovered the horse deserted by Arnold grazing by the path, his bridle beneath his feet, and his saddle and coat bearing traces of the red soil in which he had taken that equine luxury, a *roll*.

A passing remark was made by Knox on General Arnold's carelessness; the animal was led back to the house by a servant; and in a few seconds afterward the gentlemen dismounted on the little pier. Here a small pennant hoisted by an attendant sent in advance, was fluttering from a staff placed on a projecting point of rock, in answer to which a barge of eight oars was putting out from the fort of Buttermilk Falls, then a military boat station. In a few

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minutes the party embarked, and the boat moved swiftly through the water. The harmony of motion and action in a well-manned barge, produces, like all harmony, silence and musing. The simultaneous sway of the bodies of the oarsmen—the regular rattle in the rowlocks—the liquid dip of the falling sweeps—the answering leaps of the boat, all are harmonious, soothing, and conducive to meditation. After the first hundred yards conversation ceased, and each gentleman seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts. The scenery through which they moved, added also, its influence. On the right, stretched the eastern shore rising a rocky precipice from the water, and crowned with woods. On the left, the Buttermilk Falls came tumbling and foaming in snowy sheets from the top of a cliff, and further on the shores were walled with lofty rural precipices. As they proceeded, the Highlands of Crow Nest and Bull Hill frowned down upon them, and from a promontory the fortress of West Point bristled with its iron battery. As they approached the landing, now disused, south of Kosciusco's garden, Washington observed with enthusiasm:

"Well gentlemen, it is fortunate for us that General Arnold has gone over to the garrison in advance of us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains."

The barge continued to approach the shore without any notice from the fortress, when, surprised at the silence, and absence of all preparations to receive them, he exclaimed,—

"What! do they not intend to salute us?"

An officer now made his appearance descending the ravine, and reached the shore just as the boat touched it.

"How is this, sir?" said Washington, with some severity.

"Pardon me, General," said the officer in confusion, I did not anticipate the honor of such a visit, or I should have been prepared to receive you in a proper manner."

"What! is not General Arnold here?" demanded the chief with surprise.

"No your excellency. He has not been here for these two days, nor have I heard from him, within that time."

"This is extraordinary, indeed," said Washington, "we were told he had crossed the river and that we should find him here."

He, nevertheless, remained and inspected the garrison and works, and then, reëntered the barge with his suite, and was pulled back to Beverly House.

As he approached the mansion Colonel Hamilton met him with a troubled countenance and whispered in his ear:

"Alight, sir! I have a matter of the most vital importance to acquaint you with."

Washington accompanied him into the sitting-room and when the

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door was closed, Hamilton placed in his hands several papers, saying, "as the messenger who arrived with these shortly after you left, said they were of the utmost importance I opened them."

Washington read the letters which contained from an authentic source, the account of the capture of André and a copy of the papers in Arnold's hand-writing with the passport in the same hand, found on his person. The guilt of Arnold was made clear as light, and the cause of his absence from West Point accounted for. It was plain that he had escaped to the enemy.

"He has descended the river, ride Hamilton for your life," said Washington, "it may be possible to intercept him at Verplanck's Point."

Colonel Hamilton left the room and spurred away on what proved to be a fruitless errand. Washington now sent for Generals La Fayette and Knox to whom he communicated Arnold's treason, and placed in their hands the papers which confirmed it. His manner was composed and dignified. "Whom can we trust now!" he said calmly, after they had finished the perusal of the letters.

"Mon dieu! is it possible?" exclaimed La Fayette, crumbling the paper in his clenched hand as he swiftly paced the apartment.

"I always knew him to be a disaffected man, but by —— I did not expect the devil to turn out so black from hoof to horn!" said Knox violently striking his fist on the table.

"It is useless to show feeling about it now, gentlemen," said Washington, without betraying emotion or anxiety of any kind, "it remains for us to repair what injury he has done us, and prevent him from doing more."

The American General now directed all his energies to counteract the plans laid by the traitor. Orders were forwarded to all the posts, the positions of the garrisons changed and the whole order of things as laid down by Arnold reversed. Sir Henry Clinton however, through the capture of André, was kept in ignorance and uncertainty until the arrival of the Vulture in New York with Arnold on board, the morning after his flight. The project therefore, was abandoned and the troops disembarked.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

It was not until noon on the following day that André arrived at Beverly House under escort of Major Tallmadge. This officer on inspecting the captured papers which were shown to him after Col. Jamieson had sent the prisoner forward, saw what this officer was strangely blind to, Arnold's guilt. Expressing in warm terms of censure his opinion of the course pursued by Jamieson of sending the accomplice to the accomplice, he requested and received the command of the escort and after some delay reached head-quarters

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with his prisoner. Washington refused to see him lest he should forget what was due to justice in sympathy for its victim, and ordered him to be placed under guard in the small room, opening from the dining-room, a sentinel to be posted on the outside of the door, and other precautions taken for his security until he could be conveyed to West Point and thence to Tappan for trial.

It was late in the afternoon when André stood by his little window watching the setting sun as it hung low in the skies above the summit of Crow Nest, and gilding with its slanting beams the walls of the fortress at West Point. His thoughts were turned on the hopelessness of his situation. He knew that he must die. To be cut off in the prime of his youth, his earthly hopes crushed, the ties of love, paternal and filial, forever broken, all that bound him to his fellow-beings severed and destroyed! He turned away from the window and paced to and fro his narrow prison under the pressure of intense mental agony. Terrible was the conflict between his manhood and his human nature! At length reason asserted her power, and philosophy and religion came to his aid and he grew calmer. He resolved to bear his fate like a man and like a British soldier. After a few seconds he called to the sentinel and requested writing materials to be brought to him. They were cheerfully granted by Major Tallmadge who had taken a deep and feeling interest in the fate of the noble youth. Seating himself at a table, André penned the following letter to General Washington:

24th September, 1780.

"Sir:—What I have said concerning myself to my captors was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded.

I beg your excellency will be persuaded, that no alteration in the temper of my mind or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest; a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life.

It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession is Major John André, Adjutant General to the British army.

The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held; as confidential (in the present instance) with his excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

To favor it I agreed to meet upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence; I came up in the Vulture man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night without the American posts, to neutral ground, and in-

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formed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarry-town by some volunteers.

Thus, as I have had the honor to relate, was I betrayed (being an Adjutant General of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honor of an officer and a gentleman.

The request I have to make to your excellency, and I am conscious I address myself well, is, that in any rigor, policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor.

Another request is, that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston who, being either on parole or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might effect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.

I have the honor to be with great respect, sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

And most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE, *Adjutant General.*"

When he had finished penning this eloquent appeal, he gave it to Major Tallmadge who read it with undisguised astonishment. He had suspected from his carriage and the habit of turning on his heel in his walk, that he was a military man, but he had no suspicions that he held so high a rank in the British army, nor that the plot in which he had been connected with Arnold was so extensive and dangerous. He carried the letter to General Washington, who was deeply affected on reading it but made no reply to it. After the prisoner had sent the letter, his mind appeared relieved and his features wore a calm and contented expression. He turned again to the window, and the calm landscape lighted by the evening sky was not more placid and serene than his countenance.

"André!"

He started and looked around. But there was no one present.

"André!" was a second time repeated, as if close to his ear, in the gentle tones of a woman's voice.

He looked around and up to the ceiling, when his eye caught a slip of paper fluttering through a crevice in the floor above. "André," softly repeated the voice a third time, and the paper fell fluttering at his feet. He lifted it from the ground and read with a sparkling eye:

"DEAR MAJOR ANDRE:—Though miserable myself I cannot be altogether so absorbed in my own wretchedness as to forget the griefs of others. Listen to me. I know your high notions of honor and the spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice that fills your bosom, but oh! for my sake—for your own—for that of your mother and sisters—for the sake of your country—do what I am about to ask of you! Accept life while it is in your power! Do not remain to die like a criminal! Life is now

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yours—to-morrow it may be due to justice! Alas! my heart tells me what will be your reply—but I will not therefore cease my exertions to save you. Assisted by a faithful slave, I this morning loosened two of the planks in your room. They afford communication with the cellar. Descend into it and Peter will meet you with a disguise, and conduct you, by the western outlet, which opens among high shrubbery, into the garden, where he will conceal you till night, and then provide a boat for your escape. Do not, André, neglect this opportunity! Fly *now!* General Washington and his staff are busy in the library, and nothing can prevent the success of the plan but your own obstinacy. Fly, André! Escape! For the sake of all you hold dear on earth loose not a moment, but fly! MARY."

The young man read this appeal with a sparkling eye and glowing countenance, when he concluded it he glanced upward and kissed his hand to the invisible author of it, then folded the paper, placed it next his heart, and paced the room rapidly with a thoughtful brow and excited manner.

"Nay, nay, I will not—I cannot—I *may* not! I must abide my destiny."

He stopped, surveyed the floor through every part, and then walked towards the side next to the hall and trod lightly on the two planks nearest the wall. They were loose. He stooped to lift them and they yielded to his hand and he gazed down into the dark cellar beneath.

"Come, massa! coas' clear—dis jus' de time!" said a low husky voice from beneath.

The prisoner paused an instant, then with a sudden impulse closed the aperture and walked resolutely away. An exclamation of anguish and disappointment from the apartment above reached his ear, but with folded arms and a composed manner, he gazed steadfastly from the window, his face expressive of the triumph of an honorable mind over an unworthy tempation.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

The morning of the second of October broke with a clear sky, and the promise of a bright autumnal day. The sun rose without a cloud and gladdened hill, forest, and valley, with his cheering light. Happiness was written on the face of nature as if with the finger of Heaven; but among the habitations of men, sorrow and woe had, as ever, an abiding place. There was one abode into the windows of which this morning's sun shone, above all others, melancholy in its character, and most melancholy for the scenes of human sorrow and wretchedness of which it was the daily witness. It was a prison. In one of its gloomiest apartments, sat a young man whose days were numbered—whose star was about to become extinguished ere it reached the zenith. It was Major André. His judges had doomed him to die as a spy, taken within the American lines. The sympathising American Chief would gladly have commuted this harsh sentence, but military justice demanded the victim!

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In one hour he was to be led forth to execution! His countenance was firm. A delightful calm dwelt on his youthful and noble features, and an air of repose and resignation marked his bearing. About him stood a group of officers, foes of his country, but whom his virtues had converted into personal friends. Tears were in the eyes of these stern warriors, and their voices trembled with emotion as they talked in low tones with each other. *He* alone was calm and resigned!

An officer entered and announced, in a subdued tone, that the hour of execution had arrived. The prisoner rose with dignity and said:

"Gentlemen, I am ready to wait on you." Taking the arm of Major Tallmadge, who had been constantly with him since his capture, he left his cell with a firm step. In the street he took the arms of two subaltern officers, and walked between them to the place of execution. A natural composure pervaded his manner and his whole deportment was remarkably dignified and self-possessed.

"My emotions are singular," he said, turning to Major Tallmade, who walked near him, "when I reflect that in a very few minutes I shall be an inhabitant of the world of spirits—so soon have revealed to me *the great secret!* But I do not shrink from it. I am not afraid to die—if I were, wretched, indeed, should I be at this moment."

They now came in sight of a gallows surrounded by a large military force and a great concourse of citizens awaiting the event—a deep gloom filling all hearts—commiseration visible on every face.

When the young man saw the degrading instrument of execution he stopped, and turning to Major Tallmadge said, with an expression of mingled pain and indignation, "Why is this?"

"Are you ill, sir," asked the officer, ignorant of the cause of his emotion.

"'Tis nothing, sir," said the young soldier, recovering his composure; "I hoped to have met death at least at the hands of soldiers, and not at those of the common hangman. Move forward, I am reconciled to death, but I detest the mode."

In a few minutes afterwards he stood beneath the gallows. As he looked up at the fatal engine of death, his chest heaved and there was a choaking in his throat as if he were striving to suppress feelings struggling to escape. At length the noose was suspended from the beam and the wagon placed beneath. Without assistance he stepped into it, and then for a moment he appeared to shrink. The ascendency of nature was but momentary. Instantly recovering himself, he looked round upon the sorrowful faces at the foot of the gallows and said, with a smile:

"It will be but a momentary pang."

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Then, declining the assistance of the provost-marshal, he bandaged his own eyes with a degree of firmness and resignation that the eyes of all who gazed were filled with tears, and deep groans of emotion escaped from the breast of many a stalwort soldier, that the stern spirit of military laws should demand so young and noble a victim.

The provost-marshal now loosely pinioned his arms and placed the noose over the young man's head, who, himself, with perfect firmness, adjusted it to his neck.

"Major André, you have now an opportunity to speak if you desire it," said the provost-marshal.

Lifting the handkerchief from his eyes, he looked steadily around and said, in a firm, clear voice that reached every ear of the silent multitude:

"I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." There was no vain boasting in his voice or manner, but his words proceeded from that honorable pride which becomes a soldier, and which sheds a halo even around the brow of death. When he had said this, he resumed his former position and calmly awaited his fate.

The signal was given—the wagon rolled from beneath him, and the victim of military justice had expiated his offence with his life. "Such," says Mr. Sparks in his 'Biography of Arnold,' which able work we have made free use of in this outline, "such was the death of a man whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known, and opened the happiest presages of a future career of renown and glory. In ten short days his blooming hopes had been blighted, and his glowing visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die, not more beloved by his friends than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin, and by whose hands his life was justly taken. Time has consecrated the feeling. There are few Americans, and few will there ever be, who can look back upon the fate of André without deep regret. His name is embalmed in every generous heart; and they who shall condemn his great error and applaud the sentence of his judges, will cherish a melancholy remembrance of the unfortunate victim, and grieve that a life of so much promise, adorned with so many elevated and estimable qualities, was destined to an untimely and ignominious end." The tears and eulogies that have followed the memory of this noble gentleman, brave soldier, and honorable man, eminently show how virtue may ennoble even the gallows, and demonstrate that it is far better to die well, though on the gallows, than, like Benedict Arnold, to purchase life with the scorn and contempt of mankind.

"Still lived he on—his victim doomed to die—
Yet in their different fates behold the homily."

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LINES

ON BEHOLDING THE RESIDENCE OF OBERLIN.

Upon this humble cottage roof
The gazer's eye may careless fall,—
Yet to my heart it speaks of more
Than e'er was told by lordly hall.

For from this dwelling, reared on high
Amid the cold of Alpine snows,
A lesson oft despised and scorned
Forth to my inmost spirit flows.

It speaks of charity and love,
Of peace to all of human kind,
Of thought unchained and conscience free,
Of truth no human force could bind.

It says in thrilling tones to all,
'Esteem thy neighbor's rights thine own,
And by the value placed on thine,
Let thy regard to his be shown.'

Yes, Oberlin! thy sainted name
Shall with the rocky Alps survive,—
A spell of constancy and power
To all who in thy footsteps strive.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., *October 29th.*

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF A CERTAIN BANK DIRECTOR.

Monday.—Read some remarks on Banking, addressed by a learned Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, to a member of Congress, from Philadelphia, and was delighted with them beyond measure. It is a common saying that colleges are half a century behind the rest of the world in practical information, but Professor Hare is evidently fifty years in advance of the present generation. Take his initial paragraph by way of example:

"By the most zealous advocate of hard money, it cannot be denied that, the competency of specie to act as money is dependent altogether on its ability to create in

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the mind of each successive holder, an expectation that it will pass as money at the value at which it may be received. They cannot deny, that during a century in which a piece of coin may have been current, all those attributes which give it a value over other substances, have been inert. As a metal, it will have done nothing. Evidently its sole mean of utility has been its power of creating a confidence that it will pass in the market without depreciation. It follows, that whatever else may prove competent to produce a similar confidence, under like circumstances, must, *as money*, be equivalent to coin."

Excellent! The only utility of metallic money is its power of creating a *confidence!* Excellent! Excellent!

The conclusions at which the Professor arrives are worthy of his premises:

"When the banks stopped specie payments in May last, every note which they had issued, and every credit given by them for deposits, *appeared* to fall in value, relatively to gold and silver, from five to ten per cent. But is it to be inferred that there was an actual depreciation of their notes and credit to that amount? Was it not owing to a rise in the price of specie, which had become an object of demand for exportation, to pay the balance of trade with Europe, caused by a failure in the price of our produce? * * * * * * *

Is it not evident that the same causes which deprived the banks of the power to redeem their notes or credits with specie, by impairing the credit of individuals, gave to bank notes and bank credits an unusually high value, so that the holder of them in lieu of being a sufferer, was a gainer by the change?

Viewing the subject thus, would any thing have been more mischievous, absurd, and unjust, than to have forced them to resume specie payments, upon the plea of their legal liability, or to use the argument of Shylock, because "*it was in the bond.*"

Surely there is no wisdom like Whig wisdom. When banks suspend specie payments, their notes actually rise in value, and only *appear* to fall, just as the sun *appears* to revolve round the earth, though the earth actually revolves round the sun! I am beginning to think that members of colleges are not as useless members of the community as some people suppose them to be. Certainly none but a Professor in a University could have discovered that the holders of bank notes are enriched by the banks stopping payment.

Saw a Loco-Foco passing by and called him in, hoping to convince him by the Professor's logic. Found him utterly intractable. He said that *money* was not only a medium of exchange, but also a *standard* and *measure* of value, and that when it was metallic it had a value in itself independent of what it derived from its use as a commercial medium; and that it was from want of a clear conception of this truth that so respectable a man as Professor Hare had uttered such strange paradoxes.

Read to Loco-Foco the following passage from the Professor's production, and asked him what he thought of it:

"I do not consider a bank as the debtor of the note-holder or depositor, so long as their notes or credits are supported at the market price at which they were issued. The bank is virtually obligated to furnish a currency which will answer the purpose of money, so as to pass in the market without depreciation. Of course the bank stands in the relation of an obligor, rather than in that of a debtor, and becomes only so far liable as it may fail in its obligations."

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Loco-Foco was evidently puzzled by this distinction between debts and obligations. Indeed he confessed as much, for he said the whole of the Professor's reasoning reminded him of a story he had once heard, and which he would endeavor to repeat. A certain Irishman went into a certain tavern and called for six pence worth of crackers. They were duly set before him, and after looking at them for some time, he inquired if the landlord would have any objection to exchange the crackers for six pence worth of brandy toddy. Certainly not, said Boniface. Paddy having finished his potation, was preparing to depart, when the landlord called out to him to pay for the toddy. "Pay for the toddy!" exclaimed Patrick in amazement. "Did I not give you the crackers in pay?" "Well then," said the landlord, "pay me for the crackers." "Pay you for the crackers! The divil take you! you unconscionable varmint! Hav'nt you got the crackers?" "You may go," said the landlord, utterly confounded. "You have, in some way, diddled me out of six pence. I can't exactly tell how, but I am sure I have lost that much. You can go."

Now, said Loco-Foco, it has always appeared to me that the banks treat the people just as Paddy treated the tavern-keeper. They take two values from us, and give us one value in return. And in such a manner that few are able to discover the rationale of the process. Professor Hare, however, has laid the matter open, by shewing that the outstanding notes of a bank are no part of its debts.

Tuesday.—Could not help laughing, in spite of myself, at the humor of a wag of a Loco-Foco from the country. I had bargained with him for five tons of hay to feed my carriage horses, and offered him bank notes in payment. Loco-Foco very deliberately took from his pocket book a note promising to pay me five tons of hay, and ordered his wagoner to drive off. "Now," said he, "we are quits. You have given me *promises* to pay silver, and I have given you *a promise* to pay hay. Nothing can be fairer than *promise* against *promise*." The rascal's drollery diverted me so much that I paid him at once in gold.

That old father to whom I sometime ago sold some of the best stocks in the market, came to me in great distress, complaining that the stocks were utterly worthless, and that he was now left not only without property, but with a load of debts which he should never be able to discharge. Cheered him up as well as I could. Told him that this country was a fine field for enterprise, and that so far from repining, he ought to bless his stars, that in his long life of seventy-five years he had never failed before. What other business-man, I asked him, in the whole circle of his acquaintance, could say as much? I myself had failed not less than three times, but on no one of those occasions did I become disheartened. It

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was true, indeed, that I always made such previous arrangements that my family were sensible of no change in their mode of living. I was duly impressed with the truth that "he who provideth not for his family, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Not willing to sink myself to a level with the wretched infidel Loco-Focos, I always, before stopping payment, set my house in order, by securing to my wife, or infant daughter, a coach and country-seat, and such other little comforts and conveniences, as the usages of good society render indispensable. I did not, however, mention this to old father, for fear he should think I was reflecting on his want of Christian prudence in not having done likewise. We cannot be too delicate in our treatment of the feelings of people who are in distress.

Wednesday.—Looking through a file of the National Intelligencer, I was forcibly struck with the following remarks by a distinguished Senator from Kentucky, delivered by him on the twenty-first of June, 1838:

"He had denounced a military aspirant, and denounced him in language which he was proud to have used, when he had exclaimed, send us war, pestilence, and famine, rather than curse us with a military rule: and if he could then have foreseen that this execrable measure, the Sub-Treasury, would have been introduced by the influence which he then deprecated, he would then have denounced it as he did now, as not at all preferable to war, pestilence, and famine, and as not inferior to any one of them in its malign effects on the welfare and prosperity of the country."

Exactly my opinion. Give us war rather than the Sub-Treasury bill! Neither the Senator nor myself will have any thing to do with the fighting. That must all be done as in the last war, and in the war of the Revolution, by the democracy of the country: provided enough of them are left to do the hard work, I care not how many of them are killed. Besides this, a war would entail on the country a permanent national debt; and every body knows that a national debt is a national blessing. Funding and banking being twin brothers, only give us a sufficient national debt, and our paper money institutions will live forever. With a large and permanent national debt, we might reduce the working-men of America into as complete subjection as their brethren in England.

Give us pestilence rather than the Sub-Treasury! Yes, give us pestilence! In that event the Senator and myself would not be as far from personal danger as in the event of war. Yet we might venture on the risk. Pestilence generally spends its violence in the hovels of the poor. It might be almost as effective as war in ridding the country of those wretched vermin, the Loco-Focos.

Give us famine rather than the Sub-Treasury! Yes, give us famine! Let what will come, the Senator and I will have plenty to eat. As to the Loco-Focos, they are pretty well used to starving already, or, if they are not, it is quite time they should be.

Give us war, pestilence, and famine altogether, rather than de-

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prive the banks and speculators of the use of the public money. A war is, above all, specially desirable. Smart men never do so well as in time of war. What with army and navy contracts, and contracts for loans, and fluctuations of currency, and irregularity in the supply of commodities, fortunes can be made with rapidity in times of public hostility, and the sooner such times commence the better for all the Grab-alls and Gripe-alls and Grasp-alls in the whole country.

This amiable and eloquent extract proves how truly worthy this distinguished statesman is of the confidence of the Whigs. Even in his prayers and figures of speech, he never forgets our principles. The evils of war, pestilence, and famine, would fall principally on the democracy; and besides benefitting our party, would infallibly tend to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer, the cardinal maxim of our political faith. This renders it indispensable, in my opinion, that he should receive the nomination of the Harrisburg Convention.

Thursday.—Heard to-day of the defeat of the Sub-Treasury bill. Glorious, glorious news indeed! Not that I concur in opinion with those who think that the passage of the bill would destroy the banks. We should still be able to levy a tax on the whole commerce of the country; and if the Loco-Foco absurdity of compelling the banks to pay specie is to be persisted in, why, perhaps, a Constitutional Treasury would only act as a balance-wheel in the machine. But then it would curtail our stock-jobbing and land speculations. Here is the rub. But even this is not the grand evil of the Sub-Treasury system. My grand objection to it is, that it would *increase executive patronage*. I know not who it was that first discovered that giving the President, in concurrence with the Senate, the power to appoint some four or five Receiver Generals, and they, in their turn, to appoint some eight or ten clerks, would be conferring on the Executive more patronage than he would have, if he, or the Secretary of the Treasury under him, should have the selecting of some twenty-five banks, and thereby the power of directly influencing their numerous officers, and indirectly influencing their thousands of stockholders and debtors. I say I know not who it was first made this profound discovery. But, certainly, he must be a man of uncommon powers of mind. No one can fail to be convinced of this who reflects on the fact, that under the proposed system, the Treasury officers would be punishable as criminals if they lent or used a single dollar of the public money; and that the President himself could not touch even the amount of his own salary except on warrant, duly signed, countersigned, and registered, according to law. Now, that such a system would increase executive patronage, is truly a wonderful discovery. To common minds it would seem rather like an increase of Executive *responsibility*.

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But there are, fortunately, some uncommon minds in the world, and to one of these we must be indebted for this discovery in political science, as great as the greatest of Franklin's in natural philosophy. No doubt we shall see in time to whom this great honor is due; or, as they say in French, *nous verrons.*

Judge Johnson of West-Quoddy Head, came in, but instead of crying "*Laus Deo*" or "*Victoria,*" he shook his head gravely. As a man's shaking his head is a sure indication that there is something in it, I resolved to pump it out, and at length I succeeded. The Judge doubted if the defeat of the Sub-Treasury bill was so great a victory after all. Banks ought to cease to be political machines and become commercial institutions. As such they would be useful to the community. As at present constituted and conducted, all the advantages derived from them accrued to a few. Those few were acting very impoliticly in keeping open the Sub-Treasury question. They ought to have suffered the bill to pass without debate. By the clamor they had raised, they were provoking inquiry into the general characteristics of the banking system, which was precisely what the Loco-Focos desired.

Told Judge Johnson that I feared we had made a blunder, but it was too late to correct it now.

Friday.—Like well enough a victory over the Government, but do not like one of the consequences that victory brings with it. There is now no longer any excuse for our not resuming specie payments, and with the general resumption of specie payments away go our great profits on exchanges, and may be our cotton monopoly will go with them. By an understanding with certain corporations in the South-West, our bank and certain other banks in this quarter have been doing a very snug business. Buying up Mississippi notes at a discount of thirty or forty per cent., then buying cotton with these notes, thus creating a fund for foreign exchanges, and having domestic exchanges completely in our power, was truly as pretty a mode of operating as reasonable men could desire. The profits were certainly not less than thirty per cent. per annum on the amount of capital invested. But our odious Government and the stupid people combined, are putting an end to all this. And this too, after our Whig editors and Whig orators and Whig collegians have proved as clear as day, that "the less gold and silver there is in a country, the richer that country is"—"that when the banks suspend payment their notes are actually more valuable than they were before, and only *appear* to fall in value," with other truths equally recondite and equally well established.

Saturday.—Banking and politics have, somehow, got so strangely commingled, that both for pleasure and profit, I spend my leisure in perusing the newspapers. To-day, I read and was much pleased, with an argument from an illustrious Conservative of Virginia going

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to prove that an attempt to substitute metallic for paper money in the United States, would give European powers a just cause of war against this country. The Loco-Focos say they cannot see how this could be, inasmuch as we should honestly pay in cotton or other produce for such quantities of the precious metals as we should take from Europe. They add, also, that the whole amount of gold and silver in the world is, according to the estimates of the most able authors, equal in value to not less than ten thousand millions of dollars, and that as we should require only eighty or one hundred millions, in addition to our present stock, to enable us to dispense with paper money, they cannot see how we should give offence to foreign powers by adopting this policy. But, they subjoin, as it is by *gradual* means that we propose to introduce solid money, if European powers object to letting us have it, we can attain our end by detaining such amounts of gold and silver as will, in the natural course of trade, flow into our country from South America. To all this, I have one short reply. *The Loco-Focos are fools.* None are wise but the Virginia Conservative and men of his way of thinking. An attempt to substitute metallic for paper money in this country, would undoubtedly give European powers just cause of war against us, though, for reasons already stated, I do not think war is to be deprecated.

I know not to which to give the preference, to the illustrious Conservative from Virginia, or his equally illustrious brother from South Carolina, who has proved that the addition of five millions to our metallic medium which the Sub-Treasury system would make necessary, would sink the price of cotton so low in Europe, that the Southern planters would lose incalculable sums.

Take it all together, I think Conservative wisdom preferable to even Whig wisdom. It is deeper and more ingenious. Mc-Thwackem agrees with me perfectly in this. He says that the English language is too meagre for the expression of the thoughts of either Whigs or Conservatives. The Whig speeches and essays on banks and currency ought to be turned into Latin to give them their proper effect. But Conservative wisdom is so thoroughly transcendental that nothing short of Greek is adequate to its just expression.

Sunday.—Did not go to church to-day. My clerical friends, the Rev. Matthew McThwackem L. L. D. and the Rev. Jeremy Diddler D. D. are both at a watering place, and I have no disposition to be bored, as I have been of late, by discourses from strange parsons about honesty, fair dealing, and all that sort of thing.

When the *pure* gospel is preached, that is to say faith alone, without any reference to charity and good works, no person is more disposed than myself to pay due respect to the ministers of religion, or to be more attentive to the means of grace. No one shall ever

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see my seat vacant when Diddler or McThwackem fills the pulpit. But I cannot abide heresy.

However, I trust I did not spend the day wholly without profit. I employed the greater part of it in writing to McThwackem and Diddler, partly about things spiritual and partly about things worldly. I hope their religious zeal for the benefit of the poor giddy mortals at the watering place, will not induce them to relax their exertions for the promotion of the rail-road and other speculations in which we all three are so deeply interested. They have families to provide for as well as myself, and ought to recollect that coaches and country seats are great conveniences, or rather absolute necessaries of life. Nothing would grieve me more than to see these two patterns of piety and most excellent friends of mine, reduced to the necessity of trudging through the mud, after the manner of the wretched, infidel Loco-Focos.

Monday.—The impudence of the Loco-Focos does actually exceed all bounds. This morning there was found pasted on our bank door the following advertisement:

PROPOSALS

Will be received for building a Sub-Treasury Office, and furnishing the same with sliding shelves, and hydrostatic balances.

The building must be constructed of the best materials, and suitably provided with iron doors, locks, bolts, and bars. The vault must be divided into two compartments; the first, or "Loco-Foco department," for gold and silver: the second, or "Conservative department," for the safe keeping of bank notes.

Architects and others are invited to send in their proposals to Deacon Graball, who will, in due season, forward them to the seat of Government.

The time when this advertisement appeared marks the depravity of the age. As it was found on the bank door early on Monday morning, it must have been put there on Sunday evening. And this is the way in which the Loco-Focos spend that sacred day! The recent elections must have inspirited them, or they would never have had the audacity to get out such an advertisement.

Tuesday.—Sorely troubled about my eldest son, Tom. He is sadly afflicted with fits of absence of mind. Though a leading member of our Temperance Society, and a rigid total abstinence man, he sometimes, in his fits of abstraction, gulps down gin instead of water. This I do not wonder at much, for gin and water are so nearly of the same color that I am myself sometimes deceived by the similitude. But then he makes the same mistake with brandy. These fits come on him so often that his very horse seems to have caught them from him. This I had occasion to observe some short time ago, when I borrowed Tom's horse and buggy to drive McThwackem some eight miles from town, to lay the corner-stone of a new church. The horse stopped, of his own accord, at the door of every tavern on the road, and would not move forward except on application of the whip. Sometimes when Tom is half way on his

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road to church, these fits of absence of mind come on him, and he goes to houses of an indescribable reputation—gambling-houses, for example. Once the poor boy started to go to a camp-meeting, and never drew up till he got to a race-ground. The most troublesome symptoms of these fits of absence of mind have, however, shewed themselves in his frequently signing other men's names to notes, and then raising money on them. I have often had to pay large sums on this account; and the occasions have become so frequent of late, as really to prove very burdensome. Tom, when spoken to on the subject, laid all the fault on his Miss, who was always getting money from him. Asked Tom why he kept so expensive a Miss. Said he could not help it; 'sposed it was predestinated.' Told Tom not to come over me in that way, for if it was predestinated that he should act the fool, it was also predestinated that he should suffer for his folly. The poor, innocent boy, (he is "only thirty years old") was evidently affected at my treating him in a manner so different from my wont; and my paternal feelings utterly subduing me, I gave him money to hush up the affair. Could not, however, help telling him that it was well he was the son of a wealthy Bank Director. If he had been the son of some wretched Loco-Foco, it might have gone hard with him.

Finding myself much in want of consolation, I sent for old Parson Maultext, and told him of my griefs. But he, instead of healing my wounds, only tore them open afresh. He said if parents, by successful speculations, took away from their children the necessity for industry, it must be expected that, unless their education were carefully guarded, the children would run riot in all kinds of excesses. This was all the comfort I got. My poor child's misfortunes spoken of as downright profligacy—just as if he had been the son of some wretched Loco-Foco.

Wednesday.—Turned a penny to-day in a way I am almost ashamed to narrate, but in these hard times one must not be over scrupulous about the ways and means one takes to get ways and means to pay one's just debts.

A poor, hardworking Loco-Foco, a boot and shoe maker, whose stock in trade, and house furniture together, were worth about a thousand dollars, applied to me some time ago for a loan of five hundred. From my anxiety to assist the poor, which has always been the leading passion of my life, I readily lent him the money, taking a bill of sale of all his goods and chattels, by way of collateral security. It so happened that I wanted the money back sooner than I had expected, and sooner than Loco-Foco was prepared to pay it. The consequence was, that all his stock in trade, and his furniture, became my property. His wife and children were much afflicted at the loss of their little all, and so should I have been too,

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if the man had not been a hard money man in his sentiments, and, of course, an infidel.

So far all was well. I got the boots and shoes, leather straps, lap-stones, and all, of Loco-Foco. To-day an opportunity occurred of disposing of them to advantage. Another Loco Foco, a flour dealer, applied to me for a loan of fifteen hundred dollars. Told him I had it not to lend, but was willing to let him have my note for three thousand dollars, which I could insure him would be promptly discounted at our bank. Loco said fifteen hundred were all he wanted. Told Loco I could not think of engaging in so small a transaction; but that if he would take his brother Loco's shoes and boots, and pots and pans, and beds and bedding, at a valuation of fifteen hundred dollars (which I esteemed very low) and would give me a mortgage on his own house for the remaining fifteen hundred dollars, he should have the note for three thousand *instanter*. Loco demurred to this. What could he, a flour dealer, do with boots shoes, lasts and lap-stones? Told him that no doubt, his brother Loco, the original owner of them, would be very glad to buy them of him *on credit*. However, I did not wish to press the subject on him. Loco Foco spent several hours in running about town, trying to raise the money in some other way, but as all the banks had come to a resolution not to advance a cent to any person at all infected with the horrible doctrines of Loco-Focoism, and as the brokers all knew that there was a negotiation then pending between him and me, and they did not like to offend me by interfering, he found his only chance of saving himself was in accepting my offer. He paid me the fifteen hundred dollars in hand for the shoe-maker's stock and furniture, and the shoe-maker has got his lap-stones back, which rather pleases me, though he is a Loco-Foco, and, of course, an infidel. As for flour dealer Loco-Foco, his house adjoins some property of mine, and when I get possession of it, I can make some valuable improvements there which I have long had in contemplation. It cannot be long before the transfer will take place. The very means the flour dealer has taken to extricate himself from one difficulty will lead him into others, and the house is as certainly mine as if I had already the title deeds.

Thursday.—Received to-day some very wrathful letters from a bevy of farmers who had wished to emigrate to the West, and to whom I had sold certain choice spots on Newcraft's celebrated three million acre tract. They find the whole of the land they bought of me, ten feet under water. I cannot help *that*. I sold it to them as I bought it. The law maxim, *caveat emptor*, 'let the purchaser be on his guard,' plainly applies to this case. After all, they have got a good bargain. The alluvial which the western rivers deposit is

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very rich; and I have no doubt that in about fifteen years these lands will all be in a fit state for cultivation.

Friday.—Well, there is one of my children, at least, with whom I have abundant cause to be satisfied. My second son, Bob, who set out a few years ago with nothing but a letter of advice (not a letter of credit) from me, has returned home with a fortune of at least half a million.

To relate Bob's story would be as good as to write a treatise on banking, for it illustrates all the art and mystery of our craft. When Bob arrived at his place of destination he had not one cent in his pocket, but he so ingratiated himself with his landlady and his washerwoman, that they made no demand for payment for a whole month, and by this time he had established so good a credit with the storekeepers and other substantial residents, that he found it easy enough to pay his board and incidental expenses. When those from whom he borrowed wished to be repaid, he always got the means by borrowing from others. Being an industrious, enterprising lad, he immediately set to work to establish a bank. He found some who were as needy as himself, but not half as knowing, easily persuaded to sign a petition to the Legislature for a charter. The substantial class of citizens he did not at this time suffer to participate in his operations. Bob borrowed the money to pay the expenses of his journey to the State Capital, borrowed the money to support himself while there, borrowed the money to buy the Champagne with which he drenched the members of the Legislature, borrowed the money to pay for the sumptuous dinners and suppers with which he feasted them; and, finally, after he had got a bill passed exactly to his liking, borrowed the money to carry himself to his new home. It was amusing enough to hear him relate how he worked his way along—how by treating one member to a bottle of Champaigne, he thereby ingratiated himself with that member so as to borrow enough from him to treat another member, and so on, till he had treated them all round, and then begin again. When he got back to his new home, he had to borrow money enough to buy blank books, and pens and ink, wherewithal the Commissioners might receive subscriptions for the stock of the new bank. The number of shares being duly subscribed, the first instalment was paid in, in coin borrowed for one half hour from various friends in the neighborhood. Having the example of moral and religious New England before him, Bob had no scruple in swearing that the coin paid in was the property of the bank. At this crisis a difficulty occurred that was truly alarming. The engraver who had the bank notes prepared, refused to deliver them up except for cash. But Bob whose resources of mind are equal to any exigency, got over this difficulty in a way he did not tell me, and then by buying desks and a counter

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on credit, brought the bank into immediate operation. At first the more substantial inhabitants were shy about receiving the notes, and still more shy about touching the stock of the bank. By little and little, Bob dispelled their fears. By circulating his notes at a distance from the bank, he kept them out a long time. By various means, he contrived to accumulate a stock of specie, the whole of which he displayed most ostentatiously on his counter, and then that it might be generally known how abundant specie was with him, he had his agents out who, under one pretext or another, used to request their friends as a matter of favor to go to the bank to get notes exchanged for them. As the silver thus paid out, came back the same day, Bob made a small sum effect a great many exchanges. By arts like this, the notes of Bob's Bank became current in the whole country round, and he found one dollar in silver quite sufficient to support a circulation of twenty in paper. The more substantial citizens still showed little disposition to touch the stock; but when at the end of six months, the bank declared a dividend of ten per cent., they became so eager to bite, that Bob's first impulse was to sell all out, and let them have the whole concern to themselves. A little reflection convinced him that this would be folly. He, however, *as a favor*, parted with a few shares to some three or four of the most wealthy, and whose habits were such that he was sure that they would never interfere with his management. By these means he increased the anxiety of the others to buy, and inspired such general confidence in the bank that all the spare cash in the neighborhood was left with him for safe-keeping. Being a good Democrat—that is to say, a Democrat *by trade* (heaven forefend that any son of mine should be a Democrat *in principle*)—being a good Democrat by trade, he got a snug slice of the public deposites. Then commenced scenes of unexampled prosperity. The prices of property of all kind were doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Enterprises of all kind were invigorated. The whole style of living was changed. The young women forsook their spinning and knitting, to play upon pianos and dance cotillions. The young men laid down their mechanical tools and agricultural implements, that they might partake of the gentlemanly recreations suited to their age. The great increase of wealth, and the advance of refinement which accompanied it *pari passu*, were, as Bob describes it, equally gratifying and astonishing. It really did my old heart good, to hear that a son of mine had, while advancing his own fortune, done so much towards promoting the prosperity of his country. But who can stand up against the atrocious experiments of our detestable Government. Even the "great financier" with his thirty-five millions of capital has sometimes quailed; what wonder, then, that my son Bob's bank which began business without any capital at all, should be brought into straits.

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I do not allude here to its stopping payment in common with the other banks of the country: *that* was a blessing to both the banks and the community. But, through a series of disasters, the notes of Bob's bank became greatly depreciated, till at length the other banks refused to take them at all, and then they became worth nothing. Bob was game to the last. He saw the storm approaching when he was the principal debtor to the bank. One by one he drew out all the notes on which he was indebted, by prevailing on the other directors to receive in their place, the notes of other men he had on hand, men, which his enemies say, were men of straw, but Bob, on his honor, assures me, they were all first rate men, and equal at least to the Rathbuns, the Hermans, &c. &c., up to the very day before that on which they stopped payment. Bob thus got payment of all the debts that were due to him, and paid all the debts that he owed, leaving him unencumbered productive property of the value of five hundred thousand dollars. He did, indeed, lose a little on his bank stock, but he does not regard this, having sold out the greater part of his shares at an enormous advance, and retained so many only as were necessary to qualify him for the office he held in the bank.

I will pit my son Bob against any man's son in the country, "the great financier" alone excepted. Such a son would rejoice any father's heart.

Saturday.—Devoted part of to-day to a tenth reading of the letters of the "great financier." I have heard some who ought to know better, talk of this truly great man in rather disparaging terms—speak of him as a mere clerk with a pen behind his ear lending other people's money, and instead of attending properly to his business, on the principles of commercial banking, engaging in stock-jobbing, wholesale pawnbroking, and all kinds of political intrigue. "Where," they ask, "is the evidence of his great skill as a banker? With thirty-five millions of capital, and credit which gave him the command of at least as much more, he was one of the first to suspend specie payments. The cause which led the other leading banks in the country to stop payment, namely, the distribution of the public money among the States, did not immediately affect him, for he had none of that money on deposit. As for what he avers were the remote causes of the general suspension, namely, the Specie Circular and the Bank of England's withdrawing its support from the American merchants in London, these commenced their operation nearly a year before. As a "great financier" he ought to have foreseen their effects, and guarded against their disastrous consequences on his own institution. If he had maintained specie payments for only one month, after the other banks suspended, the Government would, under the existing laws, have been

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compelled to employ his bank as its sole financial agent, and thus his triumph over the Government, which is the wish dearest to his heart, would have been complete. Over and above this, the art of a banker consists in his making every body pay interest to him, while he pays interest to nobody. The "great financier" has so managed matters that the amount on which his bank is paying interest seems nearly to equal the amount of its active investments beyond the capital paid in.

It is ever thus:

"Envy does merit as its shade pursue."

There were not wanting those who used to speak of John Law, the illustrious founder of the Mississippi scheme, and of the equally illustrious projector of the South Sea bubble, in terms equally disparaging. Even Timothy Dexter did not escape reproach, and I have lately read a biography of Samuel Terry, the Rothschild of Botany Bay, in which that truly great and good man is spoken of in a manner anything but laudatory.

The persons who speak in this way about the "great financier," may have a very adequate acquaintance with banking as a science, but they do not reflect sufficiently on the difference between the *science* and the *art* of banking. There can be no doubt that the "great financier" having no public money to transfer, and having the control of some seventy or eighty millions of capital, might, by taking due measures in due time, have avoided suspending specie payments. But, then, what would have become of the stock and other speculations in which his friends, to say nothing of himself, were so deeply interested? Is it no part of a banker's duty to take care of his friends or himself? And, after all, did not the bank gain largely by the suspension of specie payments? And if our odious Government, and the stupid people, and the other banks had only let the "great financier" alone, the same blessed suspension might, according to a hint given in one of his letters, have been continued for twenty-four years, or for as long a period as payments were suspended by the Bank of England.

Let the envious and the malicious carp as they may, the "great financier" is the very Napoleon Bonaparte of the times—the greatest man living. Who else but he could, besides managing seventy or eighty millions of capital, in various parts of the world, and in various branches of business, and managing it all well—who else but he, could find time to regulate the elections, afterwards regulate the members of the State Legislature when they are elected, keep Congress in due order, take a hand in President making, and then find leisure to illuminate the public on the subject of currency and finance? In the multitude of his avocations, political, commercial, and literary, he more nearly resembles Mohammed Ali, Pacha of

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Egypt, than any other gentleman of my acquaintance, but he goes far beyond Mohammed.

Sunday.—As my two beloved spiritual guides are both absent from the city, I did not go to church to-day. I cannot endure the Maultexts and the Mangletexts who supply their pulpits, and who are always prating about what they are pleased to call a good life as essential to religion.——But what a blessed institution the Sabbath is! I know not how a poor creature like myself, busily engaged from morning till night on week days, could ever get along but for the intervention of this precious day of repose. On Sunday I always feel so tranquil and collected, that, between sermons, I review my transactions of the past week, and lay my plans for that which has just commenced. Sometimes, when the sermon is not very edifying, I devote the time of service to meditating on the best ways and means of increasing my riches, and consequently advancing the welfare of my poor fellow travellers to eternity. To-day, as I did not go to church I spent most of the time in posting my books. Posting books on a Sunday, as a general practice, I do not approve; but works of necessity must be attended to. I should not exactly like my friends of the Journal of ——— to know how I was employed, though I was so wary it is almost impossible that my conduct should bring any scandal on the cause of religion.

Monday.—Rumors have of late been afloat that the "great financier" has turned Loco-Foco. They sorely trouble some of our friends, especially those in the Middle States, on whom he has been pressing heavily, in order that he may strengthen his means for bringing the South-Western States into complete subjection. But such reports do not affect me. I know the man too well to believe that he can ever turn Loco-Foco, except in the same sense that my son Bob became a Democrat. That such a change should take place in *appearance* is quite possible, for he has political as well as pecuniary objects to advance; and, I have no doubt, would rather see himself President than either the "Hero of Tippecanoe," or the "Orator of Ashland," or even "the god-like man" of our American Athens. Still some of his movements were rather puzzling. But that tranquillity of mind which the blessed Sabbath always brings with it, has enabled me at length, as I think, to fathom his designs. He has already established one agency at London, and another at Liverpool. To these he probably means to add others in various parts of South America, at Canton, and other parts of Asia, to say nothing of Botany Bay and Van Dieman's land. I hope sincerely he will embrace New South Shetland in his plan. By agencies thus numerous, and remote from one another, he may establish a system of "kite flying" which will, by its magnificence, utterly astound the inventors of that noble art. He will draw a bill on Rio, and take that up by a bill on Valparaiso. This he will redeem by a bill

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on the North West Coast, and then redeem that by a bill on Canton. When this is due, take it up by a bill on Botany Bay, (there are several banks there already) and that by a bill on Van Dieman's land, (where there is at least one bank.) The next step will be to New South Shetland, and then he can proceed round and round the globe. This system will come nearer the plan my excellent friend Newcraft* has for many years been trying to discover, than any thing I have ever met with. Newcraft's grand object has been to mature a system of banking by which the disagreeable necessity of *ever paying at all*, may be avoided. Postponing payment indefinitely, by drawing and counterdrawing on all the towns in the universe, is the next thing to never paying at all——and if the "great financier's" bank should chance to be bursted in bringing the system to perfection, why, then there will be only a verbal difference between postponing payment indefinitely and never paying at all.

I sometimes think this may be part of the "great financier's" design. No greater evidence can be given of skill in the *art* of banking, than by now and then breaking a bank at *the proper time*. He is extremely fond of comparing banking and steam-power, and I have often had occasion to think of the comparison, in reflecting on the fate of that noble steam-boat, the "Nick Biddle." When that magnificent vessel first made her appearance in front of the orderly city of Vicksburg, where there seem to be more banks than churches, the multitude on the shore greeted her with loud huzzas. Her name alone sufficed to inspire in that calm and Quaker-like population this hearty enthusiasm. But, in some few months after, the noble boat burst her boiler, and now nothing more is heard of her.

McThwackem tells a story so pat to the point, that if I had any body to listen to me I would endeavor to repeat it.—As it is altogether too good to be lost, I must tell it to myself.

In the western part of New York is the beautiful village of Jack-Downingsville, to which the Slickville Yankees go to finish their education, before they venture to extend their benevolent labors to the inhabitants of "that great moral wilderness," the valley of the Mississippi, just as certain Swiss go to Holland to be polished before they repair to Paris. At this interesting little place a juggler was once exhibiting his powers, and his skill was so great that he utterly astonished even that worthy people, to whom legerdemain, in some at least of its branches, is so easy, that it seems to have been born with them. He thrust swords down his throat till nothing but the hilts were visible, and yet remained unwounded. He swallowed prussic acid by the spoonful, and yet remained unpoisoned. He squeezed him-

* See autobiography of Ferret Snapp Newcraft, Esq., Democratic Review for May 1838.

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self into a pint-bottle, and yet retained his natural size and shape. Loud were the plaudits he received, which increased as the entertainment was prolonged, for each trick seemed more wonderful than that which had preceded it. At length, when the admiration of the spectators had reached a point it seemed impossible to surpass, he exclaimed, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will perform a feat greater than any you have yet seen." Without more ado, he took a pistol and blew his own brains out. The company, having seen the wonders he had previously performed, waited for some time in silent expectation that he would collect his brains again, and stand before them a living man as at first. At length they became impatient, and loud cries of "go on! go on!—what next? what next?" resounded through the room. But the poor juggler could go no further. This wonderful feat was his last.

By some of his operations the "great financier" has astonished the commercial world quite as much as the juggler by his feats amazed the people of the little town in the west of New York. Is this magnificent system of exchanges to be his last, or are we to exclaim "WHAT NEXT?"

*Cetera desunt.**

* In a private note to us, Deacon Graball states that the line in Latin with which he closes, was presented to him *gratuitously* by his beloved pastor, the Reverend Dr. McThwackem, to whom he had applied for something pithy and pertinent to finish with. He adds, he was induced to wish for at least one classical quotation to adorn this part of his diary, from having observed how pretty the sprinkling of Latin appeared in the celebrated "black broth and iron money" speech of the illustrious Conservative from South Carolina. "I know not," says the Deacon, "what may be the meaning of my Latin sentence, but I hope there is nothing wicked in it."

We must tell the Deacon that there is something *very* wicked in it, for it means, if we apprehend it rightly, that this is the last we are to see of his diary. If so, the rising generation will be deprived of all that moral benefit they could not fail to derive from a perusal of other private memorials of so very pious a man, and so very patriotic a citizen. Is it not wicked in him to withhold from others a knowledge of the means by which he has acquired his wealth, and to which he owes his usefulness, seeing that he thereby prevents them from becoming as wealthy and as useful as himself?

There is, however, another sense in which the Latin line may be taken, and this we hope is the right one. It may mean simply that the history of "the great financier" is not finished. The preparations for the last great feat being but just begun, the catastrophe, of course, cannot now be given.

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THE SPEECH OF THE MUMMY.

["The victory in New York is so great, such a perfect Waterloo to Democracy and its Sub-Treasury, that the Mummy in its Sarcophagus, would cry out against all true Whigs if we were not to rejoice with the overwhelming exultation that befits the occasion."]—*Whig Paper.*

'Twas still o'er Egypt's storied land
While proudly walked the Queen of Light
Amid her glory beaming band,
And lighted up the "Noon of Night."
Upon the arid waste were cast
The Pyramids' long shades of gloom,
While they, huge relics of the past,
Towered 'mid the skies the Mighty's tomb.
The Bedouin Arab slept from blood,
The Wild Dog's howl had died away,
Afar the Nile's reviving flood
Sent flashing back the glancing ray,
Old Cairo's fanes in beauty glowed,
The marble palace softer grew,—
The Night Owl hooted to the Toad,
And Bats through Pharaoh's ruins flew,
'Twas such a night as Poets love,
When mind communes with mind above.

The Watchman on the Pacha's tower,
Had blown the trumpet note of time,
While in the dark eyed Jewess' bower,
The turbaned lover slept in crime;
A voice now came upon the breeze,
It echoed o'er Old Memphis' dust—
It pealed through Memnon's cypress trees—
And over Thebes' foundation burst—
Peal after peal, the echoing note,
Swept round the ruin's mossy peak,
As though the Whigs by every vote,
Had lease of power for a week,
And now it shook the solid land,
While temples rattled in their places,
As though the "Callithumpian Band"
Had given a concert to the Graces.
Such was the Whig's exulting shout,
Raised when the "Three Day's" work was done,
When through New York 'twas noised about
That Marcy *lost*, and Seward *won*.

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The Snoozing Mummy burst his lid,
And came to speak of future time
From Cheop's mighty Pyramid,
Upreared by cruelty and crime.
And while he sported his segar,
(A kind down East, they call *long-nine*,)
He freed his yellow lips from tar
With Arthur Tappan's "Temperance wine,"
Then with a hoarse sepulchral tone,
As Wise or Bell have ever lifted,
He sat upon the crowning stone:
And thus the Whigs of Gotham sifted,
And while in Saxon tongue he spoke,
Columbia started and awoke.—

"What noisy Roysters break my sleep?—
Has Pharaoh Primus got permission
His Court on Earth again to keep,
By means of some new Whig 'Magician?'
Has Israel's wandering host returned,
To bring new curses deep and strong:
Or have the Infernal Spirits learned
The last new fashionable song?
Has Queen Victoria got a Beau,
Or Britain's sway been made complete,
In Canada's fond hopes laid low,
And Freedom crushed beneath her feet?
Has grim Diogenes been able
To find an honest man on earth?
Or have the tribes beneath Old Babel
A second time been scattered forth?
Has Hercules the mighty come
To do the *labors* of a God?
Or has far Lapland's sorcerer's drum
Awoke the sleepy land of Nod?
No! no! but 'pon my time-dried soul,
The shout is from a tipsy Tory—
A self-styled Whig, who gained the poll
Of Gotham, at the price of glory.

Dark Ethiopia stretch thy wings,
No more regret thy children's color—
For thee a Bradish loudly sings—
And Seward, too, though somewhat duller.
And since their children's curly heads
Became so dear to every ranter.
The Whigs can't sleep upon their beds
'Till they amalgamate instanter.
And backed by ancient maids and madams,
They preach and pray, and grin sardonic,

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And with their leader, Quincy Adams,
They curse the South in style laconic.
But some among them, simple fellows,
Who love the shadow of a shade,
Prefer the puffing—to the bellows—
And run a Bubble-making trade;
And worse than Holland's Tulip fever,
For there, at least, *they had the Onions*,
They humbug every true Believer
With burdens heavier far than Bunyan's;
And worse than South Sea bubbles too—
For there *the Whales* were in deposit—
(The Bank was somewhat large, 'tis true,
And Ocean was the money closet.)
But still the *Whales were there* in numbers,
To be paid out to proper owners,
Provided they would rouse their slumbers,
And only brave the fate of Jonahs.
In fact they 've played the very devil
With common sense and people's pockets,
And now o'er golden cups they revel,
And cheat the poor, and fill the dockets.
And when they 've nothing else to do
To gratify their windy pleasures,
They pierce my Sarcophagus through,
And scratch among my skirts for treasures;
And if the gropers want more light*
They set my legs to burning bright—
They burn my legs—by Thebes they do—
Why half my lower limbs are charred—
I was no money hoarding Jew,
Nor did I grind the poor man hard
I was a genteel man of pleasure,
And kept my hundred wives in order;
And when I felt the want of treasure,
I always found it o'er the border;
And I invented Jews-harps pretty,
To make the lasses show their teeth—
They sold quite heavy in the city,
But out of town beyond belief;—
And then the art of calculation
By characters from one to ten,
I taught before the Yankee nation,
Was thought of by the wisest men;
And being thus the "*Pa*" of figures,
I calculate I 'll be permitted
To talk about the banks and niggers
As one unqualifiedly fitted.

* Travellers record that the peasantry of Egypt near the Catacombs, commonly use the Mummies for fuel.

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Yet ye who roused the land in hope
That it would love your Federal notions—
With all your *Royal Windsor* soap,
And Ethiopian cleansing lotions
Can never wash its love away
From those who hate your kingly features,
Who love the glorious light of day,
And leave the night to kindred creatures;

But hold your breath and save your powder,
Let Jersey Clerks be damned to fame,
Let babbling scribblers roar the louder,
And Phillis swell her loved one's name,
I can rejoice in Alto-Whig—
Fire guns when rascals rob the poll,
Talk large. brag high, and bluster big,
And even damn the Speaker's soul,
And if need be, can use the rifle
With deadly aim at Party's call,
Since thus I'll win, to conscience stifle,
Apology or praise from all,
If blood be on my hands or skirts,
What then—the DEAD was "Party's minion,"
And dined and feasted,—let the rest
"Be matter of opinion."
But since you go for squibs and singing,
I'll let you have a "spell of rhyme,"
So down the side his old hat flinging,
He howled 'gainst harmony and time;
The Screech Owl heard him and grew jealous,
While Boreas threw away his bellows.

THE MUMMY SINGS.

Lives there a Whig who would play *second* Fiddle,
When Fiddle the first he could play by deceiving,
Search through the country from Harry to Biddle,
And when ye behold him, why seeing's believing—
Cling for your hope of ascendency to him,
Bring him to daylight and trumpet his name,
For he, only he, if your party but knew him,
Can it ever from utter prostration reclaim.

Can they who have winked at the perjurer's crime,
Deem the frauds can preserve that obtained them their power
Or such triumph avert for a moment the time,
When Justice and Truth shall o'er Artifice tower.
The triumph of fraud over principle flings
A shadow of terror round Liberty's shrine,
As though the red monster of Hell shook his wings
O'er Virtue's bright resting place pure and divine.

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And they who their country in peril forsook,
And lit up her hills with their beacon-fire's glow,
Who traced out in letters of shame in their book,
—"'Tis a sin to rejoice when we conquer the foe"—
Wild panic may raise our good cause to o'erwhelm,
And thunder and flash as in times that are past;
But the Ship of the People, with Truth at her helm,
Shall ride out the tempest in safety at last.

Keep our party but free from all selfish pollutors,
Give our foes, if they wish, all the Talents and Learning,
And let them, if anxious, be decency's tutors,
Sages and sattelites, bold and discerning.
Distress and defeat cannot bring us a terror,
The land will be free spite of shin-plaster hosts,
And Truth and its party will triumph o'er error,
When rag-mills and shaving-shops give up their ghosts.

Oh glory! linger beauteous still
Above the Pilgrim's hallowed shore—
Light up each solitary hill
From rocky mount to Ocean's roar
Oh! say not that the freeborn race
Have bartered birthright for a song—
That o'er them History's pen shall trace
The right submitted to the wrong.
There is a principle of right
To guard the Patriot's land from harm,
Though often dimmed, it flashes bright
When damning traitors raise their arm,
Egypt forgot it, in her hour
Of might and fame, and sank in gloom,
And left the lesson in each tower,
And lettered wall, and pictured tomb.
That principle still lives carest
And spite of faction's sordid chains,
Will live to make our country blest,
And scatter plenty on her plains.

Let Whig Briarius stretch his arms,
And Discord rear her venomed dart,
Democracy fears no alarms:
Enshrined within a nation's heart;
Then merge each selfish wish in love,
Love for the Glory of the Free!
High let your shouts arise, above
The wailing wind and sounding sea.

The lazy Turk 'mid rosy bowers,
Has read his doom in words of fire,
And where Olympus,—purpled,—towers,
The Greek hangs o'er a broken Lyre—

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Sad Judah's scattered minstrels weep
Beside the streamlet's silver flood,
While on the lonely willows sleep
The Harps of Beauty stained with blood.
Tadmor and Balbec from their dust,
Mourn o'er their fallen fanes of pride,
And Edom from her grave of lust,
Howls sadly on the mountain side.
Dark Ethiopia, sorrow brings,
In sorrow to her bitter lot,
While from her slime, black Sodom sings,
"*Forgetting God, by God forgot.*"
And where the wondering travellers gaze
On mighty wall and time-worn tomb,
The solitary camel strays,
And scowling sand storm sweeps in gloom.

And did the lands where Science sprung,
And mighty Monarchs held control,
Where "Music heavenly maid was young"—!
Where Shiloh came, to save the soul,
In darkness sit for countless years,
A by-word to the wide spread earth,
In spite of groans, and sighs, and tears,
And golden hoards, and noble birth?
Then deeper far will be the gloom
That like a cloud shall wrap thy shore,
When Discord rears her mighty tomb,
And o'er thee, Ruin, writes "No More!"
By Bunker Hill the Turk may stand
And ask who rear'd its half built tower;
Or trace vast cities in the sand,
And seek in vain, their name and power.
The bones of patriots may be piled
To warm the shins of Greek or Jew,
And where the loveliest hamlets smiled,
The Tartar's foot may brush the dew.
As brighter flashed thy morning light,
So darker shades shall rule thy night.

Illustrious shores now bathed in light,
The pride of God and man's desire,
Like Graccha gemmed with jewels bright—
Like Salem wrapped in holy fire.
Would you Oblivion's wave ride o'er,
And hear the nations call you blest;
Would mid the stars your Eagle soar,
And morning's purple bathe your crest?
Down in the dust in meekness bow,
And seek alone fair Virtue's crown;
Before the world renew your vow,
And hurl Disunion's banner down.

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The Mummy ceased, his work was o'er;
Then sought his tomb, and shut the door,
And slept, as he had slept before.

THE CANADIAN AVATAR.

["On Sunday evening, the whole of the back country, above Laprairie, presented the awful spectacle of one vast sheet of lurid flame; and it is reported, that not a single rebel house has been left standing. God only knows what is to become of the surviving Canadians and their wives and families during the approaching winter, as nothing but starvation from hunger and cold stares them in the face. The integrity of the empire must be asserted, peace and prosperity must be secured to British subjects, even at the expense of the entire Nation Canadiene. The history of the past proves that nothing but *sweeping them from the earth and laying their habitations level with the dust*, will prevent renewed rebellions south of the St. Lawrence."—*Montreal Herald, November* 13, 1838.

"At sunset they (the patriots) held out a flag of truce, which, though displayed three times, the British did not regard. They had orders to give no quarters and take no prisoners."—*Letter from Ogdensburg, published in the New York American, November* 22, 1838.

"By a despatch received from Colonel Turner, dated Cornwall, November 12, 9 P. M., we learn that all is going on brilliantly below—that Beauharnois was taken, all the prisoners released from the rebels, no rebels made prisoners, and that the country was all in flames."—*Kingston U. C. Chronicle.*]

Can the warriors of England then glory in shame,
And consent to seek laurels mid the cottage's fire?
How the wail of the mother will trumpet their fame,
And the shriek of the babe give their deeds to the lyre?
What though the white flag of submission did wave,
An emblem of peace mid the havoc of strife,
No mercy they gave but the flame and the grave
No hope but the gleam of the cutlass and knife?

Yes, "brilliantly" burn the poor cottager's home,
Where innocence slept with her beautiful ones,
By the sweet silver streamlet, or mountain rill's foam,
By Lawrence' proud stream, that in majesty runs,
The vale where the foot of the stranger scarce trod,—
The rifle that looked but the deer in the face,—
The hind that could barely pay homage to God,—
Are these the refused of the conqueror's grace?

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Reck you the cost of your blood-sustained sway,
The Widows, the Orphans whose land you devour—
Or that England shall feel in her terrible day,
That God is above you in spite of your power.
Forget you that Truth is still beaming in Heaven,
Know you not Justice, though sleeping, is sure,
And that the destruction your mercy has given,
It may call for a kindred destruction to cure!

And America, too, on her pillow reclined,
Calmly folded her hands on her bosom of cold,
As though the oppressed could no precedent find,
For spurning their chains like our fathers of old,
Rebellious are they who would govern themselves,
Rebellious are they who would scorn to be slaves,
Take down your bright volumes from History's shelves,
And open the seals of your forefather's graves;—

Read out the proud story from letters of gold,
And hurl back the libel that darkens their way,
The stars and the stripes when in glory unrolled,
Were the symbols of rebels as guilty as they.
We weep for the brave who their fetters despise
And kindle with rapture at Liberty's birth,
And while we would fan her bright flame to the skies,
Have our hearts not a pulse for the trampled to earth?

When the yoke of the spoiler has galled the proud neck,
And the iron of terror sunk deep in the soul,
When nothing is left but a plank of the wreck,
In the night of that storm that o'er England may roll;
Then Liberty's life may awaken the bones
That bleach on the shores of the fair Chaudiere,
And a nation come forth from its bondage and groans
As proud as the land in its loveliness here.

When the seraph of light in the sunbeam shall stand,
And call the nations of Earth to the Judgment of God,
Where sheeted in crimson the hosts of the land,
Render up to the wine-press of Vengeance their blood—
Aye then shall the wail of the butchered be heard,
And the shriek of the infant ring terribly clear,
And the tyrants of Earth in the Day of the Lord,
Know the mercy deserved by the merciless here.

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LETTER FROM WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

The following letter from Wm. L. Stone, Esq., will be read with interest, as settling in a definite and satisfactory manner, the interesting historical fact that Brant was not at the Battle of Wyoming, and had neither act nor part in that relentless massacre, with which his name, in history, and in poetry, has been alike identified. The "Historic Doubts," which our article on Colonel Stone's work, interposed between all previous record and tradition on the subject, and the unequivocal exemption from any connection with the matter, which was so confidently and unexpectedly claimed for the Mohawk chief by his biographer, have been productive of a happy effect, in inducing an investigation on the part of that careful author, which may be said to have set the question finally at rest.

That the evidence on this point now brought forward by Colonel Stone, may be recorded in connexion with the position it controverts, we prefer inserting it in the present volume, to delaying it for a second article which we had contemplated on this very interesting and important work, embracing several historical questions of moment, which did not fall within the scope of our former paper. In publishing it we cheerfully record our sense of the indefatigable pains, and sagacious industry, in search of facts, which so eminently distinguish Mr. Stone's historical works, and which so fully entitle his assertions in this respect to the confidence of his readers.

To the Editors of the Democratic Review:—

NEW YORK, *November* 9, 1838.

GENTLEMEN:—I owe you my thanks for the liberal space allotted in the October number of your spirited Magazine, to a review of my recent work illustrating the border history of the American Revolution, entitled the "Life of Brant." My acknowledgments are also due to the accomplished writer of that article, for the ability with which he has executed his task, and the favorable opinion he has expressed of the work.

I am aware that public acknowledgments of this description are unusual. But my reviewer having raised a question, for the purpose either of eliciting farther information, or of throwing doubt upon a fact assumed and defended in my work, it is not proper that I should pass it by unheeded. I must either sustain the position that has been questioned, or tacitly admit that it cannot be sustained.

The reviewer will readily comprehend the point to which I am inviting your attention. In conformity with the uniform declarations of Joseph Brant—or Thayendanegea—for I prefer calling him by his Indian name,—in conformity, moreover, with the traditions of his family, and with the oral testimony of his contemporaries in the British service,—and in the face of all the previous written history of the battle and massacre of Wyoming,—I have

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assumed and positively asserted, that Thayendanegea was not engaged in that treacherous and bloody affair. My own impression that such was the fact, after a full examination of the case, amounted to positive belief, and I adduced such evidence as was at hand, to sustain the assertion. My reviewer, however, is not satisfied.

"We should be glad," says he, "to see this matter a little more fully explained. *Where* was Thayendanegea at the time? How engaged? Who are the British officers referred to by Mr. Stone, as the compurgators of Brant? Only one of them, a Mr. Frey is mentioned by name. John Brant, a son of Joseph, visited England in 1822, and with honorable filial piety strove, in correspondence with Mr. Campbell, to vindicate the memory of his father from the imputations connected with this matter, which the poem of Gertrude of Wyoming had disseminated wherever the English language is read. It is singular that neither the letter of John Brant, nor the documents he laid before Mr. Campbell, are given to us. We discover their unsatisfactory nature from Mr. Campbell's reply. He says: 'I rose from perusing the papers you submitted to me, certainly with an altered impression of his (Thayendanegea's) character. The evidence afforded induces me to believe that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. Lastly, *you affirm* that he was *not within many miles* of the spot *where the battle* which decided the fate of Wyoming *took place*, and, from *your offer of reference* to living witnesses, I cannot but admit the assertion.' We ask again, how many miles off was he *when the battle was fought?* Where was he AFTER the battle was fought, the next and the following days, when the Indians and Tories ravaged the valley, and drove the inhabitants to perish in the mountains? Who are the 'living witnesses' of his absence from the battle, even? When Gordon, Ramsay, Belsham, Adolphus, and, as Mr. Stone candidly admits, 'every written history of this battle extant, not even excepting the last revised edition of the Life of Washington, by Chief Justice Marshal;' when all these old accounts concur in representing Brant to have accompanied this expedition, the evidence should be very full, and very circumstantial, to establish the contrary 'in the face of every historical authority.' We confess to be not very well satisfied as to the *whereabout* and the occupation of the Mohawk chief, the man always present 'wherever a blow could be struck to advantage,' on this occasion, when his Indians were reaping such a plentiful harvest of blood and plunder among the blazing rafters of Wyoming. We need to see more evidence on the subject."*

The objection is taken in a rather imposing form, I admit, and the questions are speciously put. I likewise admit the ingenuity of the attempt to extract evidence against me from Mr. Campbell's letter, conceding the very fact I have asserted. The latter, however, may safely be left to speak for itself. My business is with the questions. "Where was Thayendanegea at the time?" [of the Battle of Wyoming.] "How engaged?" "Where was he AFTER the battle was fought, the next and the following days?" Really, Messrs. Editors, these are questions which it never occurred to me that I should be required to answer. Thayendanegea was a son of the forest, and the wide wildernesses of the Continent "were all before him where to choose." He may have been upon the war-path in some other direction. He may have been upon the chase—or in attendance upon a council of his people—any where but at Wyoming. There he was not. But all this does not an-

* Democratic Review, No. X., October, 1838.

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swer the querist. "Who are the living witnesses," he asks, "of his absence from the battle?" Most happy am I to answer this question directly to the point. Since I had the pleasure of reading the eloquent essay of my reviewer, I have made a visit to the chief town of the Seneca Indians, and in the course of my investigations, I ascertained who some of those "living witnesses" were. Among others was the renowned *Kaoundoowand*, better known to Americans as CAPTAIN POLLARD, with whom I had an interesting interview. He is a brave old chief, with a finely developed head, and most benevolent aspect, and faculties entirely unimpaired. I was accompanied by Orlando Allen, Esq., a gentleman residing at Buffalo, who is intimately acquainted with the Senecas, and speaks their language well; and also by a Seneca chief, now a licensed Attorney, residing at Buffalo, who acted as my interpreter. Kaoundoowand was a young but active chief during the whole war of the Revolution, and participated in most of the principal Indian engagements. After the peace of 1783, he became the fast friend of the United States, and fought gallantly on the Niagara frontier during the war 1812–'15. He informed me that he was one of the Seneca warriors who met General Schuyler at the council held at the German Flats, in the summer of 1775. He was engaged in the battles of Wyoming and Newtown, and his declarations were repeated and positive, that Thayendanegea was *not* at Wyoming. The Indians engaged in that battle were chiefly Senecas, and their leader was the late *Gi-en-gwak-toh*,* the predecessor of the late *Young-King*, who died about ten years ago, at the Cataraugus reservation. Kaoundoowand farther stated, that but few of the Mohawk warriors were in the battle of Wyoming, the greater part of them remaining at Niagara, during the Campaign. Where Thayendanegea was at that precise period, he could not tell. His impression was, that he, too, remained at Niagara. Certain it was that he was not at Wyoming; and such is the testimony of the other Seneca warriors who were engaged in that battle and yet survive. I trust, Messrs. Editors, that my respected reviewer is answered, not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of the public in general, and Mr. Thomas Campbell in particular.

I am, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BRANT.

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*Going-off-in-a-smoke.

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THE RANK AND FILE OF DEMOCRACY.

No. I.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Persons residing out of Pennsylvania cannot properly appreciate the late election and its results, or the present position of parties within its limits, unless previously acquainted with the state of political affairs existing in that State. The summing up of majorities, the boasts of success, and the character of the result, afford a very faint insight into the true state of affairs. Pennsylvania, it is known, though inferior in numerical force to New York, has not been inferior to her in influence in the Union. She has been called the Keystone of the Federal Arch, and such has been her importance, that there have been constant and uninterrupted attempts to obtain possession of her by the minority, at one time by coaxing, at another by stratagem, and anon by force. She has always been Democratic and has never deserted from the ranks. Every possible method has been tried to seduce her yeomanry, but they have remained invariably true to the principles and practice of Democracy, and it is doubtless owing, in a great measure, to *their* independence and sincerity that *she* so universally bears the proud cognomen of the Keystone State.

It is well known that Pennsylvania was among the first States that supported our late venerable President, and while the patriot Jackson wanted support, either for principles or measures, she was ready and never wanting. The veto of the bank charter in 1832, affecting as it did Pennsylvania more immediately than any other State, raised at once a party, powerful in money and talent, and unscrupulous in the use of its influence and means, which threatened to annihilate the Democracy of Pennsylvania, and to take the State by storm. All know the failure of the first attempt. The Veto was triumphantly sustained by the people. Andrew Jackson obtained the proud majority of twenty-five thousand over the united votes of Whigs and Anti-Masons, and the Democratic banner waved triumphantly at its home. Unfortunately there existed at this time, a divided state of feeling in the Democratic party in regard to the Executive, George Wolfe, arising from *local* political causes. He was in 1832, the regularly nominated candidate of the party, and though no other Democratic candidate was started, he had a majority of only three thousand, and that too, within a month of the Presidential election, at which the majority was more than eight times that number.

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Then it was that Joseph Ritner's friends worked most industriously to sow the seeds of dissention in the Democratic ranks, and to lay the foundation of that *temporary* (but to the Bank, *vital*) success which they afterwards enjoyed. Ritner *had been* a Democrat, and as a member of the Legislature, was celebrated more for his unflinching opposition to State debt than any thing else. In 1828, the intense excitement which the abduction of Morgan, by the Freemasons, occasioned in the western part of New York, spread to Pennsylvania, and extended itself so deeply among its citizens, that designing politicians found little difficulty in turning it into a new and powerful party engine. Ritner deserted to Anti-Masonry, and was one of the few who affected to believe in Masonry as a POLITICAL evil. His efforts, at this time, assisted by a few kindred spirits were crowned with the success of creating in the State a new party called the Anti-Masonic. Many honest, but credulous Democrats were deceived and led into the ranks of this party, which they promptly abandoned when they saw the profligacy of its acts, and the destitution of principle which characterized its leaders. *Ritner* used it as an instrument of personal ambition. He run and was defeated, as a candidate for Governor in 1829, and 1832. In 1835, however, he again offered himself and met with better success. At this time the Democratic party had two candidates, Wolf and Muhlenberg, and this fatal division, causing many of the Democratic voters to take no part in the election, while Ritner received the vote of the whole Whig party in addition to that of his Anti-Masonic friends, he was elected Governor though at the same time in a *minority* of upwards of TWELVE THOUSAND. From that moment, the cloven hoof of the Opposition was exhibited; the bank was to be re-chartered at all hazards, and the Democracy of the State made to fall 'like Lucifer never to hope again.'

The same causes which produced the election of Ritner gave to the enemies of Democracy, the majority in the State Legislature, and among the majority, was one who had emigrated from New England, had all the Federal doctrines of the Hartford Convention, was a strong friend of abolition, and withal had sufficient address to acquire over-weening influence with Governor Ritner. It was under the auspices of this master spirit, that the brief period of equivocal party ascendency thus acquired, was employed to perpetrate the most stupendous and unscrupulous act of power, which Party had ever attempted in any of the States, and by which it was boldly designed to secure the perpetual ascendency of the faction that conceived it. This was no less a policy than the re-charter, by the State Legislature, of the vast political Bank, which the decisive voice of the nation, had already declared to be too strong for the Union. The act by which this gigantic corporation was fastened upon the State, will ever be signalized, as the most re-

markable legislative fraud in the history of these States. The party in power, conscious of the deep distrust entertained by the people of their policy, and aware of their invincible repugnance to such a measure, so disguised, for the time being, their intentions that the act by which the Bank was re-chartered, actually omitted all allusion to such a measure in its title, and both in that, and in its preamble, was apparently designed to effect, simply, the ever popular objects of repealing the taxes, and promoting the internal improvement of the State. The subsequent clauses, however, showed that these desirable measures, were to be accomplished by rechartering the United States Bank, with thirty-five millions of capital, and giving it a duration of thirty years. Politicians who were willing, in this manner, to saddle a single State, already enjoying an ample share of banking capital, for their own purposes, with the burden of an institution which, the United States was not able to endure, were as little likely to stint it in the character, as in the extent of the privileges they conferred. Accordingly, the most salutary restraints of the United States law were removed, and the gigantic corporation was permitted to enter into competition with citizens in every branch of industry, in which the option of its directors might direct its overwhelming capital to be employed. In return for these unexampled privileges the Bank was to pay an immense bonus to the State; and with this bonus the specific objects of the act were to be effected. In appropriating this sum by other clauses of the act, it was attempted to subsidize the whole State into an approval of its enormous provisions, by making liberal grants to local works in every section, which were thus to be created, as it were by magic, without burthening the people, while at the same time a perpetual party ascendency seemed to be secured over the State, by the network of internal improvements in which it was enveloped, and the feeling of State pride, was artfully enlisted in favor of a system which seemed to promise benefits so vast, by means so simple.

When the plan, however, became fully developed and understood, it met with the most strenuous opposition from the entire Democratic party. They possessed a decided majority in the Senate when the bill passed the House of Assembly, and the alarm with which they saw this majority rapidly diminish before the influence of the bill, and finally desert their principles, and assist the minority to pass it, had a salutary effect in knitting together their divisions, and inspiring a general distrust of all special and ultra legislation. The Governor had been strongly opposed to the banking system and increase of bank capital, and it was not without difficulty that he was politically persuaded, or perhaps frightened, into the approval of the bill. The same year chanced to be the time for districting the State, which was done with a view to subserve Whig interests and secure a majority in the next Legis-

lature. The stratagem, nevertheless, owing to the spirit which conduct so unscrupulous had inspired, only partially succeeded. In the election of 1836, the Democratic party triumphed throughout the State;—the master spirit himself was left at home, though the Senate being divided into three classes, retained its former political complexion. The governing faction well knew that the Democratic party of the State consisted of a large majority of the voters, and they resorted to every means calculated to cripple the Democratic vote, and if possible, perpetuate their own power. As one of the means of effecting this object, a law was passed commonly called the Registry law, applying exclusively to Philadelphia, which had from twenty-five thousand to thirty-thousand voters, one-half of whom at least, were Democrats, so that at all times, the Federal vote of that place could be powerfully contested and sometimes overcome. Every restriction, however, that could be thrown upon the right of suffrage, would, it was rightly believed, operate against the Democracy. The great mass of this party, composed of mechanics and laborers, whose time was their only wealth, would not and could not, it was supposed, afford the time to have themselves registered, and would thereby deprive their party of many votes, and thus give to Philadelphia such a heavy Federal preponderacy, as would be adequate to check the strengthening Democracy of the State. Other acts of a similar character and with a like purport were passed, and joy pervaded their ranks in supposing they had completely vanquished the "Hydra-headed Democracy." The profligacy of the partisan leaders was unblushing and almost avowed. Their whole aim was political supremacy and selfish aggrandizement, all their plans were digested and matured with that view, and well pondered over, as to their effects, before carried into execution. These things being done and the Federal party, as they had reason to suppose, firmly and immoveably established in power, corruption and intrigue were rife among them, and a hard hand was meted out to their opponents. The recharter of the bank, as we have seen, was the first desperate act in their fancied security. A bill to purchase locomotives for the use of the State was vetoed by Governor Ritner, because the Democratic canal commissioners were still in office (the time of the election not having come round) and they would have had the purchase of them. The locomotives, however, being indispensably requisite, a bill was passed changing the time of appointment of the commissioners:—new commissioners of the Whig stamp were chosen, the bill was again passed and met the approval of the man who had vetoed it but a few weeks previously, and this, merely because Democrats would have had the disbursement of a little money, which these *patriots* were determined should be used for *political* patronage.

The whole route of the State improvements, under the direction

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of the new canal commissioners, was filled with politicians, the heaviest prices paid for work, and the internal improvements funds were squandered in the basest political prostitution. Open war was waged by the Executive against the national Administration, illustrating the fable of "the gnat and the ox." Ritner denounced Jackson and all his friends, and lost no occasion to shoot his popguns at them, and the Io PÆANS of rejoicing among the faithful were frequent and loud. Nothing was too gross to attempt, and if possible, to execute. Inconsistencies were regarded as nothing; at one session, bills increasing the capital of *the Girard and Moyamensing Banks* were vetoed, while similar enactments as to other banks in Philadelphia were permitted to be made; and this, merely because the two first named had committed the unpardonable sin of becoming depositories of the public money, after its removal by General Jackson from the Bank of the United States. A bill for internal improvements was vetoed in the spring of 1837, because it contained appropriations to some companies to which Ritner and his men were hostile, though they had all approved the bill chartering the bank, which contained more numerous and more heterogeneous appropriations. The suspension of specie payments by the banks of the State took place within sixty days after this veto, and then arose huzzas and shouts for the foresight of Ritner, who, though he had vetoed the bill for other reasons, yet countenanced by these honest lovers of truth, took to himself the credit of so doing, on account of the troubled times. Low as the State credit had been brought by this horde, still it had not sunk so low, but that all the money for the purposes of bill, could have been obtained on demand. Ritner, indeed, never dreamed of any such difficulty, and it was strongly doubted by those well acquainted with the character of his intelligence, whether he knew any thing at all about the financial state of the country, and whether all his knowledge on the subject did not come through his confidential advisers.

The banks by their suspension, had incurred liability to forfeiture of their charters. The Legislature (which had just adjourned) was Democratic and could have exacted the penalty. This Ritner well knew, and also the fact that public opinion, from circumstances connected with some of them, would have amply justified the enforcement of the penalty. He accordingly issued a proclamation, in which, after abusing Mr. Van Buren's Administration, and whitewashing the illegalities of the State banks, he declared his intention NOT to convoke the Legislature. The next session (1837–'8) the Federalists still had the Senate, while the Democrats had a majority in the other house; the Independent Treasury system was dreaded by the former, as initiatory to an exposure of the banks, and some few Democrats were worked upon to oppose the measure. Accordingly a resolution was adopted, urging Congress to postpone

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all consideration of the question until the next session, and at the same time expressing "*full confidence in Martin Van Buren*, and in the intelligence of our Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress." The resolution went on to say, "and our Senators are hereby instructed and our members requested to vote for such a mode of receiving, keeping, and disbursing the public monies, as will separate, as far as practicable, the banks from the Government."

This resolution was adopted and APPROVED BY JOSEPH RITNER; he signed an approval of the man he had abused, and ACTUALLY RECOMMENDED THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY,—though, as in the former case, it is but candid to state, that it is doubtful whether he understood what he was signing. In the same year he approved a bill for Internal Improvements similar to the one he had vetoed, because it contained an appropriation for a SERPENTINE rail-road in Adams county calculated to benefit Thaddeus Stevens, and of course, advance Ritner's own political prospects. A law was also passed permitting members of the Legislature to hold offices, (from which they had heretofore been properly excluded) and immediately upon the adjournment, Thaddeus Stevens of Adams, and John Dickey of Beaver, were appointed canal commissioners. The latter had been elected to the State Senate as a Democrat, but had gone for the bank, and in all things joined the Whig party, he here met his reward, and the State patronage was placed in charge of these men to be used to secure Ritner's re-election. On the fourth of March, 1838, the Democratic Convention assembled and unanimously recommended DAVID R. PORTER as the Democratic candidate for Governor, in opposition to Joseph Ritner, who was announced as a candidate for re-election. Mr. Porter was a member of the State Senate, and as the Legislature did not adjourn for more than a month afterwards, every trap was set to catch him, but the unflinching Democracy of Mr. Porter foiled all their efforts; they were "kicking against the pricks," and his opponents saw that ordinary warfare was not likely to bring them victory.

A system of personal attack was, therefore, organized against Mr. Porter, of the most profligate and disgraceful description. The Federal party have heretofore found their account in a similar mode of warfare. Democracy has not forgiven the infamous libels, which a thousand venal presses once made current against Jefferson. The denunciations of Jackson have hardly yet died upon the public ear, and it cannot be forgotten that, every distinguished individual whom the People have delighted to honor, have as regularly been assailed with the blackest calumny and abuse of their Federal opponents. The political contests in Pennsylvania have been remarkable for the zeal and ardor with which each party has engaged in them, so that excesses committed during the canvass, whether of pen or tongue, must be virulent indeed to excite unusual remark. No parallel, however, can be found to the extent and malignity of this species

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of persecution, which was directed against Mr. Porter. Detraction of the worst kind was employed to do its office. In early life he had been implicated in a partnership, which, through no fault of his, had been unfortunate in business, and though he had settled with his creditors in a manner that left the most honorable conviction of his integrity on their minds, he was paraded in the journals which assume to themselves all the decency, as a fraudulent bankrupt; and executive tools were not wanting, who testified on oath to stories of embezzlement so utterly without foundation, that the principal deponent was proved to have been only five years old when the facts he had sworn to were alleged to have taken place. These charges of perjury and forgery were, however, reiterated by the official cabal, and echoed by all their presses till the very day of election. Nor was this all; his domestic character was assailed by charges of almost every species of licentiousness and vice, and it is much to be regretted that the constant assertion of these things, tended to reduce the old fashioned majority of twenty-five thousand, which belonged to the State, though the falsehood of the charges was so clearly and conclusively established as to defeat the objects of their invention, and to make many honest Whigs come forward to vouch for Mr. Porter's unblemished character, who were warmly opposed to his politics and would not vote for him.

Upwards of ten thousand non-resident voters were introduced, under the executive patronage into the State, and judiciously distributed on the various public works, so as to swell Ritner's majority in the hour of need, while the arrangement of the districts had been managed in such a manner, that it was calculated the Democratic party began the contest with a majority of nearly twenty thousand votes against them, which had to be neutalized before their efforts could tell in favor of their own candidates. This was so well understood, that, when the election had commenced, and was apparently going for Porter, a letter, announced as from a high authority in the State, was published in the National Intelligencer, for effect upon the South, which declared that unless the Democratic candidate should be elected by fifteen thousand majority, the State could not be considered safe for Van Buren in the next Presidential election. Besides all this, falsehood and deception of every kind were at work. A new Constitution was to be submitted to the people, and in the eastern part of the State where the *old* Constitution was popular, Ritner was asserted to be its friend, while in other portions, where it was unpopular, he was as determinedly claimed as the friend of the amended Constitution.

It is characteristic and illustrative of the popular intelligence, that, deception on part of their rulers, never fails to recoil upon and discomfit themselves. A party or a politician who affect to disbelieve, or underate the sagacity of the people, can be successful only while undetected, and the popular distrust, when deeply rooted, can never

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be overcome. The history of our parties and public men abound in pregnant illustrations of this great truth, which cannot be too fully impressed upon all public men. Mr. Ritner's ignorance of this great principle led him to commit a signal act of weakness and inconsistency for the purpose of throwing dust in the People's eyes, and which not only recoiled injuriously upon its author, but as a political move, was almost too ludicrous for effect.

The banks of New York resumed payment early in the spring of 1838; those of Pennsylvania prepared, and announced their intention to resume, on the first of August 1838, and accordingly, just before that day, Ritner made haste to issue a proclamation, ordering them to resume on or before the thirteenth of August or he would visit upon them the penalties of the law. Now it must be borne in mind that the banks suspended on the eleventh of May, 1837, and the Governor exhibited the farce of finding out the fact FIFTEEN MONTHS afterwards, denouncing its illegality and ordering a resumption, and all this only after they had announced their readiness and intention so to do. The cause of the movement was not apparent until by the entire Whig press Mr. Ritner was proclaimed the friend of specie payments and it was heralded throughout the State that *he* had *made* the banks resume, which otherwise they would not have done, and (to their shame be it spoken) the officers of the banks encouraged and promoted belief of what they knew was not true, with a view to aid his reëlection; more especially as his proclamation was filled with the usual quantum of abuse of the National Administration and praise of his own. The people, however, saw through the wretched trick, and the only effect it produced, was that of attaching to his administration, the discredit of such an arrant piece of political charlatanry.

The election day came and notwithstanding all the means used to prevent it, GENERAL DAVID R. PORTER has been elected Governor by the proud majority of above nine thousand votes. If to these be added at least ten thousand non-residents, brought into the State for the purpose of voting for Ritner, it will swell the FAIR majority to about twenty thousand. Proud may the Democrats of Pennsylvania be of such a triumph!

The party in power left no stone unturned, every engine was employed and every faculty exerted to secure its continuance in power, and they have sustained an inglorious and overwhelming defeat and most righteously. To no one political object have they been steadfast excepting ABOLITION; and in that they have been most consistent. The Ritner attorney general of the State is a strong abolitionist and so are almost all, down to the lowest State officers. Ritner in his first message, advocated the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia forthwith, and recommended discussion of the question in the State. Pennsylvania, it was probably intended, should be the head quarters of abolition, and

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the Whig party of the State, and probably of the Union, was to be identified with the abolition party. Whether recent events will occasion abandonment of this determination remains to be seen.

Joseph Ritner was known (or supposed to be known) as the enemy of State debt, and yet he increased it upwards of THREE MILLIONS. He had avowed himself hostile to charters and yet there were more acts of incorporation passed during his Governorship than during all the previous years since Pennsylvania had been a State. He professed himself hostile to the banks, and yet he favored their views and acted pretty much as their agent and instrument. He avowed himself an Anti-Mason and equally opposed to Whigs and Democrats, but soon gave himself to the embrace of the Whigs and did all the things he had most opposed 'in days of yore.'

Such is the state of things with which the Democratic party had to contend, and such is the character of the victory they have achieved. The Governor elect is a gentleman of unbending and invariable devotion to republican measures; has been consistent in his professions and practice, and is respected at home and wherever known, as one amiable and upright in all his relations. He has filled various offices without complaint even from his direst foes, and can be relied upon as one who will exert all proper means to keep Pennsylvania and her institutions free from improper influence, sustain her bright renown, and let no part of her importance be impaired by measures of doubtful policy or anti-republican tendency.

The election was a memorable one and its effects will be sensibly felt throughout the Union. Pennsylvania was the battle ground of the Union. Had the opponents of Democracy succeeded there, it would have inspirited them to hope of success at the national campaign; if defeated there, then they knew their chance would be utterly destroyed, and the warfare was waged with a reckless and exterminating spirit which showed their desperate situation.

Fiercely was the battle fought, and gallantly was it won. A mutiny in the ranks had enabled the enemy to obtain possession of the citadel and the contest was, on the one hand, desperate, and fierce, and on the other, determined and conscious of the justice of its cause. To such a victory too much praise cannot be awarded, and to victors in such a struggle, should be given the plaudits and congratulations of the whole Republican party of the United States. The foe is conquered, and though it may again raise its arm to strike, it will again be conquered. The State has been delivered from the iron-handed rule of a despotic minority. Pennsylvania is erect, proudly and loftily as ever, proclaiming, as she did in 1776, that her coat of arms is, (and deservedly) "VIRTUE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE."

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Postscript.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Though neither circumstances nor custom render it necessary for a periodical work to address its readers on the recurrence of the cycle at which its numbers become a volume, yet as we lay each successive *book* before our readers, the consciousness that we have gained another stepping stone in a new career, watched with some interest by our friends, renders the occasion a proper opportunity of giving from time to time such explanations or information, as the character of our work affords no opportunity of saying in its regular pages.

We have received repeated suggestions from various parts of the Union, that such a modification of our plan as would admit notices of current literature, and new books, would be an improvement; and to these we reply, that we are sensible of the additional interest such a feature would give our journal, while it would be a congenial duty to ourselves, yet we have been induced to withhold it for sufficient reasons. We feel that while our pages are too limited now—liberal, as we are in this respect, beyond the precedent of all our monthly contemporaries—even for the many important public questions which press upon our attention, and which treated as they ought to be, with argument and illustration addressed to the *reasoning faculties* of the reader, will ever possess a far higher interest; it would be at the best but literary trifling to occupy a space, that can be so much better taken up, with merely temporary matter. Again, to notice new works with the care, candor, and thorough acquaintance with their contents, which we could alone admit as requisites for the task—and which would be indispensable to rescue such a department of a prominent periodical from the contempt or insignificance which so justly attach, generally speaking, to this branch of the press—would require a time and preparation that might be more advantageously devoted to subjects of enduring interest.

Objections have been made to the *style* of the likenesses which accompany our Gallery of Political Portraits. These arise from a mistaken conception of what should be the character of popular etchings of this description. They are not presented as, nor intended to be finished engravings, or accurate portraits of the respective originals, but outlines, spirited in conception and faithful in execution, of the individual, and such as might give to our distant readers a correct impression of the actual, living character, as exhibited in ordinary life, of those whose public history and acts are familiar to the whole land, while as individuals they can be known only to the limited circle with whom they may be brought in contact.

This, it will be admitted, has been fully accomplished in each number of the series published, and the interest as well as value which has in consequence attached to this feature of our work, prove to us a sufficient warrant for the additional expense which these engravings occasion. They will be continued, from time to time, as occasion may serve.

In our arrangements for the coming year, we do not contemplate any material deviation from a plan that has so fully received the sanction of the public; that it would argue a want of appreciation on our parts of an encouragement as generous as it has been kind, if we were not to meet it by increased exertions to render the Democratic Review more worthy of its name, and of the great party whose principles it advocates.

Up to the time of sending this number to press nine orders to stop the Democratic Review for next year have been received from our entire list. Of these, four were occasioned by deaths or removals in the different States. Since the commencement of the present Volume, four hundred and eighty-nine new Subscribers have been received, a voluntary encouragement, which renders almost certain the permanent establishment of the work.

It is proper to state that all the back numbers having been reprinted, some of them four times, full sets of the work from the commencement can be supplied to all who require them.

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